This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

P 274.1

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

WILLIAM INGLIS MORSE
CURATOR OF
CANADIAN HISTORY AND LITERATURE

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

H. L. SPENCER, (ENYLLA ALLYNE), EDITOR.

VOLUME IV.

ST. JOHN, N. B.:
PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS AT THE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT OF J. & A. McMILLAN,
78 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.
1874.

D
P274.1
V

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
WM. INGLIS MORSE

The Maritime Monthly Club.

MEMBERS:

JOHN BOYD, Esq., of Messrs. Daniel & Boyd,
H. L. SPENCER, Esq.,
JOHN McMILLAN, Esq., of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan,
A. A. STOCKTON, Esq., of Messrs. A. A. & R. O. Stockton,
EZEKIEL McLEOD, Esq.,
Rev. JAMES BENNET,
J. N. WILSON, Esq.,
T. M. ROBINSON, Esq., W. U. Telegraph.

21
V
21

CONTENTS.

PAGE

The Valley of the Platte; or, Nebraska and the River Platte,... 1, 127, 218, 299, 385
Notes of a Run through Italy in 1857,..... 18, 145, 234, 328
University Education,..... 32
Josiah Garth,..... 40, 160, 248, 334
Travels and Adventures in the South,..... 53, 175, 264, 362
Canadian Aristocracy,..... 65
Scripiana,..... 78, 184, 274, 370, 473, 560
The Polaris Expedition,..... 97, 193
What was Her Fate,..... 110
The Adventures of Aben-Hamet,..... 206, 316
The Voyage of Magellan,..... 255, 339
The Discoverer of North America, and the First Colonizer of Newfoundland,..... 289
Cast Adrift,..... 396
A Trio of Forgotten Worthies,..... 408
The Archipelago of the Phillipines,..... 424, 529
The Hunchback,..... 434
Imilda; or, The Fatal Fountain,..... 441, 502
The Apostolic Church,..... 462
The Two Pictures,..... 483
Thought Rambles,..... 496
Two New Year's Eves,..... 521
"Was-hael,"..... 540
The Joy of Grief,..... 557

POETRY.

Sonnets,..... 17, 299, 502
Reverent Stillness,..... 31
The Storm,..... 40
Unspoken Love's Musing,..... 52
Re-united,..... 65
At Petersburg,..... 110
Gretchen,..... 126
The Lady of Windeck,..... 144
Changed,..... 159
Enon,..... 205

An Idyl,..... 213
Three Roses,..... 233
My Hope,..... 247
A Ringlet,..... 263
Habet,..... 315
Unrest,..... 327
A Farewell to Sorrow,..... 333
Threnody,..... 395
Hymn to Eros,..... 404
Dead,..... 423
Arachne,..... 434
Love's Welcome,..... 440
At Even-Tide,..... 461
In Days of Eld,..... 481
The Baptism of the Bell,..... 492
A Dream of Might,..... 519
Otho and Henry,..... 528
When the Leaves began to Fall,..... 539

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. IV. JULY, 1874. No. 1.

THE VALLEY OF THE PLATTE,

OR

NEBRASKA AND THE RIVER PLATTE.

BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCHIBOUGUAC, N. B.

NO. I.

Some talk about the Indian—Our friend the trapper—"Snaix"—Missouri bottom and Platte River—Swearing as a science—General description of the Platte—Hunting "on the other side" of the River—The Platte Valley NOT the farmers' Paradise—A taste of the Sirocco.

THE Platte, or Nebraska, as many of our readers know—and there are many who don't know—is a tributary of the Missouri River, rising in the Rocky Mountains and flowing eastward; its general course varying but slightly from the parallels of latitude. Within a comparatively recent period the country drained by this large, though in many ways insignificant river, was as unknown as the interior of Africa. Up to the time of the discovery of gold in California, its riley and insipid waters were rarely beheld by other than the red man. The wild and savage Indian, and hardly less wild and savage trapper as far as appearance went, were the only denizens of these parts. To the former it was the only home he ever knew. From its grassy banks he sallied out on the plains to hunt the buffalo, antelope, etc. The former was in high favour, and his annual visits were regarded with intense interest. His stay was regulated by the feed, and this was the Indian's harvest. We might say that the buffalo made two yearly visits as he journeyed north and south each year,

thus crossing the territory inhabited by each band of Indians twice. This is the season of plenty, as the killing of this animal is comparatively easy. The Indian is naturally a gourmand, whatever novel writers may allege in regard to his temperate habits. He appears to live for eating alone, and can with great difficulty be induced to lay up a store against the time when the buffalo will be absent. He gets fat and aldermanic in shape, and will lie whole days in a lethargic state. When the game begins to get scarce he shakes off his lethargy and pursues it to the extreme limits of the hunting grounds owned and frequented by the tribe. Further than this he dare not go, as his neighbours would consider it a clear case of trespass, and after much smoking of bad tobacco, much speech-making, and an interchange of many grunts, each expressive of an unparalleled amount of crime on the part of the culprit, the sage warriors having worked themselves into a state of semi-madness by contemplating in every possible phase the enormity of his offence, would vary the programme by a prolonged torture of the prisoner, ending with a grand *Auto de fe*, of which he would form the principal attraction. This course of procedure causes the rights of property to be greatly respected amongst the red brethren, and tends greatly to simplify the labours of the legal Sachems of the various tribes. We do not pretend to say that this system has not its drawbacks. A knowledge of geography is, even in its most limited sense, unattainable under the circumstances. Each of the tribes can tell absolutely nothing of the country beyond what they occupy, or if they do it is vague and utterly unreliable. Their time is reckoned by sleeps, moons and snows, and their locations of mountains, rivers and lakes are about as definite as those laid down by a schoolboy in his first attempt at map-drawing. Its level and extensive plains are, to him, the choicest parts of the earth, and are also a type of the happy hunting grounds which he will hereafter enjoy. The pursuit of the antelope and buffalo is his highest source of enjoyment, and he naturally thinks that an Indian might be worse employed than chasing such game through the countless ages of eternity, and we think, if they had any choice in the matter, many white men might be found to agree with him.

These savage enjoyments are shared by the trapper, who, as far as these regions are concerned, will soon belong to the past. Except in feature, it is hard to distinguish him from his savage

compeer. The skins of different animals form his entire clothing, which is of the most fantastic cut. He cannot in any way be accused of using such a thing as scissors or comb on his head. The tonsorial art as practiced by the Indians is his delight. All these adornments, together with talons like those of a bird, give him an air that words wholly fail to depict. In many cases he takes up the vocation of trader as well as trapper, and in this case generally takes unto himself a squaw or two. This gives him dignity in the eyes of the Indians, and is also a guarantee that he considers his interests to be identified with theirs, and that he will not be concerned in any transaction inimical to the savage community in which he dwells. He is now to all intents and purposes a savage. He takes a leading part in the wars of the tribes, and if brave and fearless, and this is generally the case, he soon occupies a conspicuous place at the council board of the tribe. No important enterprise is entered on without his sanction, and should any of the dusky brethren be jealous of his elevation to stations from which they are debarred, he can point with pride to a string of scalps unequalled by the oldest warrior in the cantonment. This argument is unanswerable, so the jealous brother withdraws his insinuations and retires to ponder on the manner in which he may increase this most desirable of worldly goods—scalps. He sings of scalps in his merry moods, broods over scalps in his angry ones, and dreams over them in his sleep, and to supply the coveted article a foray on some tribe is organized among some of the hot-bloods of the tribe first mentioned, and a war thereby inaugurated. The insane desire evinced for this—by no means ornamental—article, and the retaliatory measures taken in consequence by the friends of the parties whose hair has been transplanted, is the cause of the continuous wars amongst the different tribes. A tribe of any note may be said to be at war with their kind or in difficulty with the whites at least one half of the time. This gives our trapper friend a wide field in which to display any generalship of which he may be possessed; and having by fighting acquired a certain position, he finds, in many cases, to his sorrow it may be, that he cannot withdraw from the conflict when his own colour and blood are opposed to him. He finds when too late that the suspicious element is strong in the savage breast, and to avoid the imputation of a traitor, he must perform feats of valour from which the sturdiest brave would

shrink. Worse than all he must eliminate any feelings of pity which he may have had for his kind, from his breast. He must preside at the torture of the white prisoners. He, above all others, must make no intercession in their behalf; he must not wince when the punishment is such that the bare thought of it is enough to make the flesh creep, as a keen and close inspection of his features by many covert foes would at once betray his sympathies. After enduring all this, he is generally cut off either secretly or by some charge trumped up by his many enemies, and being brought before the councils of the tribe he is unable to disprove the statements, and dies the death at which he has presided so often, we will hope with reluctance. To their honour be it said there are many of the fraternity who would scorn to join the redskin in any of his predatory or murderous excursions, and are always ready to warn the settlers of danger from such quarters, but with the exception of the Indian style of doing up the hair, they are none the less savage in appearance. We have been led away from the valley by the Indian and trapper, but as a sketch of it would be incomplete without them, we intend to return to them at some future time.

Ascending the Missouri as far as the 41st parallel of latitude, we notice to the left a huge opening in the dense and heavy timber which lines its banks. This we are told is the mouth of the Platte, the companion of our travels for many a weary mile. On either bank we see nothing but a seemingly interminable forest, and begin to feel discouraged at the prospect of a journey through such gloomy and impenetrable woods. The beauties of nature spread before us are utterly lost in contemplating the hardships and dangers of a lengthened journey through such a country. The spreading limbs of the huge trees are suggestive to our mind of wild cats, panthers and Indian devils, and we look with undefinable apprehension amongst the tall grass and dense underbrush through which we are forced to make our way, for deadly reptiles of unknown—and, therefore, more alarming—powers for evil. This is the home of the rattlesnake. Here he attains a length and roundness of form denoting the extreme of snake vigor. He is to the snake of less favoured localities as the tall and robust Kentuckian is to the inhabitant of the malarious shores of Lake Pontchartrain, or the reedy, sedgy shores of Barrataria. He is ever on the alert, and his note of warning, coming suddenly on the ear, has a power and force by which to perform difficult acro-

batic feats not possessed by any other music. We can bear testimony to the fact that we have jumped further backward *from* a rattlesnake than we have since been able to attain by a forward movement under the most favourable circumstances—say in a public competition at some Caledonian Club meeting, with your dearly beloved as a spectator, and your envious neighbours ready to grin and rejoice over your defeat. He is, however, entitled to some respect, as he invariably gives us warning of his hostile intentions. This cannot be said in regard to the copper-head, cotton-mouth and many others, who are none the less deadly because they have not this musical appendage.

We enter this forest and proceed westward, keeping to the south side of the river, and a short distance from its banks—that is, when it follows a straight line. We have passed Omaha on our way up. The road is narrow and bad, the soil excellent, and the forest the most magnificent we have ever seen. The trees are perfect monsters—a diameter of four feet is quite common, and many are fully six feet. It must be borne in mind that none of these trees are of the evergreen species. From the ground to the highest branch they are covered with creeping ivy, which hangs in graceful festoons from every limb, giving the forest an appearance of richness and luxuriance impossible to be described. In many places the patriarchs of the forest stand out from the underbrush, and their tall and stately trunks give one an idea of living massiveness beyond any expectations which may have been formed. We have—at home—seen an odd tree of the pine species of nearly equal bulk, but this was an event, while here we have them in thousands. In many parts it is absolutely impenetrable. A living net of tangled brush and vines meet you on every side, into which, if you once enter, a loss of clothing, with a modicum of flesh and skin, may be safely counted on. We were not very desirous of exploring, but can, in this instance, speak feelingly on the subject. We are traversing what is known as the Missouri bottom, which is something akin to our interval lands, but a distance of ten miles brings us to the open prairie. We have now our first sight of the valley proper. On both sides of the river there is a strip of wood varying in width from a few yards to two or three hundred. Outside of this there is no timber whatever except where some small tributary enters it at long intervals. For from eight to ten miles on each side an expanse almost water

level meets the eye, and this is bounded by the rolling prairie which rises abruptly from the vale. The dividing line is known as the bluffs, rising from thirty to a hundred feet, and this elevation forms the base of the prairie. In some parts the bluffs almost meet the banks, and in others the river seems to have swerved from its course to return the compliment. The soil is of great depth and of the richest quality, but very hard to break in. The roots of the native grapes are of the toughest, requiring the well-directed efforts of three yoke of oxen to draw the plough. This turns a sod of eighteen to thirty inches in width, and about five inches in depth. After the sod rots it is harrowed, and the crop sown without any further preparation. An immense shear, working at an angle that makes it act as a saw, or nearly so, is the agent employed in cutting this ponderous sod. A large stock of energy, a voice equal to that of a town-crier, and an inexhaustible fund of oaths seem to be necessary to run an institution of this kind. We have known a goodly-sized craft to be worked in a gale with much less noise. How does it happen that swearing seems to be a necessary accompaniment to the driving of cattle? Are not the ordinary words of command in use, providing the ox is cared for as humanity would dictate, amply sufficient; or, is not the plain Anglo-Saxon energetic enough without the addition of vile expletives and oaths which make the flesh creep. This odious habit has assumed the proportions of a great evil in these parts. From the trapper and teamster it has spread among all classes. A man will swear at you in friendship and in anger; will introduce the subject of the weather with an oath, and enquire after the welfare of your family in a manner that will cause you intense alarm at their being the innocent source of so much wickedness. He clinches a text of scripture with an oath, with the same facility that he condemns an unruly steer; and the harmless lizard which crosses his path is saluted with a torrent of oaths, which we would fain hope was meant for the rattlesnake. Many seem to take a pride in inventing new and strange-sounding expletives, and will watch the effect of them with as keen solicitude as a physician does a dose administered in a desperate case, and which he knows will either kill or cure. Every bone and member of the body is successively condemned and blasted; every saint in the calendar is dragged in, in the most irrelevant manner, and strange and unheard of gods are called on in a manner which must be

anything but soothing to their feelings. We are sorry to say that the ladies, in some instances, have not escaped the general contamination. We have heard words "rapped" out with a force which, coming on us unexpectedly, fairly made us jump from our seat. Being thrown off our guard, we believe we showed our surprise rather more plainly than good breeding would dictate, but were immediately set at our ease by being told we would soon "get used to it." The good lady treated us to a dissertation on the origin of the practice, with various reasons why it could not now be discontinued. She said that common words, when applied to anything beyond the commonest affairs of life, had now gone into disuse. That when a certain style of language became common it ceased to be profane, and in any case the English was insipid and wanted spicing up. By a judicious selection of oaths, variety was produced, and much gained in force. She had no doubt it sounded harsh to a stranger, but she had got used to it. We should mention that she belonged to some strange sect, who seemed to base all the tenets of their faith on the word "liberty;" and this is defined in a way that allows freedom from any restrictions of law, human or divine; at least, that was the way in which we understood the matter.

We think we should first say something in regard to the river which occupies the centre of this valley, and from which it takes its name. We have crossed it eleven hundred and fifty miles from where it enters the Missouri, and can speak advisedly in regard to its length, Some three hundred and fifty miles above, or from its mouth, it forks, when one is known as the North, and the other as the South Platte. The North Platte diverges considerably to the northward, and penetrates far into the Rocky Mountains. Only a few miles separate it from Green River, a branch of the Colorado, which flows into the Pacific. The principal emigrant trail to California follows this branch, and at its head is the south pass, by which the Rocky Mountains are crossed over. On, or by the head waters of the other branch, are the principal diggings of the Pike's Peak mining region. It is different from the North Platte, in not debouching from the mountains in one principal channel. Before meeting the level country the stream is nothing. For a considerable distance its course is parallel to the mountains, and by many small creeks it receives constant accessions to its waters. These brooks are fed by the melting

of the snow on the higher ranges; by the rains on the mountains, and by many rivulets which have their origin about the bases of the different minor ranges. On Cherry Creek, near where the city of Denver now stands, gold was first discovered. The principal tributaries of this river on which gold is to be found are Boulder and Clear Creeks. Farther south, Smoky Hill Fork, a tributary of the Kansas, and its numerous branches, are the scene of very extensive mining operations. On Clear Creek, and *its* branches, some forty miles from Denver, are to be found the mining towns known as Black Hawk, Mountain City, Central City, and Nevada. I should mention the fact that Denver is on the Platte, and about eighteen miles from the base of the mountains. There were at one time very rich surface diggings in the vicinity of these embryo cities, but they are now nearly worked out. The principal reliance is on the quartz lodes, and of these the number is legion. Many of them are rich, but owing to the combination of ores, are extremely hard and expensive to reduce. The name Clear Creek is now a misnomer, for water cannot possibly convey any more dirt and mud than this water with the pellucid name is doing. We well remember the time when we asked a rather rough-looking specimen of humanity, who owned a ranche (farm) on its banks, the name of this turgid and dirty stream, and received, as an answer, "Clear Creek." We looked at him with a critical eye to note if he was having a joke at our expense, but finding him serious, we asked the reason of bestowing such an unsuitable name on it. We were told what, by a little thought, we might easily have guessed, that the river was naturally as clear as its name implied; but the mining operations carried on at its head, including the washing and sluicing of the soil, the debris and dirt from a multitude of quartz mills, and all the nameless filth from many "cities," which were so situated that every particle was carried away, had polluted its waters. All these branches have a considerable descent, in many places aspiring to the dignity of small cataracts, and during the rainy season become tumultuous, roaring rivers, carrying the pigmy erections of man before them as so many straws. On arriving at the valley proper, everything becomes serene; like a lazy man, or one who has become tired by severe exertion, it stretches and spreads itself out in a composed and placid manner, determined to take all the comfort possible from its peaceable surroundings and bed, in every way favourable to

repose. The youth who came foaming with impatience, and rushing with railroad speed from his mountain home, has now become a staid and demure man, content to jog through life at the rate of three miles an hour. When we have stated its uses to the miner we have given a catalogue of all its useful points, or nearly so. For commercial purposes it is totally useless. There is no such a thing as a channel in connection with it. Every part of the river is on terms of perfect equality; no monopolizing by one part of placid depths, while the other has to grind out its life and ruin its temper by constant contact with gritty sands and rocks of obstinate character. We are as likely to step into six feet of water close by the bank as we are anywhere between there and the other shore; but, on the other hand, we are just as likely not to meet with a depth over three to four feet. This, for a river which averages a half a mile in width for many hundreds of miles, is somewhat surprising. During my hunting excursions, after antelope and buffalo, I have had occasion to wade it where the width was in the neighborhood of a mile, and must say that what it lacked of the dangerous element was amply supplied by an uncertainty of footing savoring almost of the sublunary. We acquit the stream of malice aforethought, but cannot help thinking that, in rather many instances, it carried the joke too far. We think we mentioned the fact that the stream was muddy; and this quality, we all know, is not favorable to a proper inspection or examination in regard to depth and condition of bottom. This latter is quicksand without any admixture of clay, gravel or rock. Well, we enter the river and find the water shoal and of agreeable warmth. The month was June. We have our rifle on our shoulder and powder horn replenished to its utmost capacity in anticipation of a good day's sport, and the consequent destruction of much animal life in the shape of antelope and jackass rabbits. If we have to walk in water at all the depth could not be more to our taste. A uniform depth of a foot or thereabouts does not offer any serious impediment to a rapid forward movement. The feeling of uncertainty and insecurity which we first experienced has completely vanished, and we eagerly scan the opposite shore for any signs of game. We actually see antelope in large numbers and—. We are somewhat oblivious to what immediately followed. We had stepped into one of the many holes which are ever making or filling. A change of current causes a change of bottom, and

this appears to be done in the most capricious manner; not deducible from any known theory. An unexpected change from one to five feet of water is apt to produce a more than corresponding change of position; at least this was our experience. The gun and us parted company in the most unceremonious manner; we appeared to be going down, down, and the sand in our eyes, mouth and ears made the location into which chance had thrown us anything but a desirable one. We, at length, got out, man, gun and powder, utterly demoralized, and we would be glad to add, for the sake of human nature, that our companions had consoled and cheered us in our afflictions, but such was far from being the case. We determined henceforth to go round by the bridge, or hunt on the same side of the river on which we happened to be. This is about the character of the river. You cannot depend on finding a depth of water continue for even a mile. Shoals will intervene, or oftener still a sand bank, its upper part high and dry, presents itself before you. A river with a volume of water sufficient to float a man-of-war of medium size, and twelve hundred miles in length, is not navigable for a single mile by even a flat boat. This is, we think, unparalleled. Another fact in connection with it is, that not a single spring is to be found by or near its banks along the entire valley, at least we have never seen one, nor have we seen any one who had. This, however, is easily accounted for. Rains occur at long intervals, and are limited as regards quantity. As a matter of course, the great depth of dry soil soaks up and retains every drop of moisture. During, and after the rainy season, there may be some of an evanescent character. We thought we saw indications of such in some places.

Our opinion of this valley and the surrounding region differs slightly from that of the many Railroad Companies and speculators who have land to sell, as set forth per advertisement. We don't consider that it is an earthly paradise to the farmer, or any other man, and we will give our reasons therefor. In the first place, the price asked for the land is far too high. Uncle Sam sells this land to his children for a dollar and a quarter per acre, without regard to location. The speculator sells the same quality for from six to thirty dollars. He sets forth by flaming handbills, insinuating circulars and maps, in which distance is totally ignored, the almost heavenly climate, the soil groaning under its intolerable burden of products, the absence of trees and stumps of earth-loving tenden-

cies, and its being in the immediate vicinity of every kind of institution, having for its object amusement or utility, under the heavens. We will see how far these representations may be relied on, and what are the consequences of their advancement. By the representations in regard to climate the settler is induced to pass the question of winter by as a matter of no consequence. The ordinary precautions against cold are not even thought of, but if this were all, experience would soon be his teacher. If the shed of a house which he had erected was not a sufficient protection against the cold he could replace it by one which would give the needed comfort. A capacious barn could easily be built to take the place of the open shed which he was told would be all that was required for his cattle. Here is just where the trouble comes in. The buildings first erected were the ones which entered into his calculations. His means are exhausted, his cattle die from exposure to the cold and chilling winds with even more certainty than they would under a gradual and increasing frost of much greater intensity. These winds have to be felt to form even a vague idea of their character. No quantity of woollen clothing seems to be of sufficient density to exclude them. The marrow seems to freeze even when great exertion is made to keep up the circulation, and, at rare intervals, this culminates in intense frost. We can imagine how soon animals exposed to it would perish, and the utter misery endured by the farmer and his family living in a dwelling only suited to a tropical climate. He now sees that the absence of timber which, in the shape of clear land, ready for the plough, formed one of the principal attractions, has its drawbacks. There is nothing to break the force of the wind which, under these circumstances, increases in power as it proceeds. Owing to the scarcity of timber, all kinds of lumber are high and have to be hauled a distance that, in many places, would be a virtual prohibition to their use.

Under these circumstances, he has no alternative but to return to the place from whence he came—his spirit crushed, his health broken, and his means gone. He is the victim of heartless deception. His credulity, and the force of circumstances over which he has no control, have been his ruin. He now finds out his true friends, and the sneering remarks of those who "knew he would be glad to come back," are felt with peculiar force because of his utter helplessness. The occasional view of his old, humble but

comfortable, house does not increase his sources of consolation, and we can only add that it will be well if, when he dies, the eulogium "poor but honest"—the highest which can be bestowed on man—can be pronounced over him. We would be only too glad to add that this is a suppositious case. We will, however, descend to something more tangible. We have shown that a high price is paid for land on account of its freedom from timber, and its immediate availableness for the purpose of cultivation in consequence. The troubles and hardships endured in reclaiming a farm from the forest is ever before the eyes of the pioneer, and we may remark that we think these are not easily magnified. As man is apt to go from one extreme to another, a consideration of the toil and privation, which the forest has caused him, is apt to make him overlook the fact that timber can be of some use. On taking possession of his new domain, the question is forced on his notice. The first thing which naturally suggests itself, is some place in which to live. To be sure, the gentlemanly agent to whom he paid the first instalment for his land, assured him that, except for the accommodations which a house offers, such a thing is not absolutely necessary. After the money *was paid*, it might be noticed that his opinion varied somewhat. To a man who was used to a house ("don't camp out for months like us western fellows, you know"), *some sort of a home* might be desirable. The natural consequence of a determination to build, is an enquiry as regards the price of lumber. It ought to have been the first. It costs at Plattesmouth or Omaha forty dollars per thousand superficial feet, and he can go there and get it, or pay to the dealer at hand from sixty to one hundred, according to distance. We can at once see by these prices, that without ample means, anything except the merest shell is out of the question. Those who move here, or in fact anywhere, do so to better their position, and are not the possessors of a superfluity of bankable funds. In the construction of barns or stables, boards are not used, for, as we shall see, the settler has other and more pressing use for them. Log walls and roofs, covered with "shakes" split from the trunk of the oak, hickory or cottonwood, are, for the most part, used, and on the score of economy, the accommodations are extremely limited. It is admitted that to a successful prosecution of farming, good fences are a prime necessity, and to secure these, at least on the American continent, timber must be both abundant and cheap. We have

shown that it is neither, and it now remains to be shown how the crops are protected from animals—domestic and wild. The supply of native wood is hardly sufficient for domestic purposes, even with the greatest economy, so thoughts of log fences, or those formed from split logs, have to be abandoned. What then? Why, here is where the boards, which should have built his barn, are used. Split posts are sunk in the ground, and from two to three boards nailed thereon. This is only a make-shift, as the old saying goes. For keeping out the smaller animals, such as sheep and pigs, it is totally ineffective, and also larger ones, unless of the quietest character. We need hardly say that, under these circumtances, cross fences, for the sub-division of lands, are out of the question. A block of land, owned by a dozen, would be fenced in common, and the animals, necessarily limited in number on account of the scanty winter accommodations, are either herded or turned out on the boundless prairie; in this case, subject to loss by wild animals, or still more wild and brutish men. We will now suppose our agricultural friend to have gotten in a very considerable crop; such as he naturally expects will be sufficient to feed his family and satisfy any obligations which he may have incurred. We will exempt it from the periodical droughts which, when they do occur, destroy all vegetation, and animals, as a natural consequence, die of starvation. We will suppose it to be everything that could be desired, and harvested in good condition. Now comes something akin to the raid of the Sabeans on poor uncomplaining Job. The charge for threshing is out of all proportion to the price received for the grain, and four to five bushels of wheat is the ordinary cost of a day's labour at such a time. Now this grain has to be sent to New York to find a market, or sold at the prices of that city, less freight and charges. It takes four, and in many cases five, bushels to get one to market; the cost of every article which he consumes is greatly in advance of the prices of that city, so it requires no great effort of the imagination to predict on which side of the ledger the balance will lie, providing he has anything beyond incidental expenses to meet. There is no doubt that in a favorable season the soil is extraordinarily fertile, and this enables a man, who starts in a respectable manner, to make a comfortable living, but nothing more, while the man who has to complete the purchase of his farm is, in a few years, involved beyond all means of extrication. The road to heaven and to knowledge—in the

shape of churches and school-houses, which made such an attractive feature in the prospectus—has been found to exist only in the heated imagination of the writer—the blacksmith is, may be, yet unborn. About the mill there is something singular. It has never been discovered, although diligent search has been made, except by the man who wrote about it. I have heard it asserted that, if it meet him in the next world, his first sight will be his last. What is meant by this?

It will be seen by these remarks that we consider there are many places which offer superior inducements to the emigrant to what this valley does. We admit that the winters are much shorter than in many Provinces of the Dominion; that the snow-fall is exceedingly light, and the general average of frosty weather is much below what we have to endure. But, on the other hand, the chilling winds, bare and inhospitable plains, offering no resistance, and giving no shelter, are almost an offset. Then our surroundings are such that we can prepare for any amount of cold. The wood-pile has not to be husbanded and looked after with the same care as the flour barrel, nor do we calculate, by the hour, how a square foot of board may be saved. We can use lime, and plaster on good laths without making the cost approach the figure paid for wainscoting in the reign of the second Charles; and last, not least, we can, if we choose, have Nature's protection in the shape of the original forest, or we can secure an artificial one within a very few years. With an abundant supply of timber, and the latest improvements for manufacturing it; with plenty of lime at a moderate rate, and stone at every man's door, we can, with very little ready cash, bid Jack Frost defiance. We only wish that our brother in the flesh, who chooses the plains of Kansas and Nebraska for his home, could avail himself of these necessities to comfort in a rigorous climate.

We have now to consider a new feature of this anomalous valley. We will suppose ourselves to have arrived at Fort Kearney, some two hundred and fifty miles or thereabouts from the Missouri. That the supply of rain is on the scant side over the entire valley has already been noted, that is, during the growing season. It may now be said to almost cease, when, as a matter of course, if artificial means are not resorted to, all grains and vegetables wither before coming to maturity. The hardier grasses in the most favourable localities retain their verdure for the greater

portion of the year, but beyond this, after the first of August, all is parched and barren as the surroundings of Sodom. The first requisite to a successful cultivation of these lands would be a sufficiency of water for the purposes of irrigation, but whether it would pay or not would be the question. We have seen the thing resorted to, as the means of reproducing, throughout Salt Lake valley and the entire State of Nevada, and conducted to a successful issue. To be sure, in the former place it meant irrigate or starve, and in the latter, seven to ten cents per pound on California prices, paid for freight, in favour of the producer. Then again, owing to a greater descent in the rivers, the water has not to be conveyed for so great a distance in the two places named as it would here. The Platte has only six inches fall to the mile, and with a bank from six to ten feet high, we can have some idea of the distance above a man's farm which the water would have to be led from the river. The only way in which it could be accomplished would be for the entire farming population to combine, and thus each would have only a fraction more than the ditch which crossed his own land to pay for; but after all this the constant supervision of one man is required to every thirty acres, or thereabouts. This, we can at once see, is a serious tax on the products of the soil, and some advantages, as an offset, will have to be secured, or the farming of such land abandoned. Should gold and other minerals be found in paying quantities throughout the Rocky Mountain region and the land be free to the occupant there, we think it might pay, but not under other circumstances. It is also subject to blighting hot winds and storms of sand, which put me in mind of an old-fashioned snow storm. A description of these may not be out of place. The time was the 24th June, the place on the South Platte, about fifty miles above Julesburg, at the junction of the two rivers. The previous night had been warm; the sun had risen with that fiery redness which betokens some extraordinary commotion of the atmosphere, and at nine, a. m. the heat was almost unbearable. About ten o'clock it began to blow, and this we thought would put an end to our troubles. One thing soon became evident, which was that by some means the cooling properties of this wind had been extracted. We had been used to consider a breeze of wind as the end of our troubles, when those troubles were caused by heat. The rays of the sun might be hot, but this had

never before, in our twenty years of experience, failed to detract from his fiery fierceness. No matter how hot the day might be, the wind possessed a coolness which was, if not invigorating, at least, extremely refreshing. The first thing which drew our attention was a certain luridness which skirted the horizon far off in the wake of the breeze. We were traversing the bluffs, from fifty to one hundred feet above the valley. The river had chosen to describe a semicircle. Being sufficiently versed in the functions of arcs, we had not considered it necessary to follow his devious path. From this elevation our vision would extend for one hundred miles or more. Owing to the absence of the smallest quantity of watery vapour, the air possessed a degree of transparency which must be realized to be believed. It produced the mirage of the desert with a fullness of detail not surpassed by any portion of Africa or Arabia. Of this we will have something to say in its proper place.

The valley is to our right and like a huge drain, as it is, is wholly hidden from our sight. We cannot even see the tops of the trees which, we may here remark, are getting limited to the smallest possible number, and, we are told, will soon cease altogether. The wind increases in force and temperature. By ten o'clock it contests every inch of advance with a pertinacity which we consider worthy of a better cause. Every advantage is taken. A moment's relaxation of your muscles, which are braced as if engaged in a pugilistic encounter, is succeeded by a backward movement which is proportioned to your forward one, as ten to one. It is by the utmost exertion that we can advance at all, but having neither grass or water we are obliged to proceed. We begin keenly to feel the want of the latter. The hazy red streaks which lined the horizon in advance of us has overspread the windward side of the sky and is rapidly borne down on us. It has a strange appearance. None of us have seen the like before, and many strange opinions are hazarded in regard to what it is. We are not long in doubt. The wind becomes charged with advanced particles of sand which prick the skin as so many needle points. These skirmishers are soon followed by the main body, which rushes onward with unexampled fierceness. We are choked, blinded and almost burned with a single blast. There is a lull, and a few minutes after we arrive at the Platte where we pitch our tent. We are none too soon. With energy, recruited by the short

cessation, it rushes, charged with sand to its utmost capacity, upon us. The tent offers no protection. The gritty material comes under and through as if nothing intervened. We lay on the ground, our head enveloped in many folds of blanketing. We seemed to be burning and as near suffocating as a human being can be and live. At the expiration of fifteen minutes, which seemed an age to us, the whole thing abated as sudden as it arose, leaving behind many traces of its presence. Every part of our person is treated in a spirit of perfect impartiality. Our eyes, mouth, nose and ears, after repeated ablutions, show traces of the earthy material; our clothing is literally loaded with it; the innermost recess of our trunk has been visited, and we fancy we can see traces within the first caseing of our watch. The things in our wagon, consisting of our clothing, grub and mining outfit are coated to the depth of half an inch. We cannot afford to condemn our flour, which in all fairness we might do, and as for our dried apples, we never use the article without, in our imagination, feeling the presence of sand. From our bacon we could wash the greater part, and in regard to the tea and sugar, gravitation settled the matter for us. The grass, it is evident to us, does not possess the attraction for our mules which it did in the morning. We do not wonder at this. The blades are laden in a manner that, in our opinion would cause profound dissatisfaction to an animal of even lower sensibilities than this proverbially stupid one. We can hear his teeth gritting in a manner that sets our own on edge. Visions of many dollars floating by and irrevocably lost, in the shape of sundry years added to the age of our, by no means, youthful mule, caused by the rapid wear of their enamel; this, as everybody knows, being the sign of increasing years, float before us. "What can't be cured must be endured;" so as we are a joint sharer in his troubles, the mule has our sympathy.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

WATCHED by the stars, the sleeping Mayflower lies
On craggy mountain slope—in bosky dell,
Beneath the red and yellow leaves that fell
Ere Autumn yielded to bleak Winter's reign;
But when, at Spring's approach, the tyrant flies,
Our Mayflower wakes, and buds and blooms again.

Queen of the forest—flower of flowers most sweet!
Delight and wonder of a thousand eyes!
Thou dost recall a day that flew too fleet—
A hope that perished in a sea of sighs!
We all have hoped for that which might not be,
But thou, sweet flower, forbiddest to despair:
After the Winter comes a Spring to thee—
And waves retire when storms to rage forbear.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

NOTES OF A RUN THROUGH ITALY IN 1857.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

"Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

WE left London, Tuesday, March 17th, by the 4.30 p. m. train, being advised not to go by that of 12.50, as it would be *ten to one* if we caught it. It was dusk in those short English days when we arrived at Dover, but not sufficiently dark to prevent our recognizing an old familiar face, the owner of which was quartered with his regiment in the garrison there. Declining his invitation to the barracks, for we were tired, we went to the "Lord Warden" Hotel to dinner and to bed, which we quitted *au point du jour*, with the brightest anticipations of the journey before us.

The Castle and breakwater, forming a grand artificial harbor, are the two points of Dover; adding, perhaps, its chalky cliffs *en permanence*, and the fine turned ankles in the season, flitting swallow-like along the shingled beach. But in March it would take too long to wait to see the latter; so, at 11 a. m. of the day after arrival we took steamer for Calais, reached after a brilliant run of about two hours. Paying the porters, and a douceur to hungry custom officials, we were shortly *en route* for Paris.

Innumerable windmills, low, flat country, and the usual routine of a railway journey. At 10 p. m. we were dropped in the court-yard of the "Grand Hotel du Louvre," where every body spoke English more unaffectedly than they do in London. The land

journey from Calais to the capital compares very unfavorably with that from Havre, by which route we had formerly arrived there.

It was but three years since we were in Paris before; but what a transfiguration! Our Grand Hotel—almost the whole street of the Louvre—is a creation since. We hardly recognize the place, and stroll out in search of our old *Pension*—*Rue de Pouthieu*, where we had the rudiments of the voluble and volatile accents of Gaul first driven into our un-Parisian tongue. We find the school almost unaltered: the same mat on the entrance within the *concierge*, under which our good old Professor used to place the night-key for the older and privileged scholars to get in with, after he and the younger pupils were abed. Returned to dinner at 5, and went to the *Bal Masqué* at the Grand Opera at midnight. Masked Balls are only to be seen in Paris—only at the Grand Opera. Our London experience in this line vanished like a dream, as the full blast of the gay and apparently discordant scene burst on our vision from an upper balcony. Such a scene defies description, we will not attempt it. A vague sense of transition to some other planet seizes one: one forgets the past—the future—himself—every thing. But no! memory is right on one point. This place—this vast area of space—is the Grand Opera! Yes. The floor put down, to-day perhaps, buries the old familiar stalls, but as quickly as the waltz and the fast feet keeping time, our eye turns to the very spot, near by in the *Loges*, where, when we last saw it, we witnessed one of the bloodiest suicides on record. It was in the middle of the representation of the last act of "The Prophet," that a report like a cannon sounded above the clear, shrill notes of the contralto, while shrieks of women, stupefaction, amazement seized the house, and the shattered remains of a suicide fell heavily on the floor, within a few yards of where we sat. Placing a pistol, heavily charged, but without ball, in his mouth, he literally blew off the top of his skull; his brains flying around over the dresses of the ladies among whom he was seated. The performance was thus closed before the programme, and the house cleared by the police. A bare mention only of the fact, comprised in a few lines, was made by the journals the following day, from which it merely appeared the suicide had been a Colonel in the Prussian army. [The writer subsequently witnessed the assassination of Philip Barton Key, by Mr., now General Sickles, in the streets of Washington, in 1859, which, though terrible itself,

could hardly compare with the shocking sensations produced by the awful self-murder in the midst of so gay and beautiful a scene.]

But this is no place for reflection, and you feel so instantly; you are seized by half a dozen furies in dominoes, and whirled round out of their way—and your own. Stranger as you think you are, one of these black Demons knows you—speaks to you in your mother tongue, tells you when you left London, when you arrived in Paris; what you did last summer at Cremorne, and tantalizes you into a state of excitement with a knowledge of your name and history, that but for the Police around, you would tear her black calico to tatters, and unmask the visage of the supernatural enchantress. It's no use—as quick as lightning and she's off. Day breaks on us, still gazing stupefied and bewildered. Our companion whom we had long missed, comes up, seizes us by the arm, and suggests a bed, into which we tumble, remain three hours, up, and off for Lyons, though not without regrets at leaving Paris so soon. The day is soft, sky bright, scenery impressive, and our companion charming. "What a fool you were to try to pull off my domino," said he. "Your domino?" "Yes, I borrowed it!" "Borrowed the domino? ah, I see, but where the d—l did you borrow the voice?" Heaven lent him that, as I afterwards discovered, for he spoke like a native almost every language under the sun, and sometimes those above it, singing when he chose to, like an angel, or one of the Pope's choristers. The train hurries us rapidly along, and "tired Nature's sweet restorer," unmindful of previous ingratitude, "steeps our senses in forgetfulness," till the screeching whistle brings them partially to the conviction that we are in Lyons, and we scramble out.

LYONS, *20th March.*

Finding we shall be unable to catch the weekly steamer of the "Messageries Imperiales," leaving Marseilles for Civita Vecchia and Naples direct every Thursday at 10 p. m., we have decided to go by the *direct* weekly boat of the Sicilian line, leaving at 3 a. m. on Tuesday. This line is said to be nearly as good as the French, but the other, the Sardinian, is spoken of as inferior, and has not, as far as we can learn, any steamers leaving *direct* for Civita and Naples. Our present route gives us a day at Lyons and another at Marseilles, and to-day, with the aid of a guide and Murray, we have been striving to improve the time. Up at 6,

and breakfasting, underway for the summit of *Fourvieres*, a high hill overtopping Lyons, from whence on a clear day the Alps and Mount Blanc can be seen. We were unfortunate in having a wet and rather foggy morning, such as the Cunard steamers almost always bring into Halifax harbor. What little we could see, however, gave us some impression of the magnificent prospect we would have upon a clearer day. To see Mount Blanc requires a southerly wind, clear as the weather may be otherwise; and *on dit*, the day on which it can be seen, is certain to be followed by rain, no barometer so invariably indicating the *looming future*. As it was, we could see the extent of the city lying some 500 feet below, and the mingling of the turbid waters of the Saone and Rhone at its southern base. The limits of the city have now extended beyond the boundaries of these rivers, and stretch far into the country; the population reaching three hundred thousand. Bradshaw says there are upwards of seven thousand Silk factories, employing twenty thousand looms. I regret we did not visit one of the factories, as we wrongly thought we should not have the time.

Our Hotel—*Hotel de l'Europe*—is near *La Place Bellecour*, and fronting the *Quai de La Saone*, which gives it the advantage of a fine prospect and an airy situation. Other objects of interest in Lyons are quite near it, and the whole place can easily be seen in a day. We went to the Cathedral *(de St. Jean)* a fine specimen of architecture, with some very rich antique windows. The *Palais de Justice*, a structure looking from the west bank of the *Saone*, presents a very handsome façade to the river, and reminds one very much of the Paris Bourse. A short walk, crossing the Saone by one of its numerous and beautiful bridges, brings you upon the square containing the *Hotel de Ville* and the Museum. On this square is also the site of the famous *Place de Terraux*, where Collot d' Herbois, the Revolutionary monster, decimated his victims, bound in gangs of sixties, with grape shot from cannon brought to bear upon the poor wretches, who were frightfully mangled and not often killed. It is said he murdered two thousand in this manner.

The Museum has a gallery of paintings, and a hall for the exhibition of the productions of native artists. The *Hotel de Ville* is externally a very fine building; internally we only visited the hall, where besides the general grand proportions of the place, the

visitor will be at once struck with the sight of two gigantic bronze statues emblematic of the Saone and the Rhone; the first in a male, the latter in a female embodiment. They are considered superior productions of art. There are other places here worthy of visiting, as *La Place de l'Eglise de Cordeliers; L'Eglise de St. Nizier*, the chapel in the *Brottaux*, at the end of *avenue des matyrs*; the Protestant Church, etc.; some of which we only saw, others we did not visit. The great object of the day was our visit to the Hospital, said to be the largest in France, and containing now over eighteen hundred patients. It is rich from gifts and bequests, and dispenses its charity to the unfortunate of *all* countries. We went through several of the compartments, two of them formed of four immense halls converging from a common centre, where is an altar, and where Mass is performed, so that the invalids, as they lie on their beds of suffering, can find occasional relief in the consoling offices of Religion. Two hundred sisters of charity are here in attendance on the sick, and as we passed through the rows of beds with their emaciated occupants in all forms and stages of disease, we saw these devoted women fulfilling the vows of their Religion with a disinterested tenderness which her sex alone can display. Of woman truly has the poet said,

> "When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

Nowhere do her gentle virtues shine so clearly as when in attendance on the bed of sickness. Her delicate nature perceives and anticipates each want by a species of intuition; her soft hand soothes the pillow and bathes the burning temples, where other touches would give pain.

> "She has a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity."

MARCH *22nd.*

Left Lyons at 8 a. m. by rail for Marseilles. The ride is by the left bank of the Rhone, kept in sight till within seventeen miles of our destination, and the scenery throughout is of the most romantic description. With the Alps occasionally in view, continuous lines of vineyards, ever and anon some old castellated relic of fedual, and in some cases, of Roman times, the most ardent imagination finds food on the journey, if the stoppages for more

substantial species of nutrition are insufficient. At Avignon, however, we have a chance of twenty minutes, and an appetite sharpened by the clear bracing air and continued ride of six hours, jumps at it eagerly. The *Buffet* is besieged with more than the voracity of sharks—it is prey and pay—the latter they know well how to make you do—the former you must look out for yourself. But this Avignon is a notable place in ecclesiastical history. That huge pile of buildings one sees far off to the right was for a long time the residence of the Popes. In 1307, the Pope who assumed the name of Clement V. removed to Avignon, and the great western schism, then so called in the church of Rome, began with his election, and lasted till the Council of Constance, during most of which time—nearly one hundred years—one set of Popes resided at Avignon. One of them, Benedict XII., was besieged here. Their habitation is now used as a barrack, and the fierce modern soldier of Gaul, as he buckles on his armor and goes forth to fight the battles of *la belle France* from his *Caserne* at Avignon, may experience a glow of holy ardor, fiercer than patriotism, in the thought that the sanctity of the habitation he has left still sheds its lingering influence around him. At Avignon too, the immortal Petrarch, who resided there several years, saw his no less immortal Laura, whose tomb most authorities agree upon being in the Franciscan Church—though this is a question of dispute. Not so in the matter of Petrarch's grave:

> "There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in air,
> Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
> The bones of Laura's lover; here repair
> Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
> The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
> To raise a language, and his land reclaim
> From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes;
> Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
> With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."

But we must leave Laura and Petrarch, the Popes and Avignon, or we lose the train; the very atmosphere of which suffices to dispel the little flight imagination had taken on such subjects. Forty miles an hour on a railway is no pace for a poet. His Pegasus with Medusa's blood, flying faster, must be above all material fear of collisions, and must soar high into the upper air, not grovel along a beaten track. But the country is interesting for dull material minds, and we look at it, with increasing earnest-

ness now too, for our pace quickens, and everything indicates a speedy approach to the waters of the blue Mediterranean, which one sights and keeps in view some twelve miles before arriving at Marseilles. The country is flatter and apparently more sterile than that which we passed through since morning. Large groves of Olive trees become frequent, and look very beautiful. We consult Murray; we are near the sea, and we almost hold our breath to *see* it. There it is! say all of us at once—my companion and I catch our little fingers together and wish. The Mediterranean! what pent up memories struggle thick and confuse any very distinct idea upon any one subject of remembrance we have about it. Egyptian, Phœnician, Grecian, Roman, Carthagenian, conglomerations, almost choke us; to say nothing of the stirring incidents of more modern times. All we can feel is a sort of mental rhapsody and a moisture in the eyes, and say "Well, and is that the Mediterranean? If Murray, and the guide books, and the locomotive and train are not all sadly out of place, it must be," and so after a little familiarity with the sight, we begin to apprehend it, and feel calmer in the apprehension. Say what you will, the first sight of a great sea, upon whose name history has set the seal of her most momentous records, brings up feelings of a very elaborate and interesting description. There it rolls the same as in ages past, as unconscious of the mighty deeds and memorable scenes of which it has been the insensible witness, as if but yesterday the "spirit of God had moved upon the face of the waters" and said, "let there be light."

> "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
> Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
> Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
> Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
> The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
> A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
> When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
> He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
> Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

We had, however, little time for romance about the sea, so shortly were we in Marseilles, where already a perceptible change of climate reminded us of our Southern latitude. We arrived at about 4. p. m., and it being Sunday the streets were thronged with pedestrians, as we drove through the city to our hotel—Hotel *de l'Europe;* said to be the best in the south of Europe, and indeed

we found it so. A good bath, dinner at six, and a stroll along the streets glittering with gas, cafes and billiard saloons, and the day is out.

"Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

MARSEILLES, *March 23rd.*

Up at six, and took a short walk before breakfast. Marseilles is purely a commercial city, and has but little attraction for the mere traveller. In fact there is little else to be seen than the beautiful views which nature presents, that from the *Colline Napoleon*, a high hill to the south of the town, being by far the best. The *Port de la Joliette* is a fine harbor formed by a breakwater built outside of the natural harbor, both being filled with shipping. The *Joliette* is the rendezvous of the vast number of steamers which ply between all parts of Europe, and the Mediterranean, and Marseilles. The greatest number of foreign vessels now trading here are Austrian, then Greek, then Spanish and Italian. The Austrians bring vast quantities of timber for ship building; the Neapolitans wheat, fruit, etc.; and an immense trade is carried on in wheat and wool with the opposite coast of Africa. The mouth of the natural harbor is very narrow, reminding one of the entrance by sea to Havana, and it is in like manner protected by fortifications rising precipitously from the water's edge. Ascending the tower of *l'Hotel de la Tour* near the northern entrance, the view is delightful. But this quarter of the town fronting the new harbor is doomed; already the renovation is commencing; houses are toppling down like nine-pins, and others growing up with the rapidity—but let us hope with more than the longevity—of mushrooms. At the Napolenic *presto*, the high land is like water finding its own level, and the position of our view from here will in a short time have dissolved into space.

Bought our tickets to-day for passage to Naples by the Sicilian line of steamers, only touching at *Civita Vecchia*, the seaport of Rome; leaving to-morrow (Tuesday) at daybreak and arriving at Naples on Thursday. The *Prado* is the fashionable drive of Marseilles, but it is so superlatively dusty that we can recommend everybody to leave it out of their programme, except after a heavy rain. Quite as—if not more—indispensable to having a passage ticket, is to have our passports *en regle*. This important docu-

ment one has--for any extended tour upon the continent—to get from Her Majesty's Foreign Secretary of State, and if intending to visit Austria, countersigned by the Minister of that Country in London. For France and Belgium a Consular countersign in London will suffice. But as the King of Naples was not then on diplomatic relations with Great Britain, there was no functionary in London to countersign for him. At the first port of arrival in France your passport is examined and visèd for at the place at which you disembark. So at Marseilles we must again show up before the Neapolitan Consul, to pay him for asking us impertinent questions, and permission to enter Naples, and as we shall touch at Civita Vecchia in the Papal States, and may wish to go on shore, we get the visa of the Consul for those countries too. So necessary is it that these papers should be correct, that no passage ticket is granted without your passport being left at the office of the agency of the steamer you depart in, and it is not given you again, till by the Captain, after you have left the port. In any extended travel through the different states of Europe, Italy especially, your passport book becomes a curiosity, almost as great in the way of signatures, seals, flourishes, and national arms, as the cost of obtaining them has been. All however now in this line seems to be serene; and in full possession as we trust of the open *sesame*, we put boldly forth, without any plots, treasons, or conspiracies in our brain against the kingdom we intend to visit. We go on board the steamer at 10 p. m.; as she leaves the quay at midnight, and the port at dawn. They have a rascally trick, as we find, on board of charging you a Napoleon for your bed, if you do not relish sleeping on a mattrass spread upon the lower cabin floor—besides the one hundred and eighty one francs you have paid for a first-class ticket. However, by blustering a little, we got a fine state-room on the deck, where we passed the night in a state of insensibility to passports and stewards, and chicanery of all descriptions; nor awoke till we found ourselves far out upon the bosom of the blue sea, the first prospect of which on shore inspired us with such pleasant emotions. Alas, how differently the same objects appear when viewed from different points. Now a nasty, short, quick motion took away all appetite for even other food than that of imagination. The bilious heaving of the wave is neither pleasant nor poetical. Byron's remedy was beefsteaks and porter, but Sicilians are utterly ignorant of the existence of

both. Brandy and soda water is recommended, but the soda water without the brandy is far more efficacious—still best of all, Champagne. A pint of the latter restores our equilibrium, and even creates an appetite for breakfast, a meal, by the way, in the Sicilian or Italian mode, far more seductive to a feeble appetite at sea than the grosser form of a *dejuner a l'Anglais*. The tables are decked with fruit and flowers; your vision is not appalled by the sight, nor your nostrils sickened by the discordant odors of fat, greasy animal matter, steaming in hot junks before you. There is meat in abundance, six or eight courses, but it is brought to you in delicate quantities, and not forced upon you, *nolens volens*. We skirt along the coast, near but without sight of, Toulon, the great naval station of France, though keeping the maritime Alps in view, whose bold relief and snow-clad summits recall Albert Smith and Mont Blanc. Evening of the same day brings us along the Corsican shore, from down whose lofty mountains, also covered with hivernian texture, the wind strikes shrill, and sharp, and piercing as a Highland bagpipe.

It always, so our Captain informs us, blows fresh off here, and we have it in all its freshness, till we round the light house on the point, and steering a more southerly course under shelter of the land, get into smooth water and a mild temperature. The Island by which we now run, calls up, as the place of his birth, reminiscences of the great Napoleon. Were it lighter we could also see the Island of Elba, between which and Corsica we are steaming. It is, however, without much regret that we thus go by it, contented with the prospect of a pleasant night, and speedy arrival on Italian soil to-morrow; hopes fully realized, for when we awoke it was to find our craft riding smoothly at anchor under the frowning battlements of the Pope, and in the harbor of Civita Vecchia. We arrived at 6 a. m. and were to remain till afternoon.

Civita Vecchia is merely the seaport of Rome, and a disgusting seaport too—mud to your knees when it rains, and dustier than a storm on the desert of Sahara when it doesn't. Still these are the least of its evils. The inhabitants are the vilest set of extortioners unhanged. They cheat you from the moment you get into the boat which conveys you from the steamer to the shore, till you get out of the boat into the steamer again, or out of the hole itself. The place is small, the country round it unattractive, more so than Sambro Head. Thus our first impressions of Italy

were anything but pleasing—add to this, we came near being marched off to prison on account of some pretended defect in the passport for which we have already handsomely paid, but the secret of the trouble was in reality only a ruse to rob us of another fee. We swore at the brutes to their faces, with a vigor and terseness which only Anglo-Saxon phraseology can command. The prison in this place was formerly noted as the residence of the celebrated bandit Gasperoni, who differed from the other inhabitants of the town, only in the fact of his being *celebrated*, and enormous amounts were received by the Police, in the shape of fees for exhibiting him to the hordes of visitors crowding to see him. The rascal has been dead some time, but the legalized robbers in the Pope's uniform, still keep up the delusion, by exhibiting some less clever, and uglier villain as the original Gasperoni. Two o'clock soon comes round, out we steam to sea again, and with a wet, rough, and boisterous night, reach Naples in a fog, a little after daybreak, and it was well, with the care of luggage, torture of the Custom Houses, imposition of cabmen, and bother of our passports, that the weather was thick, for our attention was undistracted by the beauty of the scene, which on a clearer day would have been taken away from the concentration of mind necessary to combat so many obstacles to getting on shore, and safely off to a place of shelter.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

NAPLES, March 26th.

We had scarcely reached our hotel—*Vittoria*, named for our gracious queen—situated on the *Chiaja*, and fronting the *Villa Reale*, a celebrated promenade on the shores of the Bay, and in front of the Chiaja, when the sun rolled up the mist, and the panorama of beauty opened suddenly upon us. The Bay of Naples, in the shape of a crescent, is about twenty-five miles in diameter from the promontories of Miseno and Sorrento, on its northern and southern extremities; Vesuvius, like the grand tutelar divinity of the scene, rearing its bold slopes about mid-distance of the arch formed by the indenture of the shore between the two Capes. It is impossible to imagine a scene of greater beauty or enchantment, though many have contended that the proud site of Genoa equals it in every way. "See Naples and die," has become a proverb.

Next to the impressions of its natural beauty, what strikes you most is the joyous hilarity and vivacity of the people. Immediately in front of our hotel the waters of the Bay roll laughingly up on the smooth sandy beach, covered with artistic groups of fishermen and lazzaroni, chatting, laughing, singing, sleeping, scattered in all attitudes, but that of exertion. No one uses any exertion in Naples except in begging—at this profession they work hard, but so gracefully withal it is impossible to refuse. Strolling musicians, with every variety of instrumental accompaniments, sing comic lively airs, with a spirit and action that compels you to enjoy it, and before you are aware, you find yourself foremost of the crowd, splitting with laughter at Punchinello. The shower of the night preceding has given a cleanliness and freshness to everything which the brilliant sun clothes with living and warm beauty. We feel inclined to lie down upon the beach and gaze away the day—impressed more strongly than ever with the sentiment of Wordsworth:

"Nor less I deem that there are powers,
Which of themselves our minds impress,
That we can feel this mind of ours,
In a wise passiveness.

Think you 'mid all the mighty sum,
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

Then ask not wherefore here alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old grey stone,
And dream my time away."

We have decided *to do* the churches to-day. There are three hundred of them in Naples, and we have some work before us. We may possibly finish three, which our *valet de place* tells us will give us an idea of all. Our first visit is to the Church of *St. Francis* in the *Piazza Reale*, opposite the Palace of the King—King Bomba. It is in imitation of the Pantheon at Rome, and being our first vision of an Italian church, struck us with a beautiful surprise. We go next to the little chapel of St. Mary of Piety, the private property of a Neapolitan nobleman, remarkable for its exquisite beauty, and celebrated for several works of sculpture; the Dead Christ, by Sanmartino, and figures of Virtue and

Vice, by Conrodino. The Cathedral is large, but did not produce so striking an effect as we had anticipated. In a little chapel off the side of it is kept the congealed blood of *San Gennaro*, which on high religious occasions, by a miracle, is shown to the wondering crowd in a liquid state. We also went to the churches of *Gesu Nuovo* and the *St. Dominican*. But as we shall have to see so many objects of natural interest in the vicinity of Naples, and there will be so many superior specimens of ecclesiastical structures to be seen at Rome, we cut short our pious pilgrimage at noon; and turn our steps to the Museum, one of the principal objects of interest in Naples. The most disgusting thing in connection with the churches here are the hordes of filthy beggars, who beset you at every step on entering the consecrated structures. One would think they might be kept outside, but while your guide is pointing out the striking beauty of this painting, and of that carving, statuary, or tomb, those hideous objects surround you with an importunity which destroys all chance for admiration of anything. Naples is, in amount of population, the fifth city in Europe, some say the third or fourth; indeed, if the population of its suburbs are included, only London and Paris will outnumber it, as it would then count up some six or seven hundred thousand souls. Nearly two-thirds of the population are without any fixed or settled occupation, and among the lower classes there is much privation and want, notwithstanding the ease with which, in a soil and climate like this, all the necessities of humanity can be supplied. It is a melancholy spectacle presented by the contrast of the lavish gifts of nature, to the indigence and poverty of the people. Our guide, who appears to be a man of great intelligence, lays the blame upon the Government and the Church, who, for their own selfish objects, have demoralized the multitude, to keep in check the rising spirit of inquiry and desire for more political freedom among the industrious and middling classes.

All are familiar with the celebrated exposures of Mr. Gladstone relative to the infamous administration of justice towards political offenders in Naples. Mr. Gladstone visited Naples in 1850, and was better known as the advocate of conservatism, than for any tendency towards concession to public opinion or wishes. From curiosity he attended the trial of the celebrated Poerio, and witnessed with disgust the mockery of justice with which it was conducted. No cross-examination was allowed, and evidence taken

which contradicted itself. This led him to enquiry, and he found there were upwards of thirty thousand political prisoners suffering the horrible incarceration and tortures of Neapolitan prisons. He addressed a letter to Lord Aberdeen, begging him to use his influence at the Neapolitan Court for some amelioration of these enormities, which was tried but without effect. His letter to Lord Aberdeen was then published in 1851, and Lord Palmerston, as Foreign Secretary, despatched a copy to each British representative at every Court in Europe, and lent all the moral weight of his high office and position to the exposure of the disgraceful barbarity which formed the system and constituted the existence of the Government of the King of Naples. No publication ever had such a sale in England, and the united voices of the whole British nation went up simultaneously to Heaven in one peal of indignant execration against the monster Ferdinand IV. King of Naples—this Nero of the Nineteenth century.

(To be continued.)

REVERENT STILLNESS.

"Be still, and know that I am God."

EVEN.

YEA, Lord! In all the stillness of despair
My hands are folded quiet, and my eyes,
Fixed on the earth, see naught of joyance where
Each leaf partakes the glory of the skies.
How still, O Lord! Thou, Thou alone dost know,
As, heeding not the knell of passing hours,
I sit, and hear, afar, the dark stream flow,
And from the night-wind catch the scent of dying flowers.

MORN.

Yea, Lord! In listening stillness see me stand—
Longing, yet quiet, for a word from Thee,
As Thy dawn-angel lights upon the land,
And stoops to wake from sleep the moaning sea.
And, as it thrills at his swift finger's touch,
Then breaks in rippling song along the shore,—
Father of Light! I ask, Is it too much?
A little, on my way, from out Thy boundless store.

EVEN.

Yea, Lord! Behold how very still I keep—
How quietly Thy love doth make me lie,
Watching, with eyes upturned, the changes sweet
Of passion and of peace in all Thy sky—
Knowing, at last, the wisdom kind and just
That lights and smooths my pathway up the hill—
Knowing, at last, "the living peace and trust
Of hands that hold each other kindly, and are still." T.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

AMID the mighty tumult over the question of Common School Education, it may not be amiss to take a hasty glance at the subject of University Education. We do not propose to deal with the question historically, and tell our readers of the great schools of learning on the Continent of Europe and in England during the Middle Ages, and still later times, when illustrious teachers gathered around them hundreds—we had almost *said* thousands—of young men representing the different nationalities of Europe. Nor is it our purpose to discuss critically the internal economy of Collegiate discipline, and assign places in College curricula to classics and mathematics, physics and metaphysics. We have marked out for ourselves a much humbler task, though one, perhaps, just now, of much more practical importance. We propose to glance hastily and, of necessity, imperfectly at the present position of University education in the Maritime Provinces; and to offer some suggestions which, if acted on, might materially advance and stimulate the higher education among our people.

Any one acquainted with the facts must know that there is great room for improvement. There are at present in Nova Scotia five Colleges possessed of University powers, and three in New Brunswick.

In the order of seniority according to their respective Charters or Acts of Incorporation, under which they at present work, they are, Kings, Windsor, N. S.; Acadia, Wolfville, N. S.; St. Mary's, Halifax, N: S.; St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish, N. S.; Mount Allison, Sackville, N. B.; University of New Brunswick, Frederic-

ton, N. B.; Dalhousie, Halifax, N. S.; and St. Joseph, Memramcook, N. B.

These Colleges are entirely distinct Corporations, having no connection the one with the other. They owe allegiance to no central authority. There is not necessarily uniformity of study. Each prescribes for itself what it deems a suitable course of training for degrees and honors. The same degrees from different Colleges do not necessarily represent equal advantage and equal scholarship. This state of affairs, we think, should be remedied, and as soon as possible. We do not think it is advisable to let matters "drift" in this way any longer. Our population is increasing, wealth is accumulating, and it is highly important that we should take active measures to place University education upon a comprehensive, permanent and elastic basis. We want a scheme which will include all the Colleges, without impairing their present usefulness and efficiency; and which will be so permanent and elastic that it will not only meet present requirements but also the increased requirements of far greater populations and augmented material wealth. Two courses present themselves for our consideration. The first is to denude all existing Colleges of University powers, reduce them to Theological Halls and preparatory Schools, and erect in their stead one central University, under State patronage, having the exclusive right of conferring degrees and controlling collegiate education. The second is to recognize existing Colleges in all their efficiency, to ask them to give up none of their powers except that of conferring degrees and prescribing courses of study, and to give the degree-conferring power to a central Corporation, whose duty it shall be to supervise University education throughout the Province or Provinces. The latter plan would be identical with that of the London University. These two propositions, we know, have many advocates among our people. The question is which, under all the circumstances, is the most practicable and feasible? We know that the idea of a grand, central University, with cloistered courts and majestic proportions, attracting by its rich endowments, illustrious Professors, and by its magic reputation, crowds of students, is well calculated to fire the imagination and arouse the zeal of the enthusiastic. For ourselves, we are bold to say that the second course we have suggested is the most practicable under existing circumstances. And we are not prepared to argue that it is not the most desirable

under any circumstances. In discussing this question, and in seeking after some plan to better our system, we must take things as we find them. The Colleges we have named are *de facto* in existence, exercising immunities and rights guaranteed to them under their charters. They are all denominational Colleges except the University of New Brunswick and perhaps Dalhousie, which is nominally a State College, though in reality controlled by the Presbyterians.

The chartered rights of the denomiational Colleges cannot be interfered with, except by their own consent. These rights and privileges are guaranteed to them under the British North America Act. The Provincial Governments cannot deprive them of the right to confer degrees and exercise University Powers. It is therefore, almost certain that these Colleges would refuse the first proposition, while they might accept the second. The different denominations now rallying around their respective Colleges, would not do so around a mere State University. Much of the sympathy and generous support now accorded to existing Colleges would be withheld from a State College, on the ground that the public Treasury was amply sufficient to supply all demands. It would have a tendency to destroy all feelings of individual responsibility in the matter—a state of affairs very undesirable. But apart from all considerations of this kind, the repugnance of the different denominations to give up their Colleges, would render the first plan impracticable, if not impossible. The same objections could not apply to the second proposition. We would ask existing Colleges to hold their University Powers in abeyance, and to become affiliated with the University to be erected; to give up to this Corporation the power of conferring degrees, conducting examinations for matriculation or graduation, and prescribing the requisites for degrees and honors. A glance must suffice to shew the feasibility and desirability of this plan. The University would be non-teaching. So far, it would leave the affiliated Colleges undisturbed. They would require the same staff of instructors, and all the equipments as at present. The denominations responsible for their support would feel the same responsibility in their behalf, and wealthy men desiring to benefit their denomination, educationally, might have an additional inducement to give to the support of their College, in the fact, that it would then be brought into direct competition with all the

others. We would also have a uniform course of study for the degrees, which would be of great advantage, by insuring a certain amount of discipline before graduation. It would place the Students of all the Colleges on an equal footing, and by the stimulus of competition before impartial examiners, would beget an eager, though generous rivalry to excel. Who is ignorant of the great interest and emulation to excel on the part of the boys who go up to the English Universities, from the High Schools of England, such as Winchester, Eton, and Rugby? The Head master and his assistants look upon it as a victory for themselves to send the greatest number of successful boys; while the students deem it a bright epoch in the history of their School, when one of their number outstrips all competitors in the University course. When the Rugby boys won laurels at the Universities the heart of Dr. Arnold was gladdened, and his letters were among the first to offer to his successful pupils congratulations and advice. The plan we propose would beget the same spirit of generous rivalry among our own Colleges. They would all send their students up before the same examiners to test the quality and quantity of the work performed. The students would stand on a footing of equality, because they would be examined in subjects contained in a common curriculum. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to see that under such circumstances the *students* of the various Colleges would *not* be the only competitors. Each Professor would necessarily feel a desire to send the medalist and prizeman in his department, and, in his efforts to attain that end, would inspire his students with an enthusiasm somewhat akin to that felt at Rugby under the rule of Dr. Arnold. In this way, it is quite probable, that there would be more enthusiasm and brisker competition than if the students were all brought together within the halls of a central teaching University. We have perused the Draft of a Bill chiefly embodying our views said to have been framed by the late lamented Hon. Wm. Garvie. It was that gentleman's intention, we believe, to have submitted it for the adoption of the Nova Scotia Legislature. It was modelled after the charter of the London University. The governing body was to consist of a Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and twenty-four Fellows, to be chosen from the various denominations and the governing bodies of the various Colleges in the Province. The Convocation, composed of all graduates in the

different Arts and Faculties, was empowered to nominate a certain number of the Fellows, and generally to discuss and recommend such improvements as it thought proper. This right of nominating to the Senate would place a certain amount of controlling power in the hands of the graduates; a plan eminently calculated to interest the Alumni in behalf of the University. The men who have been trained in an Institution can reasonably be supposed to know its needs and requirements. There are those, however, who oppose this plan of elevating and stimulating the higher education. They characterize it as a *paper* scheme, forgetting that in so doing they ignore the great success attending the London University, and the Queen's University, Ireland. Others think that under such a system the Examinations would present a difficulty. Experience is a sufficient answer to the objection. According to the Regulations of the London University, 1874, for Colleges outside of London the "Examinations are carried on simultaneously with the Examinations in London, under the supervision of Sub-Examiners appointed by the Senate. The answers of the Candidates at the Provincial Examinations are reviewed by the Examiners at the same time with the answers of the Candidates examined in London; and a list of the Candidates who have passed at each Provincial Examination is published at the time fixed by the Regulations, at the place where such Examination has been held." More than FORTY Colleges are affiliated with the London University. These represent all denominations, and are scattered throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies. The success of this scheme is evidenced in the growing prosperity of the University. Its degrees are eagerly sought after, and the ability with which its University powers are administered is beyond dispute. If such is a *paper* University, may our country soon be blessed with one of the same material. We do not pretend to any originality in advocating these views. Others before us have pressed this plan upon the consideration of the Maritime Provinces. This subject, as long ago as 1861, was ably advocated by some sincere friends of the higher education. In 1861 the Board of Governors and Trustees of the Mount Allison Academy, *unanimously* resolved that "in the opinion of the Board the establishment of a proper University Board—to be separate and independent of all teaching institutions, and to be the sole source of University Honors and Degrees in the Province,

would prove of essential advantage to the cause of liberal education." The Board of Trustees referred the matter to the Wesleyan Conference, and after mature deliberation that body declared "that this Conference, fully concurring in the opinion that the establishment of a proper Provincial University—distinct from all teaching institutions, to be the sole source of University Honors and Degrees, upon the plan essentially of the London University in England, and the Queen's University in Ireland—would be of great and permanent advantage to the cause of liberal education, gladly complies with the request of the Board of Trustees of the Mount Allison Wesleyan Academy, and appoints the Rev. the President of the Conference, and the Rev. the Secretary of the same, with the Superintendent of the Fredericton circuit, to act with the Executive Committee of the Academy, as a joint Committee, to bring the matter under the notice and consideration of the Government and Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick, in such a way as shall seem best calculated to secure the establishment of such an institution." The Rev. H. Pickard, D. D., at that time Principal of the Male Academy at Sackville, strenuously exerted himself, with others, to secure the consummation of so desirable an end, before formally organizing the Mount Allison College under its Act of Incorporation. The attempt at that time failed in consequence of the very recent changes which had then taken place in connection with the College in Fredericton. We mention the facts to shew that the denomination owning and controlling the Educational Institutions at Sackville, was willing in 1861 to assist in building up a great central degree-conferring, non-teaching University. That denomination we believe is still willing to assist in maturing details to secure that object.

The degree emanating from a central authority, such as we would wish to see, would be more valuable than those emanating from one of the affiliated Colleges. A degree would, in that case, come from *all* the Colleges instead of one. It would be a certificate of proficiency from the entire "Republic of Letters" in the Province or Provinces. It would also bring the educated men of the country into close relations; they would have ample opportunities of understanding each other; and their interchange of ideas could not fail to advance the cause they had at heart. One feature of our plan is that its comprehensiveness and elasticity make it as applicable to a dozen Provinces as to one—to millions of a population as to

thousands—to "scores of Colleges" as to two or three. Schools in Law and Medicine could also be affiliated with such a central University. We see no reason why a good Law School could not be sustained in Halifax and Saint John. They are the great centres of our population, and such Schools would be of great assistance to Students at law, pursuing their regular studies. Such Schools would also afford great advantages to young business men in acquiring a knowledge of certain branches of commercial law. Surely we have legal gentlemen capable of occupying the chairs, and willing to give two or three hours a week to build up such Schools in our midst. It is not necessary that Nova Scotia and P. E. Island should join in this plan before inaugurating it. It can be worked out in New Brunswick perfectly and effectually; and provision can easily be made for enabling other Colleges to affiliate whenever they choose. The attendance at our Colleges should be much larger than it is. The yearly average attendance upon the Nova Scotia Colleges, including Mount Allison, from the year 1867 to 1871, both years inclusive, was a fraction over one hundred and thirty-one, giving nearly twenty-two of an average to each of the six Colleges. The number of properly matriculated Students attending the Arts' departments of the different Colleges in the two Provinces, during the Academic year just closing, cannot much exceed two hundred. The average for the eight Colleges would be about twenty-five, certainly not over thirty. This body of Students is drawn from a population of not quite six hundred and seventy-four thousand. Or in other words, only *one* for about every three thousand two hundred and fifty of the population attend our Colleges.

We do not forget that some of our Students attend Colleges outside of the Provinces, but some come from abroad to make up the deficiency. We are safe in asserting, we think, that our College Students are not more than one for every three thousand of the population. Such an average only gives a representation of about fifteen in our Colleges from the city of Saint John and Portland. This is assuredly a very small number from such a centre of wealth and general intelligence. Something should be done to increase the desire for the higher education. If only one for every one thousand of our population attended our Colleges, we would have nearly three hundred Students in attendance upon Collegiate instruction—a number sufficient to test to the utmost

the accommodation for the higher education in this Province. Such an average we do not think too large to look for, when we consider our wealth, the general diffusion of knowledge among all classes, and the increasing importance of the higher education. It may be much larger than in England, but our circumstances are far different. We have no paupers as a class, while England has her hundreds of thousands. The manner of bringing about this change now remains to be discussed. To accomplish the object there must be unanimity of sentiment and action among the Colleges and their supporters. A convention, properly constituted, would be the best mode of ascertaining the views of all the parties interested. Such a Convention might be held at some convenient time and place, during the present summer or coming autumn, so that if a plan were agreed upon, immediate legislation might be obtained to carry it into effect. We do not advise great haste in a matter of this kind. It involves the entire future of University Education in these Provinces, and requires temperate and well-considered action. Lord Eldon's favorite motto, "*sat cito, si sat bene*," should rather govern us in this matter, although we would not consider it "*sat cito*" to delay for many years. First agree upon the plan to be adopted, establish it by laying the foundations deep and firm, and a superstructure—a natural outgrowth—with graceful shafts, corinthian capitals, and fair proportions will quickly follow. We have above very imperfectly sketched the plan we propose for University reform—a plan admirably suited to the needs and circumstances of our country. We have endeavoured to show the entire feasibility of the scheme—the impulse it would give to the higher education by infusing life and generous rivalry into the work of the Colleges—the enhanced value of degrees—the benefits of a central authority prescribing the courses of study—its non-interference with vested rights, by leaving the Colleges intact—and its perfect adaptability to a sparse or dense population—many Colleges or few. Whether the various Colleges will continue to go on as at present, or avail themselves of a change that cannot fail to give them new life and vigour, is a question which can only be decided by themselves.

St. John, N. B., June, 1874. A. A. STOCKTON.

THE STORM.

THE rain fell thick and fast,
The storm-cloud brooded low;
The night wind rang with a sudden blast,
Like the sound of a coming foe.

The billows scattered foam,
The mountain waves were white;
Ah! for the ships that came sailing home
From distant seas that night!

God! didst Thou hear the prayer
That rose from pallid lips?
Christ! as of old, didst Thou meet them there—
The wildly tossing ships?

Thro' all that weary night,
Her white and trembling hand
Held in the casement a flickering light
To guide her Love to land.

The sun rose o'er the town,
And sparkled on the sea—
The Storm King flung his sceptre down,
And Peace reigned royally:

The song bird trilled a note,
And warbled wild and free;
Two idle oars and an empty boat
Went drifting out to sea!

HALPITT STREET.

St. John, N. B.

JOSIAH GARTH.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

CHAPTER V.

When Levi left the house, the night was very dark. A warm rain, for December, was falling in torrents, as it had been all the previous day. A few hundred yards brought him to the Humber river, not many miles from its mouth. He had crossed it in a

canoe, which he had hidden in some bushes, but it was almost impossible for him to find the spot. His anxiety increased as the night wore on, still wandering in hopeless quest. The ripple of water, many feet above the usual flow, showed that floods were rushing to the lake. All at once arose a pitiful shriek, in the direction of the river, not far from the bank, followed by a splashing sound of some one in the water, struggling for life. The first impulse, in most persons, would have been to shout a response, but Levi was slow of speech, and not, in ordinary circumstances, quick of movement. On this occasion he never thought of attracting attention to succour, but knew that prompt action was required. He felt for the edge of the river with his hands, and found that the water was shallow. He commenced to wade towards the voice, which occasionally was heard above the roar of the waters. Unexpectedly, he found himself sinking in deep water, beyond his depth. The river had over-flown the summit of a steep bank, and he found his footing leave him, as he stepped over the edge. The current came with a sweep round this point, and before he could fairly realize his situation, he was being played with by the angry river as if he were a bubble or a cork. Being a good swimmer, he had no difficulty to keep his head above the water, and watch for chances of landing. Something came against him, with considerable violence, in an eddy, which at first, he imagined was a log floating with the stream. He seized it gladly, as a temporary support and resting-place. His surprise was considerable to find, by the feeling of it, that it was a canoe upset, and clinging to it was a human being, who, from his feeble moans, was evidently fast losing strength. Levi spoke encouragingly to his strange companion, but got no reply. He made several attempts to right the shallop, but in vain. The excitement, for a time, kept up the increased circulation, but he felt that cramps and numbness were threatening to supervene his exertions. His comrade had, for a considerable time, given few signs of vitality, besides a firm grip of the prow of the canoe. This hold might be that of death, and as no responses came from the continuous questionings, he was considering the propriety of casting off the corpse, and thus lightening the canoe, so that it could be turned. Onward they sped, and finally struck an elm tree, broadside on. This tree was upright in its native bed, and lofty as it was, the spreading top,

where it branched out, was on a level with the surface of the seething waters. The slender vessel began to roll—a moan came from the body—Levi laid hold of an outspreading bough with the one hand, and with the other dragged toward him his half-conscious comrade, as the canoe, partially relieved of its weight, shot past the tree, and was lost in the darkness. So far, both were secure from immediate danger, for a safe resting place was found in the bifurcations of the ample branches springing up closely together. Now that he had time to reflect, he began to chafe the hands, feet, chest and face of the unknown. The exercise warmed himself and brought a glow of heat to the cold body and extremities of the "limpsy" man. Lest he should fall off into the flood, boiling beneath, Levi tied him with his cravat securely to a branch, and after ineffectual efforts to make him speak, looked eagerly into the black and weeping heavens for the steel-grey dawn, with its certain succour. The tumultuous and angry waves were distinctly heard lapping round the trunk of the tree, as if smacking their watery lips in prospective delight and present glee, at the near approach of a feast of human victims. The "sough" of the wintry winds came like a dirge, or requiem, in mournful cadences from the distant woods, and whistled in the swaying branches with bitter shrillness, piercing to the very marrow through his saturated clothes. The hours seemed days, and yet no dawn. His comrade had his tongue loosed, and began to show signs of animation. He was evidently delirious. At one time he was giving commands to soldiers—"Stand at ease!" "Attention!" "Shoulder arms!" and such like terms were uttered. When Levi spoke, he made no reply; but in a gutteral voice began to sing snatches of songs and hymns in a profane medley. "Old Dan Tucker" was mixed up with "Greenland's Icy Mountains;" "Jump Jim Crow" got in brotherly nearness to "All Hail!" and "Home, sweet Home" was in parenthetical lines with "The Spacious Firmament" and "Auld Robin Gray." Expostulation, entreaty and sharp enquiry had no effect upon him. So concentrated was he in his own mad imaginings, that he did not seem to have left to him the animal instinct of fear from danger; were it not for the constant watchfulness and care of his anxious rescuer, he would have many times toppled into the river. An alarming oscillation of the tree began, as if the roots were becoming detached; thus, a new source of danger threatened them. The ground was becoming softened by the water, and the mighty

lever power of the rushing stream was telling on the body of this giant of the forest. He knew their doom would be sealed if the tree should be swept away. They could not be far from Lake Ontario, and could they cling to a revolving trunk, an hour at most would launch them upon its bosom, far from human ken, did they survive the ordeal. The green tree, with heavy roots, would be partially submerged, and could not, at best, afford a safe resting place. All these untoward circumstances in prospect were rushing through the mind of Levi swifter than ideas were wont to go through this channel before. He seemed to himself to have awoke to real thinking life, after a lethargic existence of years, and with death so near, living seemed dearer to him than ever. It is said a panorama of a drowning man's life will come up in sudden retrospect before his mind. One picture persistently thrust itself upon his attention, in which stood out in bold relief from the background—Molly, the spinning-wheel, the aged couple, the glowing hearth, and the cabin. He often thought that his brain was also losing its balance, for words, actions, hates, loves, passions and sensations, which had been forgotten, or thought to have been consigned to oblivion, sprang up from the abyss of the past as if by magic, and would not be spirited away.

Joyful sight! the grey dawn appeared. Pencils of light chased each other with fairy-feet. The affrighted and broken clouds were scudding before the Storm King, and old, genial, jolly-faced Sol was painting them with a silver lining, and waking up in nature everywhere the grand, wild anthems, and oratorios of animated creation. Even in extreme danger, admiration of the sublime and beautiful, is not lost, in the innate, and asthetic receptive powers of man.

The roaring waters once seen, were not so dreaded as in darkness. They were in a large flat, with high banks, and covered with water like a lake. Rails, cakes of ice, logs, lumber, cordwood, and all sorts of *debris* were rushing past. The dark blue lake and the light blue sky were seen, in patches, in the distance, southward.

Hanging on the bough, and straining on his bonds to their utmost tension, with a mad, wild glare in his eyes, could be seen the stranger. He seemed young in years, and in spite of his dishevelled locks, blood begrimmed face and hands and tattered clothing, he was fair to look upon. The tender hands showed he was not inured to toil, and the quality of his garments told of

affluence if not wealth. Still there was no recognition, and with difficulty he was kept upon his perch. No signs of succour from the shore could be seen, and so hidden were they, by the large boughs, as not easily to be observed. The sun rose, and in its feeble rays served to add to the weakness and stiffness of both, and although Levi did not feel hungry, yet he was faint with despair. The suggestion came up, "Why not plunge into the waters and end my misery?" That end was imminent, why not shorten the probation? No casuistry seemed to trouble him, in regard to suicide and its culpability. He would try to recollect, although in a fragmentary manner, incidents of shipwrecked mariners on ice-floes, dismantled hulks, icebergs, fragments of wrecks, and desolate coasts. Thus the mind would wander, and then fly back to the floods, the elm tree, himself, and despondency. These meanderings of mind were the precursors of delirium, ravings, and death. Levi felt this, and began to be indifferent to fate, and the future. A shout was heard by him, but so far away did it seem, that he was not sure of its direction, nor of its being more than a delusion of the brain. He looked first to one bank and then the other, but in vain. Another shout came over the waters, more distinct and from far up the river. It was from a boat coming down, and in it were a woman and man. As it drew near, he could scarcely believe his eyes, when he saw that it contained Molly and her Uncle, but so it was. I cannot help the fact, that there is an historical parallel, in a minor degree, between this scene of peril, to all concerned, and that of Grace Darling; nor does it comport with truth to "get up" a sensation, by asserting that the tree, and its occupants were swept away at the moment the brave rescuers drew near, and make a tragedy of "love's labour lost," for such was not the case. I have looked at the noble elm, in a green old age, A. D., July 10th, 1873, nodding its verdant foliage, in Gothic arches—"heaven's first temples," with whispering responses to the gentle influences of the evening zephyrs, filling the valley with pleasant monotones. That is a fact, and nearly became blank poetry, which is seldom real now-a-days, but such frenzy needs a curb, and so I say *peccavi*, and shout "brakes on."

After several vain attempts to reach the tree and stem the current, the beleagured sufferers were snatched from a watery grave and landed far below where they "launched away." When they reached Molly's home the young men were nursed with the

greatest care and solicitude. The stranger lay raving in brain fever, muttering all sorts of incoherent inanities. None in all the country round knew whence he came, whither he was going, who were his kindred, nor what was his name or home. Levi came to himself thoroughly, none the worse of wear and tear, after a rest, excellent commissary supplies, and a thorough thaw out. The baptism did him good in many ways. He felt thankful to a kind Providence for deliverance. His season of vegetative life had ended. The past seemed to his awakened consciousness like an opium-eater's dream; this was now succeeded by forming a high resolve to be an active man and a worthy citizen. How it came about I never knew, but Molly and he came to a mutual understanding of some sort, and terms of amity were signed and sealed by the high contracting parties, in the form prescribed by instinct from the days of Adam downwards, in unbroken succession. What the terms of capitulation were—how "the bugle sang truce"—who first threw out, over the parapets of the heart, the flag of surrender—whether both had a simultaneous challenge of "I dare you half way,"——or—that is all I know about it, and if I knew more I would likely have been sworn to secrecy. All the foregoing facts I got from the lips of Levi in strict confidence, and he added, with a sort of grim humour, that when he took a second start for Toronto, they parted at the door; then at the garden gate; afterwards at the near side of the treacherous river; finally, Molly ferried him over, after the exercise of considerable "moral suasion;" and here the curtain drops at the end of this melodramatic performance.

Quoth the reader: How did Molly and her uncle know about the accident; and how did it happen that they came so opportunely upon the scene? It was in this wise. After Levi left the house, she was in the chip-yard, presumably, ostensibly, and presumptively seeking fire-wood. I don't say—as a faithful historian—that, in sadness at the abrupt parting, the maiden, in the darkness, struck a classic attitude, indicative of commingled hope and despair, the zenith and nadir between which, like Mahomet's coffin, lovers are suspended by invisible but potent agencies; but I do assert that she stood in the rain so long that her flowing—if not graceful—homespun robes had imbibed moisture like a sponge, and she was not aware of it. Other sensations were crowding themselves upon her mind. The same cry Levi heard, she heard,

with the splashing, and moaning, and speaking. The conclusion was inevitable that her lover was the author of all these sounds, and was *in articulo mortis*. She did not think in these words, for they would have been Choctaw to her, but the emphatic Anglo-Saxon amounted to the same thing, viz: Levi was being drowned, and no one to help.

Then followed a rush into the house—a cry for help—a dragging, *nolens volens*, of her uncle by the arm to the river, without time for an explanation, until he thought the girl was "daft" (this act was not feminine, but decidedly imperative)—a mad rushing up and down the river bank in search of a boat, but none could be found until daylight, and then where it never was before (as is always provided in regard to all indispensables in cases of accident) —a weeping, and wailing, and wringing of hands, accompanied by a "double quick" on the wet and spongy bank through the weary hours of darkness. All such ways and manners, with others "too numerous to mention," were included in the programme, "in such cases made and provided," with a sort of paraphrased echo and *encore* from the roaring river and the howling tempest. Daylight had broke, and with it had come the hour for action. The compressed lips, nerve-strung muscles, dry eyes—which recently had been fountains—determined gait, and glowing face, told that a mind made up to dare, to do, and, if necessary, to die, was dangerous to trifle with. The uncle was about to remonstrate with her in attempting a search on the treacherous river, with its whirlpools, eddies and crushing ice-cakes. If the sounds were made by Levi, then must he have reached a place of safety, or was now beyond help; but he saw that argument would now be in vain. The determination and agony of that face were enough for him. They stepped into the boat in silence and pushed away, hoping against hope. Narrow escapes from crush and currents were many, and skilfully utilized "without note or comment." The wide lake, and its furious, stormy bosom, were looming in sight, but, nothing daunted, they persevered in the search, he rowing and Molly steering with a paddle, at which she was an expert. The lost was found. She did not fall into her lover's arms in a fainting fit when they reached a convenient spot, but, like a sensible woman, rolled up her sleeves, and in the old apparent hauteur showed in deeds what an active, determined, unconquerable spirit could elicit in the way of good nursing, excellent

cooking and *fussless* vigilance. Tyndall may say what he likes about the fallacy of the doctrine of special Providence, but I am sure that God virtually said that night, "Molly Perkins, you are my instrument on this occasion. I have a work for Levi to do. He must be saved, and you shall save him." The world is full of such examples, "deny it who can." The fool and the philosopher may bury these "undesigned coincidents" in the sarcophagus of natural laws, yet these "are a law unto themselves."

CHAPTER VI.

THE political excitement which had been in a state of fermentation for a number of years, culminated in the outbreak of 1837. A number of arbitrary measures, under the sanction of Sir Francis Bond Head, Governor General of Upper Canada, had added fuel to the flames. He had trampled upon the franchise rights of the people, and had ordered expulsion from the House of Assembly of several of that body who were personally obnoxious to him, and who had been legally elected as representatives. These overt acts were perpetrated on frivolous and vexatious pretences. He had surrounded himself with minions of his own selection as a Privy Council, who, under the cry of loyalty and British connection, had carried into effect the most extreme measures in defiance of constitutional law and practice. Such despotic measures, carried on systematically and continuously, drove an otherwise loyal people to desperation. William Lyon McKenzie became, by force of circumstances, the leader. He was a member of Parliament for York, and in spite of repeated elections had been expelled the House, on charges partly true, but mostly false, being surrounded by sufficiently colourable circumstances to give an excuse for tyrannical excesses. He was an honest man; forcible speaker; possessed of great energy; hot-headed and *unourbable*. After his printing office had been sacked by a furious mob, strongly impressed that the work of demolition was praiseworthy and loyal, he knew that his life was in danger from his foes, and often had to be provided with an escort for protection; he very rashly and unadvisedly prepared to subvert the Government by force of arms. In midst of great provocations he still asserted his attachment to the British Crown, but after repeated visits to London with mammoth petitions asking for a redress of multiform grievances, he felt that the people might expect no succour from the Home

Office, which seemed to lend no willing ear to aught, but the messages and dispatches of the Governor General. The same "comedy of errors" was rëenacted on a small scale, which worked the era of the American War of Independence. McKenzie allied himself with the rebels of Lower Canada under Papineau, and sought to obtain by revolt, what was denied by constitutional means. His error lay in not continuing lawful agitation, until redress was obtained, either by a change of Government in Britain, and consequently a new viceroy in Canada, or by the beneficial effect which always flows from persistent and reasonable agitation, discussion and petition. A short time would have brought it about, and doubtless without the arbitrament of arms. A headstrong Governor, more accustomed to military rule, than to the granting of civil rights and needful concessions, stung to madness a large portion of the community. Secret clubs were formed. Arms were collected. All the machinery of a formidable conspiracy was set in motion. The day for rising was appointed, and Toronto, the Seat of Government, was to be the chief point of attack. It was almost defenceless, with a magazine and several thousand muskets, without a single guard. Had energy, at the outset, been displayed by the rebels, the Seat of Government must have fallen into their hands. Vacillation, dissension, and lukewarmness, in the rebel camps, among the chiefs, demoralized the insurgent forces, which at best were only a partially organized and armed mob, needing only a skirmish to scatter it to the four winds. This uprising did good in one way, at least; it alarmed the Home Government, which sent out, as Governor, Lord Durham, a statesman of repute. The end of the ill-advised and futile struggle for Independence was the granting to the Colonies responsible Government, an inestimable boon, which brought with it contentment and loyalty. The foregoing scrap of Canadian history is necessary, in order to understand what follows.

On the 6th day of December, 1837, Levi was on his way to Toronto to join the loyal bands, called together to defend the Capital. On entering a bush about three miles from the city, he came upon a dilapidated individual, who was "roosting" upon a fallen log, smoking a clay pipe of sombre aspect. The careless, contented abandon of this solitary man was amusing. Near him lay a flint-lock musket, which seemed sufficiently rusty and battered to certify to its use at the battle of Quebec. A brown hat of sugar-loaf

shape adorned a bald, shining and oily crown. Unclipped grey woollen clothes hung loosely on this anatomical specimen of humanity, and so rough was it, that a good handful of the nap could be procured anywhere by a chance grab. A red woollen scarf of ancient appearance was tied over the head and ears, and under the crowning pyramid. Two originally square patches of many colours flaunted their loose edges, from the knees to the ankles, now and then giving a peep at the serrated and capacious deficiencies of the original garment. Home made moccasins of buckskin, with strings of the same material, covered number "nines." Woollen white mitts, which were capacious enough to fit anybody, hung loosely round gigantic paws. The man's age might be anywhere between thirty-five and forty-five years. The thin lips—high cheek bones—shaggy eyebrows—distended nostrils—and fairly sized aural appendages, with the contour of the face, and angular body, pointed significantly to his Doric origin.

"Wha comes there?" said the sentinel, as he caught a sight of Levi through a clump of young pines. After saying that, he deliberately laid down his pipe and as coolly took up his gun, pointing its muzzle with deliberation and caution towards the tree-tops.

"A friend," said Levi, not knowing into whose hands he had fallen, nor what else to say.

"Weel, what's the counter word, my chap?"

"I don't know."

"Hoo the deil can you tell if ye're a frien' or no, if ye dinna ken that? Answer me."

"Who are you?" Levi said, trying to procure information and gain time by putting on an air of nonchalance.

"Alec Riach says to you, that's speerin', its nane o' your bisness, an' if ye dinna cum oot frae ahint that fixture in a Scotch minute, that is as lang as three English minutes, an' lat me see your bonny coontenance, I'll mak' daylight thro' ye, wi' roun' lead, saxteen to the poun'."

The muzzle of the gun came down from skyward, and as Levi could look down its black and dark canal, not knowing when its contents might be taking sudden and forcible possession of his *corpus*, he said:

"I've no countersign; I'm your prisoner."

"Throw up your arms, and lat me see if you've ony pistols, letters, papers, or dirks," said cautious Alec.

Levi did as commanded, and was thoroughly searched for evidences of hostility. He was then ordered to sit down on one end of the log, while his scare-crow guard got straddle of the other, facing him.

"Noo, sin' ye seem like a peaceful kind o' a chiel, I may say that I'm ane o' the pickets in the army o' Independence, an' ye're my prisoner. We've surrounded the ceety, and soon will boil doon in a sugar kettle, like kail-brose, the Sir Francis and a' yelpin' terriers at his heels. What's mair, we'll hae a Free Government, and no havers aboot lairds, lords, dookes, or muckle sirs for oor masters."

"But will we be any better off than we have been?" asked Levi.

"Better off! Can we be waur off? Tell me that. What wi' puttin' their heels on our necks,—sorrow tak' them—fillin' a' the offices wi' swarms o' locusts, that devoored oor substance—overlookin' the bane and seenew o' the country, the Government has given us not only rods but scorpions. The blood to be spilled must be on their ain heads."

"Wouldn't it be better to agitate in the usual way, than to rebel and cause a needless loss of life," suggested the prisoner.

"Gin I thocht ye wis a Tory I'd br'ak yere hed just noo for yere impidence, for suggestin' sich a thing. Haven't we been doin' it for years, and the mair we wriggled in the Slough o' Despond, as Jock Bunyan waud say, the deeper we got, and the tighter wis oor bonds; till I said, an' we a' said 'by the clan Ronald, we'd ficht for the Queen—Gude be wi' her!—but no for her flunkies.' If she has a dirty besom to sweep wi', its no oor fault. We just say, 'beg your pardon most Royal Madam, we'll no hurt you nor yours, but the broom is raisin' sich a stoor, we maun put it oot at the back door.' The thing is aye best dun' what's dun' weel. We're no gane to mend auld cloots, but make new claithes oot o' new stuff. I mind once o' mending a pair o' breeks. Janet (that's my wife) gied awa' to a neebor's on a visit. When I wis sautin' the cooes, my trews a' scaled up the legs. As I had to gang to the market that day, I sat doon an' sewed them up, wi' an oot an' in, an' an in an' oot stitch, wi' the edge to the edge, as it looks flatter. They seemed a' richt till I wis coming doon the street, (I must confess nane the better for the whiskey in

my bed,) when I heard something give, like the sail of a ship would do in a storm. I dropped my han's doon as quickly as I waud a het taty frae my mou', and soon found oot that my trews was fa'in' to bits, and me in the middle o' the street. I got in my fingers the end o' a threed that wis hangin' oot, an' pu'ed at it, thinkin' it might help to haud my claes thegither, but gude be here! it just ravelled oot like a stockin' leg a' the way doon to my shoon, and then I wis waur nor the Highlanders that ha'e only kilts. My cheeks got red as a burning divot, wi' shame. I gaed aboot like a hen wi' its head aff, only far waur. The mair I danced aboot, the mair the folk laughed, haudin' their sides, and openin' their mouths till I thought they'd split. I grew mair desperate than onnie daft loon, and gripped baith sides o' my troosers wi' a' my might and main, and turned my nose for sister Meg's hoose in the toon, as a sort o' harbour o' refuge. I held my head up, and my chin oot like a sodger; filled my cheeks weel wi' win; glowered at the blue lift, as if I saw the seven stars; and stepped canny, thinkin' I widna be noticed ony mair, by thae laughin' gouks: but, waes me! there comes the minister up the street afore me; an' there's the school just oot; and walkin' roun' the corner is the wag o' a doctor, that sees everything. Then, when they a' saw me in sich a sorry plight, they begun to laugh, and chuckle, and grin, and the bairns got roun' me, tuggin' at the fleein' clouts. I saw I couldna' hide, by hook nor crook, and so I lat go my fleein' signals of distress, that gaed flutterin' in the win', and ran for the hoose. I seemed just like a bairn wi' a ghost after him; the farther I ran, the faster I ran, till I got to my sister's door, but here wis the licht brigade at my heels. I gaed a yell o' rage at my tormentors, and wi' a loup I landed in the middle o' the floor. Meg sat spinnin' wi' a sma' wheel ahint the door; but no seein' her, and bein' nearly blin' wi' rage, I sent her, reelin' to a corner o' the room, and her wheel like a totum, spinnin' in the ither. She gave a screech oot o' her ye could hear a mile, cryan wi' might and main 'murder.' In cam' the crood, expectin' to see what the Dominie ca's a 'tragedie.' Noo, the 'hoose hadna even a butt and ben, so I had no place to flee to but up the lum; I did what I never did afore sin' a loon, sad doon and grat wi' vexation. Speakin' aboot mortification, and anger, and rage, an' a dizen ither feelins a' mixed the gither, an' fightin' wi' ane anither, like diels in Pandemonium, and ye can ha'e a faint

conception o' my state o' sin and misery. Somebody wi' a friendly han' threw on me a blanket, and sent me a pair o' troosers. I couldna look ony body in the face for mony a lang day. In concloosion, as oor minister would say, Meg said, and Janet endorsed it, that I should never meddle wi' what I didna understan', for there never wis luck in it. The family compact is tryin' to sew up the claes on their awn nakedness, but rivin' and unravellin' their bad wark, when they dinna ken it. We'll tug at their political rags wi' pickes, swoords, an' bagenotts, till there's no a shred o' coverin' for their evil deeds, and no hoose to run till."

(To be continued.)

UNSPOKEN LOVE'S MUSING.

I met my love in the flushing morn,
When life was fair as a 'witching dream;
Her smile, like the day-star, newly born,
Lit up my soul with its tender gleam—
I placed my love in my inmost heart,
And worshipp'd as even a devotee;
And vowed my goddess should never part,
The light and hope of my soul from me!

Fair as a lily, my beauteous love,
With eyes as blue as the dome of heaven;
Than she, not purer, are those above,
To whom the smiles of the Throne are given!
Oh, dear to the stricken with grief, the hand,
Which soothes the soul's dark agony;
But dearer than touch, or tone, tho' bland,
Of else, was the look of my love to me!

And often we met, and the holy spell
She flung on my life flowed sweetly on;
Not even a cloud upon me fell,
To hide from my soul, my fairest one!
Yet spoke I not, for the sacred chain,
Of silent love was around me cast;
And thus I watched with a pleasant pain,
Thro' the hours and days that were fleeting fast!

And thus we've met full many a time
And never a word of love's been spoken;
Nor shall, 'till high in the starry clime,
I'll give my love, my love's first token!
What shall it be? Ah, at the Gate,
My soul enwrapt with a holier bliss,
Shall, reverent, bow to immortal Fate
And welcome her with a spirit-kiss!

Ottawa, May, 1874. JAMES J. GAHAN.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

V.

OVER one hundred steamships were engaged running the blockade from Wilmington and Charleston to Nassau. Massa Captain's office was continually visited by the captains and officers of these vessels, much to his profit. Business, with us, assumed the latitude of an amplifying character. The city was crowded with Southern refugees, Yankee speculators, English agents and brokers, Spanish smugglers, Jews, Germans, and, in fact, a sprinkling of all nations. Negro labourers toiled incessantly at ships' cargoes. Cotton bales were piled in immense tiers along the moles. The blacks hastily devoured their *gumbo*, resuming work, while their songs floated merrily.

My life at this charming island was one of almost uninterrupted enjoyment. I arose from my bed every morning at five o'clock, and after sipping a mug of coffiee, would light a "cheerful cigar" and leisurely stroll down to the public wharves; and sometimes I bathed in the crystal waters that kissed the stout sides of those fine stone piers. I always swam close in shore, in order to give a wide berth to the piratical sharks that are constantly cruising about Nassau harbour. At six o'clock the streets became suddenly alive, as it were, with pedestrians. Little scrubby Cuban horses and lazy mules moved along, hauling old rickety drays and market waggons, the drivers shouting angrily at their respective animals,

belabouring the half starved brutes, and vainly endeavouring to "get up" a race. Bahama horses are not fast; the most of them fast more than they wish to. They are fed on dry, scentless grass, or corn tops; they are strangers to oats. A darkey boy told me his horse could eat barrel-hoops. I think he was only joking, but I would not trust one of the quadrupeds with a grass door-mat under his nose—that is, if the mat was of any use. Men, women, and half-clad children passed up and down. Vile looking dogs—mangy, bald, and of villainous breeds—barked and frolicked about. Policemen of a stove-polish hue loitered here and there in a swaggering way. Black, tan and yellow officers of Her Majesty's customs strutted around with consequential mien and dignified gait. Strong, hardy wenches glided by, bearing on their woolly heads immense trays of fruit. Their melodious songs and cheerful gossip reminded the stranger that *theirs* was not a life of sadness. Occasionally, later in the morning, veiled damsels—proud of their white blood—gracefully rolled along in luxurious cabriolets. Others would softly trip over the marble-like by-way with such delicacy of step, that one would imagine that the ground over which they passed was paved with material liable to injury from the weight of their fairy-like feet.

Strongfellow and Donald were finally released from imprisonment, and in due course of time arrived at Nassau again. Poor Donald was almost penniless. I "put him in funds" and he departed for the South in the Steamship Valerie. Massa Captain now entered into a limited partnership with Strongfellow, under the style and firm of *Massa Captain & Strongfellow.* Success attended the concern. Consignments floated to them across the seas, consisting in large numbers of vessels, and cargoes of merchandise. My room-mates now, were Strongfellow, two Southern clerks and my dog Bonnie. Bonnie was a very circumspect animal, and as mud is almost unknown in Nassau, he seldom left the mark of his feet on the well-waxed floors. Reader! for my own convenience, please allow me to dispose of this canine character of my story. He was stolen from me some months later in Jamaica, as many another good dog of mine has since been in St. John. It is now my settled dogma, that any person "who steals" dogs, will "pocket" any thing that excites his dishonest fancy, and not be a kleptomaniast either. I have no reference to bull-dogs here, for I would be pleased to see them all *withdrawn,*

providing the thief tossed them overboard, well ballasted, and then followed suit himself.

My hands were full, I may say, in collecting cash, and attending to business generally. As I have before stated, my time was entirely occupied among the shipping. I usually found the sea-captains about the ice-house. This building was a great resort for all classes. Arm-chairs stood in rows in its roomy vestibule or piazza. These seats were often occupied by English and American skippers. Here they "spun" yarns, and grumbled about mean owners. At times a "fancy fighting mate" was eulogized. Perhaps a "tasty cook," received honorable mention among them, yet this was of rare occurrence. Cool soda water flowed from the marble fountains of this establishment. Crowds of thirsty mortals were always to be found here. Little schooners were coming and going continually to and from the out islands. These crafts generally anchored off this ice-house, it being located by the sea. Many of them were scarcely forty feet in length, yet their decks would be often swarming with blacks of both sexes, and of all ages, coming I suppose to visit their friends, or perhaps on errands of business. I was, and am yet, puzzled to know how so many of these people ever found standing room on board, and they had sailed over the sea from fifty to three hundred miles. One of these vessels arrived, and approached a wharf for the purpose of landing passengers and fruit. The skipper of this packet wore a countenance of severity and importance. He had on a white shirt stiffly starched. His head was hatless, but well protected from the burning sun by a dense growth of closely curled wool. Pants of thin stuff hung loosely about his giraffe-like legs. No shoes encased his ample feet. He stood on the poop—tiller in hand—giving orders, thick and fast. The vessel was under full headway, the sails being just lowered.

"Look out dar," roared the captain, as the mole was rapidly neared. "Stand by to 'bey orders; heab dat line asho'—make fast—let go—haul in." The rope missed its mark. "Let go de anchor," screamed our skipper, manifesting great wrath.

"Der aint no ting bent on," answered the mate in a frightened manner.

"Neber you mind, sah; let go anyhow," urged the commander, furiously.

Away plunged the kedge, with no chain fast to it, and of course the craft grounded with a heavy lurch.

"Dar now; de ship's asho'!" roared the captain, and springing towards his neglectful officer, he continued in violent idiom:—"Mista Goldsmith, I hab 'xperienced much disgust at dis unseamansome conduct of yours. I wish you to 'ticularly understand, sah, dat I shall not 'low you ten dollars a month for de future end of de voyage. You call yousef sailor; no, sah, you only useful to eat yam, sah. You like to chew fat pork; you grin you' eyes on white bread; you just fit to suck guaba and swallow banana; ho, ho! you cuss me! go asho'; you disgrace my sarvice."

Already the mole is crowded with blacks of both sexes, who are gazing admirably at this ship's load of new arrivals. This sight is more interesting to them than the hundred steamships and sailing vessels that grace the harbour's bosom.

"Cousin Lennah," speaks a sombre damsel on shore, addressing herself to one of the passengers quite loudly. "Well, well, my deah!" is the response. "Why, how you do?" "Oh, sweet cousin, I pretty well, so so." "How you leave Uncle Ballzephon and Aunt Kishion?" "Oh, pretty well, so so." "How cousin Isaac and little Meshiltenaith?" "Oh, pretty well, so so." "How dear ole granmodder Myra?" "Oh, sweet cousin, she gone dead for true; de ——" Here was a pause, and the negroes all cast their eyes towards me. I was laughing heartily at their conversation. "Well, well!" cried one of the dark girls, pointing at me; "see how dis white young buckra laugh—hé so fool—he don't know no better den dat. S'pose we laugh at him—he mad; go 'way buckra; go 'way you foreigner; shoo fly! go to you mammy."

One Monday morning I was on the public piers, taking account of cotton bales that were being landed. Numerous bomb-boat boys were "carrying on," and having a general "sky-lark" about the wharf. A fine buxom wench of about eighteen summers (there are no winters in this country) made her appearance near by. A white skirt enwrapped her well-rounded form. Her head was without any covering, and was decorated with variegated ribbons, which fluttered in the soft breezes like leaves of the proud palmetto. As the Scotch say, she was "well put on." Altogether, she stood arrayed in complete Nassau darkey "trim." Several old sailors within hearing pronounce this coloured lady "nice, nobby and nifty." Several bomb-boat boys, of about her own age, began teasing this gay lass. She bore the annoyance for a time, and then "burst" into a flood of tears. Poor thing, I pitied her

situation; the moisture from her "liquid orbs" fell like gentle drops from the darkened clouds. Then, as if the sudden voice of thunder had awoke to glory, she defended her insulted dignity with words similar to the following: "Go 'way hateful nigga; don't approach me dis big Monday morning; I no nanny-goat; you can't pull my hair; don't fetch disturbance to my uneasiness; I know you all, you one eye nigga; you fadder bad ole man; he too lazy to work for pork; he eat sappidilli. I know you ole fool mudder—she ole mischief woman; she make believe she no want nodden. People say to her, 'You wish mango, Mrs. Wooltop?' She say, 'No, my deah.' 'You want sugar-apple?' 'No, no, deah.' 'You want pine-apple?' 'No, deah.' 'You want salt fish?' 'No, I tank you; me plenty, plenty. Goramity good to me.' You mudder full ob foolishness; she say she want nodden, den she go tief ebberyting; yes for true, she do."

"You call my mudder. tief!" demands the enraged aggressor, assuming a pugilistic attitude, while the spunky Amazon rolls up her sleeves "man fashion." Here followed a war of words between both parties, and for a time they anathematized each other most venomously; but the heroine, becoming thoroughly exasperated, deals her adversary a stunning rap on his rubber-like pug, and lo! the fight begins. Her "plug-uglyship" handles her fists with all the dexterity of a Baltimore "Blood-tub." She strikes sure, but the "man's the man for a' that." The crowd around loudly cheers the vanquished *Bellona*, crying, "Go in, Ida; don't let dat boy quam 'bout you." I have witnessed negro men fighting in the Bahamas for an hour or more, with no other garment than Nature's robes. With them, after several "rounds," knives are always drawn. The combatants are then separated by the lookers on. I have frequently seen them slash each other fearfully, though, curious to relate, not dangerously, as these negroes mostly use a common table-knife or razor, neither of which, as every one knows, is convenient for stabbing purposes.

The houses in the West Indies have no chimneys. The cooking is done in a small stone kitchen, or wooden shed, standing apart from the main building, in the back-yard. The negro kitchen girl, or cook, presents a somewhat peculiar appearance, with her yellow or scarlet cotton handkerchief, folded or wound round her head in an artistic manner—or, to speak in nautical language, with all the tucks and turns of a well-tied lanyard knot. As a

rule, she is a jovial and loquacious creature. Should she be unmarried, the cook-house—or *casino*, as the Spanish call it—is the head-quarters of several of her cousins, as she is wont to style them, and they are of almost all ages and of both sexes. Should this "lady of colour" be married, "ten to one" but she is the mother of numerous children—variegated children—and as this maternal parent toils away, her husband lingers about, perhaps nursing the little ones, for he is, of course, a lazy fellow, and considers it superfluous for him to do any labour when his wife can earn a livelihood for the family. If the mistress or master of the house objects to the visits of her friends, she forthwith resigns her position, and in an outburst of darkey eloquence declares "dat she aint going to work for dem sort ob mean people dat grudge her acquaintance-body a little bite." The lady or *lord* of the mansion is compelled to victual a whole family to obtain the services of one domestic. The West India negro is a natural born "sponger," and a better natured loafer could not conveniently be found. Strangers visiting these islands generally consider the negroes impertinent and saucy, but a stay of several months among them banishes this impression. It is true these people are noted for "taking liberties," but it is done in such a comical way that the stranger is compelled to smile rather than frown at their grinning audacity.

In bygone days of slavery, the Bahamas are said to have been carefully cultivated. The finest sea-island cotton was exported, but now the stately mansion has crumbled away. Relics of great walls remain. The fields that in days of yore were adorned by the cotton blossom, have become a waste, with here and there a miserable negro hut, standing almost hidden among banana and orange trees. The broad highways reported to have been well laid out and handsomely graded, are now but paths for the wild hog. Everything the eye rests upon, tells that industry is unknown. The inhabitants are divided into two classes, residents and wreckers. The latter are excellent sailors. They are familiar with every key, shoal, and channel of these thousand islands. Their vessels which consist of schooners and sloops are well and sometimes beautifully built, and are very numerous. The Bahama negro, as a rule, is of an athletic and powerful frame. Finer swimmers, perhaps do not exist, and on sea they are no strangers to danger. They are a courageous and bold people,

exceedingly independent, and many among their numbers are well educated and extremely polite and refined. The population, including all the islands, is about thirty-five thousand; twenty-nine thousand being coloured. History says that when the Bahamas were first discovered, they were peopled by a numerous and happy race of Indians. About the year 1500 the Spaniards carried these poor and innocent creatures over to Hispaniola to work the mines, or act as divers in the pearl-fisheries of Cumana, and thus in fourteen years the whole race became entirely extinct. For about eighty years Nassau was a great rendezvous for pirates, but in 1783 it was ceded to the English, with its other islands. The weather during November and along to May is extremely pleasant, the thermometer in the shade, generally marking sixty to seventy degrees, the mid-day heat, tempered by constant breezes, and the evenings agreeably cool and delightful. From May to November, the thermometer ranges from seventy-five to eighty-five degrees, seldom rising above ninety degrees, but the streets which are white like limestone are very trying to the eyes.

In many places the waters of the West Indies are pellucid, the bottom being clearly visible. Fishermen moor their smacks or boats, for the purpose of fishing, on what they term "dark grounds." These localities are where the finny tribe feed. I frequently availed myself of the opportunity of "throwing a line." The *pescador* of these seas catch fish in this wise: the craft anchored, a conch is taken in each hand, and striking one against the other, the shells break or crumble in small fragments, and slowly sink, thus causing the scaly denizens to assemble and await the bait, like chickens patiently lingering for food. The bait consists of conch meat, which is very sweet; they ravenously seize this, and in many instances, when three or four men are engaged hauling in the beautiful victims, one of the crew is reserved with a light and slender lance or harpoon, to drive off the young, and sometimes old and vicious sharks, that continually steal about in their piratical course, awaiting a chance to lunch on a delicious *groupa* after it has been hooked. West India fishermen use great caution to avoid casting their lines on Copperas Banks. I have seen negroes temporarily blind from partaking of fish caught on or about these poisonous grounds. To my taste, the fresh fish of the Bahamas are finer than those of our Bay of Fundy (salmon excepted), and the natives cook them excellently, and

serve up with Spanish sauce and a golden lime. The people of the Bahamas are nicknamed "Conchs." I have seen walls of these shells hundreds of yards long, and four or five feet in height. They had been cast up from the sea during heavy gales, and were thus formed in one natural breast-work by the omnipotent hands of the Most High, and tinted white and red by Nature's artist. Were I a poet, I would sing of these islands a song of countless verses. The Bahamas produce Indian and Guinea corn, potatoes, yams, beans, peas, pine-apples, cotton, casada, pumpkins, oranges, limes and lemons. Dye and other woods are exported; also, sponges, pine-apples, oranges, etc., but the chief article of exportation is salt.

Massa Captain owned a schooner, which I shall name the *Tomboy*. This craft was of Bahama build, being coppered and copper fastened throughout. Her timbers consisted of a species of native mahogany, called horse-flesh or red-wood. Wishing to dispose of this vessel, he chartered her for Havana, and I was detailed to sail her to that port. Accordingly I assumed the command, and we left Nassau, propelled by a spanking breeze. The moon was just rising above the horizon, throwing a fantastic light over the trackless way. After passing gayly out of the harbour the chains were neatly stowed in the lockers, the anchors made secure in a seaman-like manner, and the decks cleared up. The running gear was coiled accurately on the belaying pins. The cheerful voices of the sailors rang merrily as they shouted a song over the fore and main halyards, for the sails were being sweatted up to their utmost extent. Every thing on board of the *Tomboy* was made "Ship shape and Bristol fashion."

The wind is fair, and glittering stars
Are twinkling clear and bright;
The worlds above, like countless gems,
Adorn the glorious night.

Our little barque rides gallantly,—
Ha! mark the swelling sail;
The billows roll and softly sigh,
While sweetly sings the gale.

How pleasantly we glide away,—
The shores are lost from view;
We lightly float on sparkling seas,—
Adieu, kind friends, adieu.

Even at this late hour the loud clang of the supper-bell called me below. New Providence had disappeared. On the cabin table sat a tureen of well-seasoned turtle-stew. Now, as I write, I almost imagine that I can scent the savour of this delicious *estufa.* "Mock Turtle" is well and truly styled "Mock." The fourth day of our voyage found the *Tomboy* off the pour de Matanzas. We were gently wafted along by a light breeze from the land, that brought with it the sweet and refreshing odours of orange blossoms from Cuba's fertile hills. An occasional squall warned me to be cautious in carrying sail. Men were kept stationed at the fore and main halyards in order to lower quickly the sails, should the fitful winds suddenly strike us. We entered the harbour of Havana (the finest in the world) an hour before sunset. In this I was in luck; no vessels are allowed to visit this haven of beauty after "his shining majesty" has retired for the night. I had visited Havana a few years previously. Its left entrance is commanded by a somewhat formidable looking fort called Moro Castle. This stone garrison, I may state, frowns down on all passers by with an eye of suspicion, like the searching glances of a stern father, watching his fair daughter, fearing that a bold fellow might steal his loved one away. The fortress of Punta stands on the right side of the harbour's mouth going in, looking up as it were to its master, old Moro, over the way. These fortifications bristle with cannon, and I have heard that the Spanish consider them capable of defence against a strong fleet, but *I* believe that half a dozen effective iron-clads could silence them without any very wonderful exertions. Havana is a showy city. The houses are painted quaintly. We had been boarded by a swarthy old pilot, who gave more orders and caused more hurly-burly than would have been necessary had he been guiding into port a ship of the line. Near the village of Casa Blanca, a short distance above Moro, was anchored a guardship. On the decks of this hulk (for such she was) were numerous marines and sailors. Their bugles sounded loudly and pleasantly, but the continuous rattle of their drums was monotonous in the extreme. The *Tomboy* was brought to anchor in about four fathoms of water, and after the sails were furled the jolly boat was hoisted out and shoved astern, ready for use on the following morning. A gun belched forth from Moro, its echoes resounding faintly from the distant suburbs of Salud. This cannon announced that the sun was down. The ship-

ping in the harbour quickly lowered their colours, and a Spanish flag-ship confirmed the report by firing a second gun. Her band then struck up a lovely air; but oh! it was "murdered" by the horrid rub-a-dub of their drums. Spanish drummers do not appear to keep time to the music. They pound away at random. This tune ended, a British frigate near by answered the challenge in fine old familiar style. A United States war-ship not far off also performed a very pretty overture. A French and Prussian frigate in the distance added *their* sweet notes in due course of time. The harbour of Havana is exceedingly spacious and picturesque. Bomb-boats continually move about carrying passengers to and fro at one dollar a head, and peddling shell-boxes, guava-jelly, cigars and *aquadiente* among the floating homes of the mariner. Another gun boomed from the flag-ship. This was the warning for all lights to be extinguished throughout the vessels in port. Immediately after, a hundred bells pealed cheerily from the forest of shipping. It was eight o'clock. Soon after this, harbour police rowed their *barca* about through the darkness with muffled oars. Their musket barrels shone plainly in the moonlight. The illustrious queen of night had just lifted her celestial face over the neighbouring heights of bastions and towers that rose conspicuously along the hills. Cathedral steeples, cupolas and housetops reflected her silvery rays, as if pleased to behold the smile of her benevolent countenance. Up, up, rose this crescent beauty. The noisome waters around glistened like a lake of crystal. Ships, battlements, buildings and all, are upside down, if I may say so. The glassy bosom of the harbour says so, but it is only the shadows after all. This picture is but a delusion. It is, like the pleasant hours of our lives, realized only to quickly disappear and vanish as the luminous aurora. Next morning I repaired on shore and entered my vessel, through the *aduana* or custom-house, which duty, in all ports, is a more or less tedious one. Having only a cargo of lumber—the proceeds of a Bahama wreck—I had no reason, or rather there was no inducement, to bribe the custom-house officer, who, to a certain extent, took charge of the *Tomboy* until the freight was discharged. He was disappointed, of course. Havana tide-waiters expect to be bribed fully as much as they expect to be victualled at the ship's expense. I sold the *Tomboy* to a Spanish cattle-dealer, who, as a matter of course, was also a smuggler. He made a

droger of her, and the yellow flag of Spain soon fluttered from her main truck. I took lodgings at a hotel named the *Dominica*. I will not be sure that this was really the name of the house, as ten years have passed since I visited Cuba, and I write these travels entirely from memory, which *all* will allow is a treacherous diary. The charges were $2.50 per day; accommodation, from two to twenty lodgers in a room; fare—fish, liver and hash, with abundance of sweet oil and garlic.

The public buildings of Havana are of stout masonry. The private dwellings are constructed of stone; at least, these within the city walls. A kind of breastworks, strong and high, form part of a circle, encompassing Havana proper. A moat or deep ditch extends outside of these fortifications following the walls. This trench I was told could be filled with water at short notice, thus separating a portion of the city from the suburbs, or country around and rendering it secure from a flank movement,—and so it might—from an attack of the *labriego* or peasants, but I presume that a few hundred, or perhaps a few thousand, skillfully directed shot and shell, thrown into Havana by good soldiers (not Spanish ones), would soon cause haughty Moro to droop her blood-stained flag over her time worn-ramparts. Outside of these walls are the suburbs. The Pasero—a wide avenue,—extends some distance through the gates into these environs. It is adorned by a vista of trees. The Pasero is the roadway where the fashionables may be found driving in their volantes every afternoon. A Cuban gentleman keeps a horse and carriage as a necessity. It is almost impossible for a foreigner to walk far in these tropics. The heat would not permit such exercise. Many Havana merchant "princes" drive "a coach and six." On my arrival in this city I had visited the *residencia* of one Franscisco Palmo. He was quite a youth, and I had formed his acquaintance six years previously. As sailors say, we had been "shipmates" during a passage from Havana to New York in a Philadelphia barque. He, accompanied by his mother, were passengers, I holding the independant position of *supernumerary* on board. Franscisco was delighted to meet me, and more particularly as we had formed quite a warm friendship, during the short voyage together. I had learned him many English words during this time, and for which services he presented me with a very formidable looking old *pimal* that he had sharpened most keenly by dint of daily practice on the cook's

grindstone. When the ship's "doctor" would make ready to decapitate fowls for the table, Franscisco invariably saved him that trouble, by doing it himself with his knife—the old *pimal* he had given me. This sort of work he always performed with relish. His father was commander of a steamship that run as a passenger and freight boat between Havana and Spain. Mr. Palmo Sr., was absent from home. Mrs. Palmo received me kindly; she was a native of Baltimore. Franscisco could speak some English, and I was piloted by this young creole throughout the town. We had a good time of course. We were both of about the same age. One afternoon he had his volante backed out of the front hall of his house, which apartment, if I am not mistaken, was used also as a dining room. A little bony horse was tackled to this long-shafted vehicle. The nag was then mounted by a big negro whose dress seemed to consist of great boots, huge straw hat, long dark coat trimmed with faded yellow lace, and a variety of buckles that ornamented his ugly person. Franscisco and I sprang into this two-wheeled equipage, and away we rolled grandly. The horse was far ahead, the shafts being about sixteen feet long. The heels of the rider were adorned by spurs, and, betimes, his toes touched the ground, then his heels would draw up under the horse's sides, thus enabling the spurs to perform their alloted function. "How do you like?" said my *companero*. "Good," I replied. "Smoke?" he resumed, offering me a lot of cigars. I thanked him with a *Si Senor*. We enjoyed a very delightful drive. What matter if we did jostle and jerk—toss—partly capsize—run against curb-stones, etc. The horse fairly flew, if I may be allowed latitude to so express myself. He galloped, sprang, skipped, lunged, plunged, and finally settled down into a "good square trot." We passed through the suburbs of Salud, Harcon, Guadalupe and Jesus Maria. The streets inside the walls are very crooked and narrow. We also visited the great old Cathedral, in which repose the ashes of Columbus; the amphitheatre for bull-fights; and many other public institutions, that were rather coarse in appearance but very firmly built. We returned to Francisco's house in good time for the evening cup of coffee.

(To be continued.)

RE-UNITED.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY MARY BARRY.

Come to my arms,—no more can fate forbid thee,
Oh, I have waited for this joy so long!
I cannot see thee now, the tears have hid thee,
My heart is weak, but life and love are strong.

Co-equal still through all the coming ages,
Our love eternal as our life shall be;
Can any battling storm that o'er it rages,
Hold back the river from its home, the sea?

I know that death is coming,—swiftly, surely,
I feel his breath upon my forehead now,
He kisses coldly, but he kisses purely,
There is no hand like his to smooth the brow.

Nay, vex me not with talk of orange bowers,
My spirit pants for a diviner leaven,
Can any breeze that blows o'er earthly flowers,
Seem sweet to one who pines for airs of Heaven?

Can any trembling strain from harp or lyre,
Fall with one pulse of gladness on my ear?
I wait to catch the music of the choir
Tuned to a song that only angels hear.

I stand like one of old and gaze untired,
Upon the city which thou canst not see,
There is the home, the rest so long desired,
I go—I go—but I shall wait for thee.

Saint John, N. B.

CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY.

BY I. ALLEN JACK, A. B.

"Strange it is, that our bloods
Of colour, weight and heat, pour'd all together,
Should quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty."—*Shakespeare.*

AMONG the problems affecting the destiny of the people of these Provinces is one of no small importance, which possesses special interest to all Canadians, and must have no

inconsiderable influence upon the fortunes of themselves and their children, but the discussion of which appears to have been shunned by our philosophers and critics. The problem is simply this: Who are now and who shall be hereafter the aristocrats, the recognized leaders of society, and embodiments of refinement of the Dominion? There are many amongst us who, without doubt, deny the existence of such a problem, who would feel surprised if a question were to be raised as to who are the ladies and gentlemen of Canada, and would say to the enquirer: "Seek no further, they are here; we are the salt of this portion of the earth, and we intend to leave our saline quality to our children." At the very outset of such an enquiry indeed, a remarkable number of little cliques, all laying claim to eminent social distinction, confront us; cliques as incongruous and, for that matter, as clamorous as the denizens of a bit of our northern shrubbery when the first breath of summer summons together the feathered travellers. We have referred to the apparent avoidance of this subject by writers who have probably touched upon almost every other theme connected with the interests of the country, and it is not difficult to discover the source of this avoidance. No one likes to hear of himself that he is not a gentleman, and, while he may entertain very strong opinions on the subject, a man hesitates, as much from the fear of consequences as from a sense of delicacy, to say that he is more of a gentleman than his neighbour or that his neighbour is not a gentleman at all. When, however, as is frequently the case, a daily paper announces that a certain entertainment was attended by the elite of the town or city, many persons curl their lips disdainfully, in the consciousness that they and their immediate friends were not present on the occasion in question, and sneer at the ignorance and impudence of the reporter. In a firm belief that the time is ripe for this purpose, we propose to investigate the claims of our would-be aristocrats: we confess a hankering to be amongst those who slide on thin ice, and even the most timorous feel a charm in running risks. In this matter perhaps there is no risk; we cannot think there is, for though a certain amount of social sensitiveness may exist among us, we believe that all sensible human beings are willing to analyze to some extent their true social position, and are at all events prepared to consider the claims of others who do not seek higher social distinction than themselves. To rightly understand the

matter it will be necessary to refer to our political history, which forms the true key to our social conditions, and which, though slighty diversified in the different Provinces, possesses in the main the same leading features. To avoid prolixity however it may perhaps be better to draw special attention to the history of a single section of the country, the Province of New Brunswick. This Province was mainly peopled by loyalists from the American States at the close of the war for independence, and, as class distinctions at that period were well defined, the gentry among the new arrivals were selected without any opposition and even without remonstrance or murmur on the part of their recognized and consenting inferiors, to fill all the positions of importance and emolument in the colony. There was then but little difficulty in defining a gentleman, he was simply a gentleman in spite of himself, and could only divest himself of his acknowledged rank by glaring misconduct or the adoption of degrading tastes, while, as a rule, it was open to him even when degraded to rise again to his original rank. That was a period when a system of classification of human beings, almost Hindoo in character, prevailed even in America, which had not yet so far advanced in democratic ideas as to make a serious protest against the imported traditions and regulations of European society. The sons of professional men were thus trained to the professions of their fathers, while the sons of farmers, of tradesmen and of laborers looked forward to a station the same as their parents or but little in advance. It is true that now and then some comparatively low born genius would burst the trammels of class, and rise a peer among the highest in the land; but even in the olden days men rose from nothing to greatness, and the fact that a butcher's son became my Lord Cardinal and Chancellor of England in the time of Henry the VIII. does not prove that the higher ranks of that age were open to men of humble origin. With that well known tenacity of place which distinguishes all powerful parties, the gentlemen who were placed in the different official positions in the Province remained in office till taste induced them, or old age compelled them to resign, and frequently retire in favour of friends or relatives, while, in every instance where a vacancy occurred, it was promptly filled by a member of the dominant set. In like manner the same class almost monopolized the learned professions; lawyers were gentlemen not only by act of Parliament but by right of social position,

and the robe which covered the shoulders of the fathers was transferred with all its glory of long service to the son. So reverend gentlemen begat sons who in due time were inducted into the livings of their respective parents, and long-lived patients were physicked by Doctors of the same blood of two generations. In proof of these statements we may refer to the cases of a Chief Justice who was the son of a Judge; of two brother Judges; of two rectors, father and son, of a principal provincial parish, and to other instances which must occur to the minds of those at all conversant with the matter. Then again, regardless of the lessons which should be learned in this respect from the rich man's supper, where the guests were summoned from the very highways and hedges, religious belief was made a test for social distinction, and all or nearly all of the highest caste were members of the Church of England, while Dissenters, no matter what their claims might be to refinement and delicacy of feeling, were as a rule classed as vulgarians. As for teetotalism, which, indeed was then almost unborn, the man professing its principles would assuredly have gained a crown of martyrdom, among those who considered the use of wine as important and as necessary a sign of a gentleman, as possessing clean hands. Thus, in brief, we see the history of the origin and growth of a select class, who for a long time usurped the position of leaders of gentility, and defenders and originators of the canons of etiquette. Supplemented from time to time by reinforcements from the outer world, of those possessing satisfactory credentials, and especially by the military men stationed in the Colony, who as bachelors, or with their families, materially assisted in sustaining a lively social spirit, this class held its sway. It is not our present intention to wander from the subject, into the tempting pathway of biography; but it may not be amiss to state in passing, that the Blisses, the Putnams, the Peterses, the Chipmans and the Parkers, and many others of the old New Brunswick families produced members whose names rank high on the local roll of departed gentlemen. The rule of exclusiveness it is true was dominant, but many of the better families of the period possessed lively sympathies for their social inferiors who regarded them not only with respect but affection, and, even at the present day, scions of houses now almost extinct, are esteemed as much from a sense of respect for their names as for their own personal qualities. At length the

struggle came; the dissenters, the higher tradesman, the shopkeepers, year by year increased in intellectual vigor and material wealth, their stake in the country was too large to be neglected, and it became necessary in their view, gradually enlarging in the light of modern liberalism, that they should be represented in the higher offices and should take a share in the Government of the Province. The old aristocracy fought bravely to the end, although at first scarcely able to believe in the strength or in the earnestness of the enemy, but the tide of battle was against them, and, although faithfully supported by the bulk of the farming and laboring classes, for radicals, communistic workmen, and trade unionists were then unknown, they were finally compelled to yield; the reins of power fell from their grasp and the ancient family compact was dissolved. It is probable that the liberal party at that time, absorbed in political speculations, scarcely foresaw the full effect of their triumph upon society; but, whether foreseen or not, the result was startling, and we think we may add for the time disastrous. The members of the old party, or at least, a large proportion, disgusted with the success of opponents towards whom they cherished feelings partaking somewhat of contempt, withdrew, to a large extent, from political life, and compelled to enter the arena of competitive labor, and deprived of the pecuniary advantages of political ascendency, they sought for comfort in social exclusiveness, which, by force of circumstances, appeared greater than before. The sight of decayed gentility is always painful to sympathetic observers, but a gentleman with a thread-bare coat, an over-due bill, and a famished sensation in his interior is not without his temporary gleams of satisfaction. He may know for instance that the wealthy *parvenu*, though high in official station and not lacking in personal good qualities, is very anxious for an introduction to his house and that he, the gentleman, can refuse that introduction and can still continue to patronize him to whom this slight civility is not extended. Perhaps indeed these remarks are not applicable to the present time, and perhaps the same set of circumstances do not now exist, at least to any marked extent; but there can be no doubt whatever, that at the date of the overthrow of the old family compact the social and official aristocracy were utterly and most emphatically severed.

We do not wish to be understood as using the terms dissenter,

parvenu, or even vulgarian disparagingly towards those to whom they have been applied, nor do we wish to treat the principal question from a party point of view. Adverse sections of any community, however, will always use peculiar, not to say offensive, terms in speaking of each other, and although neutrals may deprecate the language employed and do not themselves intend to convey offensive ideas, they are still forced to use the terms in order to be clearly understood in argument.

In social, as well as in political revolutions, the combatants but seldom see each other's better points, and almost always overestimate what they are pleased to consider their own peculiar claims and merits. Thus in the events to which we have referred the defensive party saw in their opponents a deficiency of culture, an undue regard for mere money, and a disrespect for the claims of birth; while those attacking recognized in their adversaries a haughty demeanour, a contempt for progressive manual and trade industry, and a bigoted reverence for blue blood. In truth, indeed, regarded from a point of view purely aristocratic, the liberal party was never without claims: amongst the ranks were men of lineage, some of whom fought for principle, others, perhaps influenced by desire to regain a position which their ancestors had lost by apathy, or from want of means to sustain a high social rank. The strongest and best attributes which each party possessed, however, were those which attracted the least attention, because their possessors held them as part of their natural organism, and because those lacking them, scarcely conscious of their want, could not or would not see the qualities in question in those of the other side. If, for instance, the members of a family have, for successive generations, been possessed of a respectable income unaffected by competition and not liable to any appreciable diminution, if, in other words, they have enjoyed a comfortable maintenance, for which they have not been compelled to labour to any considerable extent, they have possessed the means of cultivating refinement; aristocratic tastes are associated with the very china and silver which pass from father to son, and aristocratic associations are connected with pieces of furniture and ancient heirlooms. On the other hand, the man who has risen from nothing has few ties to bind him to the past, the willow patterned delf upon which his mother placed the codfish and potatoes too often recalls to his mind only a small stifling room, a hurried meal in

working clothes, and a rush for the factory or shop; the cheap coloured print perhaps becomes a vulgar daub in the light of his brighter days, and in the rush-bottom chair he sees former stint and discomfort.

It is not difficult to perceive, however, that each form of experience produces useful qualities in humanity, and while our sympathies are attracted by the calm, collected manner of the gentleman by birth, who is at the same time jealous of his position, and careful not to assert his claim in such a way as to offend his neighbours; the fresh vitality and the progressive instincts of the self-made man cannot but arouse our admiration. In the one case we are brought in contact with culture if not refinement, easy demeanour in society, and unobtrusive but still unfaltering assumption of position; and in the other case we find ambition, energy, and, we may add, a comparatively correct estimate of the value of wealth and a thankful enjoyment of creature comforts. Before proceeding with our present line of reasoning we should properly notice events which have had a most important bearing upon society in the Provinces; we refer to the withdrawal of the military forces, at first only partial, but finally entire. Perhaps happily for the destinies of the Province we have never possessed a titled hereditary aristocracy. The Crown, it is true, in the dim past created Baronets of Nova Scotia, which at that time included New Brunswick, but these gentlemen, with perhaps a solitary exception, have always been absentees, and we may now consider their estates as hopelessly escheated. The British officers, however, may, we think, be considered, at least in the Colonies, a sort of peripatetic nobleman, although of an inferior kind, and it is certain that the class with which he associates is very materially strengthened in a social point of view. When, therefore, the members of the old family compact in New Brunswick were deprived of the rights, dignities and advantages of office, they still received support and sympathy from their military friends, and thus a coalition was formed, styled by itself the aristocracy, and generally recognized as such by outsiders. It is true that this special class had to encounter the protests and even the denunciations of many, some of whom were influenced by ignoble jealousy, others by a philosophical or, perhaps, half curious desire to investigate their claim; and, indeed, a disinterested spectator would have felt some difficulty to understand why some persons were excluded from and

others were admitted into the charmed circle. We have now, however, outside of Halifax, no scarlet-coated leaders of the ton, unless, indeed, we deem our officers of militia worthy to succeed the gentlemen of the regular service in this respect; and it would be unkind to criticise claims which will probably never be urged upon us again, even if we had ceased to remember the many favors and benefits which all sections of the community received from our old friends in the regiments, whose forms are possibly still fresh in the memories of a few of the girls they left behind them.

But even in the palmy days, when Mars, the Aristo, strolled, perhaps cigar in mouth, with the delighted daughters of a colonial don through the chief streets of the provincial town, a stranger to any one of the Provinces, the Maritime Provinces especially, would have been intensely puzzled at many things. He might, for instance, have discovered that the family of a judge, or of a crown officer had not the entree into the household of a clerk in a department; he might have met the somewhat *passe* daughter of a dealer, who himself sold fabrics by the yard behind the counter, repudiating acquaintanceship with the pretty and accomplished daughter of a wholesale merchant. In like manner, the families of men who had once driven trucks or even trudged about the country with packs upon their backs, sat upon the upper benches and would not deign to notice humbler folks, possessing simply modesty, good looks, accomplishments, or solid education. These indeed were somewhat exceptional cases, but being exceptional they were the more conspicuous, and although we know there were many jewels in the circle to which we have referred, the presence of bits of glass with tinsel backs cast suspicion on the genuineness of the whole display. Could our self-made men, or rather could their wives and children, but remember the true story of their rise in life, how many snubs would they avoid, how many feelings of contempt and envy would be quenched, how many friendships would be preserved and lastly how much assistance might they extend to rising merit. The social climber rarely does to others as he would be done by, and when, through sneers and rebuffs, he has forced his way to a chief seat, he rarely says to his old comrade, "Friend come up higher." But apart entirely from the patent incongruities, the weaknesses and false pretensions to which we have referred, as connected with a moribund or extinct class,

we contend that the class in question, as a whole, never properly discharged its duties, and never actually appreciated its responsibilities. It gave dancing parties and whist parties and dinners, it imported and consumed rare wines and delicacies, and it clad itself in fashionable garments; more than that, it really recognized the existence of art, and, when opportunities offered, listened to, but we fear we cannot say of all its members, appreciated good music.

In an age like this however, when the tribunal of public opinion is not only larger than in former days, but more disposed to question doubtful pretensions and to analyze uncertain qualities, we very properly refuse to recognize an aristocracy which is such chiefly in name, and which fails to place before us a social standard really and truly worthy of imitation. If a section of a community fails to confer any appreciable benefit upon the community, the section necessarily becomes isolated, it has no claim upon sympathy and it has no right to demand respect. We have an implicit belief in the desirability and even in the necessity of class distinctions, but we entirely repudiate the idea, which many express, in actions if not in words, that the duties of an aristocracy are to elevate its own members, and we dispute its right to keep only for itself refined and refining ideas and practices. "I maintain," says Hamerton in The Intellectual Life, "that it is right and wise "in a nation to set before itself the highest attainable ideal of "human life as the existence of the complete gentleman, and that "an envious democracy, instead of rendering a service to itself, "does exactly the contrary when it cannot endure and will not "tolerate the presence of high spirited gentlemen in the state. "There are things in this world that it is right to hate, that we "are the better for hating with all our hearts; and one of the "things that I hate most, and with most reason, is the narrow "class spirit when it sets itself against the great interests of man-"kind. It is odious in the narrow-minded, pompous, selfish, pitiless "aristocrat who thinks that the sons of the people were made by "Almighty God to be his lacqueys and their daughters to be his "mistresses;" but, he continues, "it is odious also, to the full as "odious, in the narrow-minded, envious democrat who cannot "bear to see any elegance of living, or grace of manner, or culture "of mind above the range of his own capacity or his own purse." If then it is desirable that we in Canada should possess an aristocracy, and for our part we sincerely believe that its existence is

most desirable if not actually essential, it behoves us to consider what materials we have for its formation, and by what means we may consolidate those materials, and reconcile the somewhat conflicting interests and divisions, so as to form one dominant class, which will be at the same time conservative of its best possessions and liberal towards outsiders seeking and deserving admission within its pale. In viewing the situation, however, it should be noted that the conditions of general society in Europe are, as a rule, entirely distinct from those which exist in the greater part of Canada or even North America, so that we are, to a large extent, deprived of the benefits of models adapted to our peculiar circumstances. The laws of entail, the existence of an hereditary aristocracy and of numerous vested interests in England, all serve to maintain and continue social divisions, and largely prevent the occurrence of problems which arise on this side of the water. Here an aspirant for social position has merely to battle with opposing sections of the community, and these sections have no vested interests, properly so called, and receive no support in their opposition from established law, and, at best, only a half-hearted support from popular opinion. Here, too, the individual, like the country itself, either progresses or retrogades; nothing is fixed or stationary, and almost every family history makes an entirely new departure at the end of a very short period of time. Drive among our country roads and you will see deserted homesteads, whose former occupants hang out their signs as merchants and traders in the towns, while in the shops you will find the sons of professional men who, when alive, held high position, socially and politically, and were possessed of at least respectable competencies. Perhaps one of the greatest difficulties in the formation of an aristocracy, which meets us at the outset, is the disposition of a large class of persons whose claim to position rest entirely on their wealth, who possess little or no refinement, and who have never had educational advantages or who, perhaps, have never availed themselves of opportunities for acquiring education. It is too commonly considered that self-made business men, among the wealthy class, are alone deficient in education and refinement, but in reality this is not the case. Many young men, sons of opulent parents, who are sometimes most willing to give their children the full benefit of school and college, are too anxious to rush into active business life, and, at a very early age, take their seats

behind the desk with perhaps only a half perfected English education. Surely it is time that this state of things should be discouraged, and that we should begin to learn that the almighty dollar is not supreme, and that the faculty of appreciating good books, good music and good pictures gives more pleasure to a rational being than a big balance at the Bank.

We are not among those who sneer at men who have made themselves wealthy; it is true that among such men are those who are most disagreeably purse proud, and who, perched on costly carriages behind costly horses, look down contemptuously on trudging worth; yet many a wealthy plebeian, so called, dispenses hospitality in the true old British style, admires respectfully the easy triumphs of intellects which he cannot understand, and spends his hardly earned money for the public good.

But surely we may be pardoned if we call that man a snob who places money before intellect and refinement, and who either despises that education which he has never been able to acquire, or refuses to acquire it when he can; may his money perish with him, nature never intended him to be a gentleman, and society will never recognise his blatant claims to be one. Vainly may his wife don the most rustling silks and the heaviest satins, vainly may he build the handsomest dwelling, and sport the finest turn-out in the town, and sit in the reserved seat or private box at the theatre, and in the highest pew in the church; after all he is only an unfortunate ape and the higher he climbs, the plainer he shows his tail.

It is needless to fully analyze the composition of our provincial society of the better order at the present time, a casual observer may see the ingredients in any of our towns. Wealthy self-made men, generally uneducated and scarcely ever possessing polish, but almost always intelligent as well as shrewd; professional men, some of whom have risen from the lower ranks of society, and as a rule possessing more cultivation than cash; descendants of provincial gentry, generally possessing refinment but rarely money and with no larger brains nor better education than their neighbours; government officials and heads of departments, with respectable salaries and address; mercantile men who are not self-made, who, however have cultivated their intellects and manners more by travel and observation than by the aid of books and who live in comfort; and wealthy mechanics and contractors of quick and

clear preception and with no contemptible knowledge of men and their modes.

Members from all these classes meet each other every day in business, and constant intercourse, not unfrequently, begets a mutual respect; but, socially they may have scarcely any thing in common and each individual takes his place in a circle which, despite the mathematicians, cuts but does not touch the circle of his neighbour. Thus in nearly all our larger communities, those who possess most wealth, most knowledge, most intelligence, most culture, are separated into little bands, each pursuing its own course and each deeming itself superior or equal to the surrounding divisions. We believe that this state of things can and should be cured. Canada is not sufficiently wealthy or populous, nor is she willing to permit a limited class, or a number of limited classes of exclusives, to arrogate to themselves the position of aristocrats, on the ground that they obey the code of Chesterfield and never carry parcels nor dine at one o'clock. Canada demands that her wealthy children should spend their money in developing her resources; that her men of culture and refinement should devote their knowledge and taste to the advancement of her educational interests and to the creation of a general love for the beautiful in art: she cannot suffer her sons and daughters to group themselves together in little companies either chinking their coins or rejoicing over the quarterings on their escutcheons, or thanking God that they eat with silver forks. Yes, we would have reform in society as well as in politics; we would break down the social barriers; we would let the wealthy uncultivated man of business rub shoulders in the social circle with the cultivated and refined, and the one would learn from the other to value intellect and to seek for better things than gold, and in return would teach the lesson that industry and enterprise deserve admiration and respect.

We would make our circle wide because we believe that it should contain the best from every class; we would, in short, convert our newly formed aristocracy into a co-operative association, but unlike other such associations in this respect, that its main object would be the good of the whole community, not merely the conservation of its own peculiar interests. We see every argument in favor of such an association, and believe that it is required by the country at the present time. One of the prevailing principles of the age in business, and in religious and moral progress and

reform is that of concentration; on every side we find laborers co-operative societies, trades unions, temperance lodges, conventions and synods, all pressing onward and all seeking union with kindred bodies.

We would not allow wealth alone to take the foremost rank in our system, because the untrained, uncultivated wealthy man is perhaps more liable than others to become a snob, and because we believe that few things have a more demoralizing effect upon the lower classes than the senseless extravagance and the absurd desire to make a show which are inseparably connected with what our neighbours call shoddy. On the other hand, we believe that gentlemen by birth are not sufficiently numerous or wealthy in Canada to form an aristocracy, even were we disposed to place them exclusively in such a position; and we cannot think that education alone would enable its possessors to hold the first ranks, were they inclined to make the attempt, which they certainly are not. Some persons, indeed, pretend to claim for the professions a first position in society, but when we look around and see the numbers of touting, pettifogging lawyers and half educated physicians, regarding neither the rules of their respective professions nor the code of honor, we must classify this idea as painfully absurd. We think, however, that to our Cabinet ministers, to the members of our Parliament and to the heads of the Provincial administrations we can and should yield the position of leaders of society. They are not only theoretically, but at least, in many instances, actually representative men; if they are not such it is the more obvious that the best sections of the community are either negligent of their own interests or else divided among themselves. The position of those who are classed as representative men, however, certainly entitles them to respect, and also gives them influence, and with their aid we believe that an aristocracy, based on the principles to which we have adverted, might be formed. We would wish, in short, to see in Canada a pure, active, intelligent, patriotic aristocracy, a class which would not despise the amenities of society, but which would take a nobler model than Lord Chesterfield; we would wish to see an aristocracy frugal in domestic matters, and devoting its means to establishing and beautifying public parks and gardens and galleries of art; a class of gentlemen aiding religious and moral reforms, and encouraging patriotism, learning and healthy enterprise, both by precept and example.

Scrapiana.

PENNY WISE AND POUNDS FOOLISH.

THE particular year I cannot give, but it was some time during the "hot youth" of the present century, when George III. was almost the only King in Europe who could call his crown his own, that a rustic couple, designated John and Jenny Littlewit, who had just joined their hearts and fortunes in the holy bond of matrimony, settled in the good old town of ———, in the west of Scotland. Jock was an easy-osy, soft, good natured sort of a fellow, who was quite willing to leave the management of all his domestic arrangements to the superior judgment of his better half, providing he got his porridge made of a proper consistency, and served up at the proper hour. Jenny, on the other hand, was a pushing, bustling, go-ahead, good-hearted sort of a person, who scolded not unfrequently, but it was all for the good of Jock, who required to have something of the sort administered occasionally, so as to give life and energy to his movements, and serve as pins to tuck up his heavy eye-lids in the evenings, when Jenny was inclined to have a fireside conversation with her lord and master about the events of the day, and the prospects of the future. Previous to their marriage, both had been equally provident, and had succeeded in accumulating a considerable sum from their "weel hained penny fees." With this sum they now proposed to enter into the business of cow-feeding. Accordingly a few cows were procured and duly installed in a comfortable byre which was attached to the neat little cottage which they occupied. Jock likewise procured a horse and cart, with which he attended to out-side business, while his industrious and thrifty partner attended to the interest of the dairy. Business crowded upon them, and as Jenny's milk was always thicker and sweeter than other people's, the demand for it generally exceeded her means of supply. Jock on the other hand, being good-natured, sober and accommodating, soon became a general favorite among the particular classes who required the services of a carter, and was consequently always kept busy. Thus things went on with them so swimmingly, that in the course of a few years, they became the proprietors of the cottage they occupied and a largely increased stock of cattle. Things were in this

flourishing condition, when Jenny, while one day reviewing her crockery, unfortunately for all concerned, discovered that a *penny bowl* had by some means or other disappeared. A vigorous search for the missing article was immediately instituted, every hole and corner was searched, Jock and all others in or about the house were strictly interrogated on the matter, but all to no purpose; the bowl was gone, and nobody knew anything about it. Another search was resolved upon by the indomitable Jenny, and this time she went into it with such determination and spirit, that the dog and cat both found it advisable for the time being to make their presence scarce. Jock likewise on returning home from his work in the evening, either from having caught cold, or some other cause, was so much annoyed by a ringing in his ears, that he found it necessary to stuff these organs with a quantity of cotton wool, and remain for a couple of hours past his usual time in the stable fixing up matters. The bowl, however, was gone, irretrievably gone, and was in a short time forgotten by everybody about the house, with the solitary exception of Jenny, who neither could, nor would, bring her mind to the conclusion that it was lost. Now it so happened that a respectable, douce, elderly sort of a lady named Lucky Littlejohn, lived at a short distance from the establishment of the Littlewits. This old lady had for a long period been one of Jenny's best customers, and had likewise been instrumental in securing for her many others of equal respectability. Time passed on, and still the secret of the mysterious disappearance of the bowl remained unsolved. At length, however, while going her rounds one fine morning, pretty equally balanced between two well filled *cans*, what was Jenny's astonishment on reaching the house of "honest Mrs. Littlejohn" to see that old lady in the most bland manner imaginable, hold out for the receipt of her supply of milk, a white bowl, which had "a crack on the one side, a scab on the other," and a flaw somewhere else. Jenny was struck motionless, but her eye began to kindle. Mrs. Littlejohn looked unconscious, seemingly surprised at the manner of "the milk-woman." In a very short time Jenny's tongue found power to wag, when, looking at her customer, she ejaculated in a very expressive manner.

"Mrs. Littlejohn, I ha'e kent ye lang, an' I thocht I kent ye weel; but wiser folks than I ha'e been mista'en."

It was now Mrs. Littlejohn's turn to be astonished; she, however, kept cool, and simply asked what these words meant.

"They just mean this," replied Jenny, "that three months syne there was a bowl stolen out o' my house; and it was just like that ane, and that ane's just it."

Mrs. Littlejohn was a quiet, respectable woman, in rather well-to-do circumstances; one who would bear and forbear to a considerable extent; but such a charge, coming as it did so unexpectedly, and from one whom she had befriended so much, proved rather too severe a test for her equanimity; she therefore looked straight into the eyes of her accuser and said:—

"Mrs. Littlewit, to say that the charge you prefer against me is false, is quite unnecessary; but seeing that you have been pleased to make it, and seem to labour under the impression that I could be guilty of anything so utterly mean and contemptible, all intercourse between us from this time henceforth must cease; I have therefore simply to request or rather instruct you to wait upon me no more."

Jenny's temper and tongue were now fairly roused, and she quickly replied:

"Your fine talk may please yersel', but it doesna' replace my stolen bowl; and as for your dirty custom, I can live without it; and if the Lord spares me the use o' my tongue, I'll let the neebors ken what ye are, and what ye hae done. Jenny Littlewit never was, nor ever will be the woman to allow anybody, although they do speak grammar and dictionary words, to steal her dishes, without letting the neighbourhood ken about it; sae tak ye that, my leddy, to clock ower."

Having said this much she lifted her cans and took her departure, in anything but an amiable state of mind. True to her promise, Jenny lost no time in giving to the gossips what she now firmly believed to be the delinquency "o' smooth-faced Mrs. Littlejohn;" and as that class of animals are always more easily impressed with evil than with good reports, the advertisement was soon complete, without the necessity of having recourse to the columns of a newspaper. Certain expressive side-glances, and whispered remarks, such as "wha wad hae thocht it o' her?" now began to salute the ears of the accused in all quarters, and like every other evil thing, the longer the original charge kept rolling in pollution, it naturally increased so much in magnitude that at

the end Mrs. Littlejohn felt constrained to institute legal proceedings against Mrs. Littlewit for defamation of character. When Jenny was apprised of the suit which had been entered against her, so far from benefitting by the wise maxim of the poet, that

> "It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
> To taste the barrel,"

and prudently making an attempt to have the matter compromised, she buckled on her armour for defence, fully resolved to combat her enemy to the last issue. As for Jock, he had had no more to say in the matter than the sleek, well-fed kine, which stood ruminating in their comfortable byre, showing all the philosophical indifference imaginable, about which side was most likely to triumph in the coming litigation. It may not be easily accounted for, but, as a rule, it is not the less true and remarkable that women when once fairly pitted against each other, are more bitterly vindictive in their feelings than men, with, perhaps, the solitary exception of that particular class of christian philosophers designated clergymen. So these two old friends being now fairly aroused, mutually adopted for their motto that very brief but expressive sentence, the spirit of which inspired such feats of valour and endurance in the good old days when the walls of Derry were so severely tested; and which, even now, on certain occasions, causes bruised heads and bloody noses to be displayed as the natural personal decorations of that class of religious controversialists who carry their logic, in the shape of a good black-thorn, to fair and market. That ominous sentence *is*, NO SURRENDER. Such being the resolution of both beligerents, lawyers were, as a matter of course, employed on both sides, and proceedings which were to terminate in the utter ruin of one, or the other contending parties, were inaugurated. To give a detailed account of all the *outs* and *ins*, and *whys* and *wherefores* of the protracted litigation which ensued, would be worse than useless: suffice it, therefore, to say, that in this as in many other instances when "fat geese are to be had for the plucking," the legal gentlemen employed left no stone unturned, and omitted no legal trick or technicality, by which money could be conveyed from the pockets of their clients to their own; and the case by appeals, etc., etc., was postponed from week to week, and carried from court to court. Thus things had gone on for a series of months when a happy recollection awoke in the memory of Mrs.

Littlejohn, which had the effect of bringing the matter to a sudden but rather expensive and calamitious termination. It so happened that a considerable time before the disappearance of Jenny's bowl, a recruiting sergeant who was stationed in said town of——was billeted upon Mrs. Littlejohn, and being satisfied with the accommodations which that good old lady supplied, he continued to lodge with her till such time as he was recalled to his regiment. The sergeant, like many other Scotchmen, was rather partial to porridge and buttermilk for breakfast, and had been in the habit of having his milk served up in this same bowl, now under dispute, for such a length of time, that he familiarly called it *his bowl.* Unfortunately, however, for the losing party, he had now joined his regiment which was stationed somewhere in the South of England. Mrs. Littlejohn lost no time in making this circumstance known to her agent, who, in his turn, lost as little time in having this same sergeant summoned down to Scotland to give his evidence in the case, incurring the, at that time, no small expense of carriage, keep and pay, during his absence from the corps. The sergeant arrived, was taken into the court, duly sworn, and, alas! for the folly of poor, weak human nature, declared, to the great discomfiture of Jenny, that "if the bowl was white, was chipt on the lip, had a scab on the inside, and a crack in the bottom, it was, beyond all dispute, *his bowl.*"

The dish was then produced, and was found to agree in every particular with the description he had given of it, and consequently, poor Jenny was cast, and found in all expenses, now amounting, including damages to something like £350 sterling. The results which now immediately followed, proved calamitous in the extreme to the Littlewits. Their house, cattle, horse, cart and all their house furniture, were levied upon by the officers of the law, and sold by public auction to pay the expenses of the legal pipers round whom they had for such length of time been dancing. Their ruin was complete, and all through the imprudent exercise of that most dangerous of all instruments an *unguarded tongue.* Jock was overtaken by disease a short time after this catastrophe, and after a lingering illness died, leaving poor unfortunate Jenny alone in the world, and reduced to the sad necessity of ekeing out a scanty livelihood in the capacity of a jobbing washerwoman, in which condition she continued during her period of "life's fitful dream."

If the above contains a moral, perhaps the reader will not be slow in discovering it.

W. M.

HAUNTED.

'Tis haunted, enchanted,
This valley that leads to the sea!
Nor sunbeam nor moonbeam ere pierces
The gloom of the hemlocks and cedars
That shelter this desolate valley—
This valley that leads to the sea.

And wailings and sobbings and sighings
Go up from this desolate valley
When the moon lights the hill-tops around it,
Sadder far than the moans of the sea—
Go up from this desolate valley,
Where the darkness is darker and denser
Than the darkness that sometimes we dream of,
In the ghoul haunted caves of the sea.

And eyes with a light that is lurid
As the flames of a ship that is burning—
Of a soul-freighted ship that is burning
Far off on the ravenous sea,
Peer out from the shadows Titanic,
Peer out with grimaces Satanic;
And the shrieks of the lost fill the valley—
This valley that leads to the sea.

One dreams, dreams, dreams of the valley—
This valley that leads to the sea:
He threads its deep mazes at night,
And, waking, he shrieks with affright
At the horrible, horrible sight
That *again* he beholds in the valley—
This valley that leads to the sea.

H. L. S.

FACES.

The Faces of the *Past*—The Faces of the *Present*—The Faces of the *Future*—I remember Faces seen long ago—Faces I saw in childhood—Faces I saw in youth—Faces I have seen more recently—And the Faces of the future gather around me as I write.

THE faces of the past are veiled in the mist of years. I see in the mist the faces of old acquaintances—merely acquaintances. I see in the mist the faces of many who came into my life and went out of it again without causing a joy or sorrow. Yes; these are in the mist—in clouds and shadows dimly seen; but standing far removed from doubt and darkness, beaming upon me with a clear and heavenly radiance, are the faces of my loved ones. The grave, noble face of my father; the patient, watchful face of my mother; the frank, generous face of my brother; the sweet, tender sister face; and the faces—the true, kind, loving faces—of true, kind, loving friends. Oh these faces, how closely, how distinctly seen are they! the dear faces of long ago; and down my own face

rolls the tear, and the heart cry is: "*faces* of childhood, stay, O stay!" But there comes no word, no sign that they see me as I see them. Not the slightest change of countenance tells me that they feel for me as they once did. No, *they* are not here, 'tis only their faces looking upon me with great, watchful, pitying eyes of love. These are the faces of the past which come to haunt my lonely hours—let me away to the faces of the present. The present, with its plain, bare faces of cold reality, rises before me. But these faces, how unlike the dear vanished faces of the past. In them I saw the genial expression of the soul, the kind glance of sympathy, the tender look of pity so near akin to love, and the look, to express which words are far too weak—the look of *true* friendship unsullied by selfishness. In these I see the calm, unruffled features, the quiet self-possession of the *now*, in every line of which I see written in clear, bold characters, THE PRESENT. I see the faces of friends who love me, the faces of enemies who hate me; but I look into them firmly, unflinchingly. I do not tremble, I do not shiver, "No voice nor sound betrays" the quiet, steady gaze as eye meets eye. We see them, we look *into* them without a thrill or heart-cry, (not so once), without a feeling of more than common indifference. We do not see faces as we did, or the faces of the present differ widely from the faces of the past. Are the faces on which I now gaze the same as those I used to look upon with such intensity of joy?

I remember a face I saw once, and again I saw that face. I saw it again and still again, until its every feature was engraven on my heart. I saw it in infancy—a little, pale, dark, thoughtful face. They said, "What a homely child!" They said, "What a weakly, delicate creature; why does it live?" I said, "A beautiful, soulful face, a strong, energetic frame, a spirit never to submit or yield. That child, my good friends, is to be a woman who will make this world wiser and better for her having lived in it. I see this written in her 'homely' face!"

I watch this child-face—it becomes a girl-face; and I hear no more the saying; "How homely!" but, "How beautiful!" I hear no longer the delicate constitution spoken of, but I see in that girl-face every mark of strength, health and vigor. I watch this girl-face, it becomes a woman-face; and I see the lines about the mouth deepen, the brows, once arched and beautiful, contract, in the arch beneath her brow a shadow, faint yet firmly settled; I

see in the half nervous compression of the thin, pale lips a quiet determination; I see in every feature of this woman-face *change;* and I hear a voice which I think must pierce to the depths of her sweet soul,

"The sweetest soul that ever looked from human eyes,"

exclaiming:

"How changed you are! Your face is not the face it used to be. Where are the roses and the fulness and the mirth?"

Yes, yes, you are right, only be a little *softer.* Remember your own face is changed too, though perhaps in a different way. Could you have watched that face as I have, from infancy to womanhood, you could see that it is the same face, the same heart, the same soul. The change after all is not so very great, but yet it is enough. I do not wonder that you start. You see the chill, the fade, the blight; I see the patient, the tried and the true. Could we watch the faces all along life's journey, would we see so many changes? Could we see all the faces now looking up to Heaven; could we look down upon the million, million faces, as the gentle stars, the eyes of the angels, look upon them, and see all the changes that make the changed faces; see the many hands as they write those stern deep lines, that pluck the roses from the cheek, leaving in their place pale, drooping lilies, that pinch and draw and sharpen these poor faces, we would not shout in so clamorous a voice, "How changed!" but pass pityingly over the sad picture and look into our own faces to find the change.

With a sigh I turn away from the faces of the present to the faces of the future. O the faces of the future! how they crowd upon me. There are happy, cheerful faces; there are sad, care-worn faces; there are bright, hopeful faces; there are downcast, sorrowful faces; there are gay, contented faces; there are earnest, wistful faces; there are quiet, sober faces; there are eager, restless faces; there are peaceful, loving faces; there are dark, unquiet faces; there are noble, Godlike faces; there are fierce, fiendish faces. They smile upon me; they frown upon me; they laugh before me; they weep before me; they come near and press our faces tenderly; they draw back and away; they shrink from us. O the faces! the many faces of the future! They crowd upon us, they roll, they tumble, they heave and surge in billowy masses. Now they are in mists, then radiant in sunbeams. We lose sight

of them entirely for a moment, then we see them plainly as before, and then too quickly, O! a thousand times too quickly, they vanish and are gone, wrapped and enfolded in the "trailing garments" of the "misty future."

But up, over and away from the multitudinous faces of the past, present and future, shines clearly, radiantly, serenely the face of Him "who is, who was, and who is to come." The face of father, friend and brother, the face of Him who sticketh closer than a brother, beams upon me while I write, and I turn away from the faces of the past, the dear faces, the loved faces, the faces of my heart and soul. I turn away from the faces of the present, the cold indifferent faces, the faces of grief and anguish. I turn away from the strange mystical faces of the future, to this one face—the face of God.

CECIL.

THE OAK.

Nearly twenty centuries ago
  Since 'twas that the Roman, Varrus,
Put this field beneath the plough,
Combed and smoothed it with his harrows;
  Then he took an acorn nut
  Gathered from a mossy-cup,
Planted it, and then he shut
  The acorn in the black soil up,
  And prayed the gods that it might grow,—
    Nearly twenty centuries,
      Centuries ago.

First a shoot shot from the bed,
  Then a sapling stout and tall,
Then its roof spread overhead,
Massive as the circus wall;
  Till it grew a forest pride,
  Till it filled the orchard land
With a gloom on every side,
  And a rood on every hand
  In its shadow lay below,—
    That was many centuries,
      Centuries ago.

Underneath its gnarled limbs
  Armed battalia laid them down,
Fiercely chaunting battle hymns
To Thor-Odin's red renown;
  Where had rung Hun's bugle tang
  On its bough o'ershadowed banks
Camped the men of Charlemange,
  And throughout their ranks the Franks
  Heard the bull's-horn trumpet blow,—
    That was many centuries,
      Centuries ago.

Halted here, with Charles the King,
Navarre's and France's armèd host,
Whose yell made the welkin ring
For *fleur de lis* and Holy Ghost;
Swore Black Bourbon, 'neath this dome,
To revenge the Church's ban,
Till in all the streets of Rome
Conduit-pipes with rich blood ran
Into the red Tiber's flow,—
Even that was centuries,
Centuries ago.

Here the hordes that o'er the scalps
Of the mountains climbed in arms,—
Even as avalanche of Alps
Crushes down upon the farms,
Or glacier, in an earthquake's shocks,
Bearing miles of loosened masses
Hurls the grey Titanic rocks,
So they through the mountain passes
Hurled upon the plains below,—
That was scarce a century,
Century ago.

Again, beneath the knotted limbs
Lightning-riven, century-grey,
Heavenward swelled the battle hymns,
Thrilled the blood with trumpet's bray,—
Camped around its giant girts,
With one voice in fierce hurra
Cried the men in scarlet shirts:
"*Eviva Italia unica!*
Garibaldi on the foe!"
That was in this century,
Not so long ago.

Glory to the sheltering oak!
Ivy wreathe its giant stem,
Let the grey and aged folk
Bring their little ones with them,
And its leaves in wreaths entwine;
Let within its hollow trunk
Peasants quaff the home-grown wine,—
Three-times-three the toast be drunk:
"May it nevermore be so
As it was in centuries,
Centuries ago." HUNTER DUVAR.

A TRIP TO YECART LAKE, AFTER TROUT.

OUT of town we drove on the 1st day of June, directing our course along the Loch-Lomond road, and hastening towards Yecart Lake, a goodly sheet of water, that lies nestled in the lap of a pretty valley, surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. Yecart's is near Quaco. Our eyes feasted on the verdant landscape, and forests that were robed in nature's spring dress. The

burnt-lands, smouldering and sending forth flames and pleasant odours, reminded us of our boyhood:

> "The days when we with hearts as light as air,
> Frollicked among rippling brooks, and meadows green,—
> 'Twas there we met bright faces, that now no more are seen,
> The river yet flows on, but where are they? Oh where!"

Having left town at seven o'clock, p. m., we arrived at Dan Linche's at the head of the lake, fourteen miles from St. John, quite late in the evening. At Dan's we "put the horse in," and remained till four o'clock next morning. Again we rolled forward, having yet fourteen miles further to go, over rough roads and "dreadful hills." The morning was decidedly cold, and the puddles on either side of the roadway, were scummed with ice, that would have been more in keeping with the chilly days of November. Nothing worthy of notice occurred as we jogged along. At about seven o'clock, we climbed the last hill. In the distance, curtained by a lifting fog lay Yecart Lake, the silvery surface of which was gently ruffled by a delightful breeze. Now and then a sudden squall from over the surrounding heights, would cause the waves to rise fitfully, and toss about, as if vexed at such ill-treatment from the hands of Him

> "Who sings to sleep proud Kings,
> And fans the blushing cheeks of royal maidens fair:"

In another half hour we "drew up" at the farm house of Young Willie. He, as of yore, greeted us warmly, and our stomachs began to inquire for breakfast. *Wee* Willie's *guid* wife—who, by the way, is a neat and pleasing little body,—hurried up the cakes, and we were soon enjoying a bountiful repast, making overtures to boiled eggs, new butter, glorious coffee, snowy bread and rich milk. These good things, spread over a table-cloth white as linen, added delight to the hour, and, dear reader, we considered this food fit for the gods, but at this precise moment we preferred that their godships should dine somewhere else. At 10 o'clock we took boat for the fishing grounds. I do not know what are other fishermen's sensations as they begin to make ready for the slaughter of the "gaudy innocents," but I must confess that I always have a feeling come over me on such occasions, while nervously preparing my rod and gear, as if I were about to commit some wondrous deed. After a considerable exercise at the oars, we at last found the trout region and here we anchored. My friend,

who well knows how to handle a rod, makes several fine, sportstman-like casts. How naturally his "Lanergan" fly skips the restless waters. Good! he has tripped up a fine fellow. Ha, ha! Now the glad time has come. Surge!—splash!—dive and strain. A few desperate leaps, a caper, a rush, and he is landed. A noble specimen he is, of about a pound weight, exquisitely spotted and handsomely formed. In capturing this "chap" I lost my landing-net overboard. It consisting in part of an iron frame quickly sunk. I was delighted as it went down, and would recommend all brother fishers to use none other than one of wooden construction. I have a sort of veneration for my old rods, fly-books and bait-boxes, but for this unfortunate article I shed no tears. It was too small in the scoop, and the iron was continually rotting the twine-work or net.

We found after a couple of hours patient "throwing," that the fly would not please their fastidious fancy entirely, so having a few "garden hackles" along, we held out this "wiggling" inducement to their delicate gaze. This deception took, with telling reality. In eighteen hours, we killed seventy-three trout, that weighed, after being disemboweled, forty-six pounds. Tackling up our horse; we started for home, *via* Quaco. This little town is built on a rising ground, immediately facing the sea coast and its harbour, if such it may be called, is unprotected by any breakwater. It is an open roadstead, and stretching eight miles off in the bay, lie dangerous ledges, that every navigator carefully shuns. Quaco contains some elegant dwellings; its roads are the finest I ever travelled over in New Brunswick. An immense beach and flat dyke lies between the ocean and the settlement, giving the place a somewhat romantic and peculiar appearance.

Quaco should be the "Long Branch" of our Province. No finer spot for sea bathing could be desired, and I should say that when the storm-king frowns o'er Fundy's broad gulf, the scenery from the town must be of a wild character, amounting almost to sublimity. Ships are built along this shore, or vast esplanade, and when ready for launching, show off to excellent advantage, looming up with grand effect for miles around, reminding fanciful men of the fabulous monsters of the Arabian Nights, those monsters, "huge and terrible," that made the seas boil and foam.

With few exceptions, the farms between Yecart lake and Quaco wear a weather bleached and forlorn appearance. Few ornamental trees shade the houses; few gardens grace their grounds. At the Ben Lomond house we stopped and had a steaming beefsteak supper, and arrived home at eleven o'clock on the night of the third. All St. John had heard of our success; the next day newspaper-men anxiously enquired as to the size and kind of our fish; we knew what they were "fishing" after. We soused the trout in vinegar,—they "go" much better that way, than among musty old news offices. JAY BROOKS.

A CANOE-CRUISE IN THE CORAL SEA.

IF you can buy a canoe for two calico shirts, what will your annual expenses in Tahiti amount to? This was a mental problem I concluded to solve, and, having invested my two shirts, I began the solution in this wise: My slender little treasure lay with half its length on shore, and, being quite big enough for two, I looked about me, seeking some one to sit in the bows, for company and ballast.

Up and down the shady beach of Papeete I wandered, with this advertisement written all over my anxious face:—

"WANTED—A crew about ten years of age; of a mild disposition, and with no special fondness for human flesh; not particular as to sex! Apply immedeately, at the new canoe, under the breadfruit-tree, Papeete, South Pacific."

Some young things were pitching French coppers so earnestly they didn't read my face; some were not seafaring, at that moment; while most of them evidently ate more than was good for them, which might result disastrously in a canoe-cruise, and I set my heart against them.

"Who is anxious to go to sea with me?" I bawled, returning through the crowds of young gamblers, all intently disinterested in everything but "pitch and toss." Not far away a group of wandering minstrels—such as make musical the shores of Tahiti—sat in the middle of the street, chanting. One youth played with considerable skill upon a joint of bamboo of the flute species, but breathed into from the nostrils, instead of the lips. Three or four minor notes were piped at uncertain intervals, playing an impromptu variation upon the air of the singers. Drawing near, the music was suspended, and I proposed shipping one of the melodious vagabonds, whereupon the entire chorus expressed a willingness to accompany me, in any capacity whatever, remarking, at the same time, that "they were a body bound, so to speak, by cords of harmony, and any proposal to disband them would, by it, be regarded as highly absurd." Then I led the solemn procession of volunteers to my canoe, and we regarded it in silence; it was

something larger than a pea-pod, to be sure, but about the shape of one. After a moment of deliberation, during which a great throng of curious spectators had assembled, the orchestra declared itself in readiness to ship before the paddle for the trifling consideration of $17. I knew the vague notion that money is money, call it dollar or dime, generally entertained by the innocent children of Nature; and dazzling the unaccustomed eyes of the flutist with a new two-franc piece, he immediately embarked.

The frail thing glided over the waves as though invisible currents were sweeping her into the hereafter; the shore seemed to recede, drawing the low, thatched houses into deeper shadow; other canoes skimmed over the sea, like great water-bugs, while the sun set beyond the sharp outlines of beautiful Morea, glorifying it and us.

There was a small islet not far away,—an islet as fair and fragrant as a bouquet,—looking, just then, like a mote in a sheet of flame. Thither I directed the reformed flutist, and then let myself relapse into the all-embracing quietness that succeeds nearly every vexation that flesh is heir to.

There was something soothing in the nature of my crew. He sat with his back to me,—a brown back, that glistened in the sun and arched itself, from time to time, cat-like, as though it was very good to be brown and bare and shiny. A round head topped his chubby shoulders, and was shaven from the neck to the crown, with a matted forelock of the blackness of darkness falling to the eyes and keeping the sun out of them. One ear was enlivened with a crescent of beaten gold, which decoration, having been won at "pitch and toss," will probably never again, in the course of human events, meet with its proper mate. On the whole, he looked just a little bit like a fan-tail pigeon with its wings plucked.

At this point my crew suddenly rose in the bows of the canoe, making several outlandish flourishes with his broad paddle. I was about to demand the occasion of his sudden insanity, when we began to grate over some crumbling substance that materially impeded our progress and suggested all sorts of disagreeable sensations,—such as knife-grinding in the next yard, saw-filing round the corner, etc. It was as though we were careering madly over a multitude of fine-tooth combs. With that caution which is inseparable from canoe-cruising in every part of the known world, I leaned over the side of my personal property and penetrated the bewildering depths of the coral sea.

Were we, I asked myself, suspended about two feet above a garden of variegated cauliflowers? Or were the elements wafting us over a minute winter-forest, whose fragile boughs were loaded with prismatic crystals?

The scene was constantly changing: now it seemed a disordered bed of roses,—pink, and white, and orange; presently we were floating in the air, looking down upon a thousand-domed mosque,

pale in the glamour of the Oriental moon; and then a wilderness of bowers presented itself,—bowers whose fixed leaves still seemed to quiver in the slight ripple of the sea,—blossoming for a moment in showers of buds, purple, and green, and gold, but fading almost as soon as born. Among the delicate anatomy of these frozen ferns our light canoe was crashing on its way. I saw the fragile structures overwhelmed with a single blow from the young savage, who stood erect, propelling us onward amid the general ruins. With my thumb and finger I annihilated the laborious monuments of centuries, and saw havoc and desolation in our wake.

There, in one of God's reef-walled and cliff-sheltered *aquaria*, we drifted, while the sky and sea were glowing with the final, triumphant gush of sunset radiance. Fefe at last broke the silence, with an interrogation: "Well, how you feel?" "Fefe," I replied, "I feel as though I were some good and faithful bee, sinking into a sphere of amber, for a sleep of a thousand years." Fefe gave a deep-mouthed and expressive grunt, as he laid his brown profile against the sunset sky, thereby displaying his solitary ear-ring to the best advantage, and with evident personal satisfaction. "And how do you feel, Fefe?" I asked. He was mum for a moment; arched his back like any wholesome animal when the sun had struck clean through it; ejaculated an ejaculation with his tongue and teeth that cannot possibly be spelled in English, and thereupon his nostril quivered spasmodically, and was only comforted by the immediate application of his nose-flute, through which dulcet organ he confessed his deep and otherwise unutterable joy. I blessed him for it, though there were but three notes, all told, and those minors and a trifle flat.

Fefe's impassioned soul having subsided, we both looked over to beautiful Morea, nine miles away. How her peaks shone like steel, and her valleys looked full of sleep.

It was just the hour that harmonizes everything in nature, and when there is no possible discord in all the universe. The fishes were baptizing themselves by immersion in space, and kept leaping into the air, like momentary inches of chain-lightning. Our islet swam before us, spiritualized,—suspended, as it were, above the sea,—ready at any moment to fade away. The waves had ceased beating upon the reef; the clear, low notes of a bell vibrating from the shore called us to prayer. Fefe knew it, and was ready,—so was I; and with bare heads and souls utterly at peace we gave our hearts to God—for the time being!

Then came the hum of voices and the rustle of renewed life. On we pressed toward our islet, under the increasing shadows of the dusk. A sloping beach received us; the young cocoa-palms embraced one another with fringed branches. Through green and endless corridors we saw the broad disk of the full moon hanging above the hill.

Fefe at once choose a palm, and having ascended to its summit cast down its fruit. Descending, he planted a stake in the earth, and striking a nut against its sharpened top soon laid open the fibrous husk, with which a fire was kindled.

Taking two peeled nuts in his hands, he struck one against the other and laid open the skull of it,—a clear sort of scalping that aroused me to enthusiasm. There is one end of a cocoa-nut's skull as delicate as a baby's, and a well directed tap does the business; possibly the same result would follow with those of infants of the right age,—twins for instance. Fefe agrees with me in this theory, now first given to the public.

Then followed much talk, on many topics, over our tropical supper,—said supper consisting of sea-weed salad, patent self-stuffing banana-sausages, and cocoa-nut hash. We argued somewhat, also, but in South Pacific fashion,—which would surely spoil, if imported; I only remember, and will record, that Fefe regarded the nose-flute as a triumph of art, and considered himself no novice in musical science as applicable to nose-flutes, in a land where there is scarcely a nose without its particular flute, and many a flute is silent forever, because its special nose is laid among the dust.

Having eaten, I proposed sleeping on the spot, and continuing the cruise at dawn. "Why should we return to the world and its cares, when the sea invites us to its isles? Nature will feed us. In that blest land, clothing has not yet been discovered. Let us away!" I cried. At this juncture, voices came over the sea to us,—voices chanting like sirens upon the shore. Instinctively Fefe's nose-flute resumed its *tremolo*, and I knew the day was lost. "Come!" said the little rascal, as though he were captain and I the crew, and he dragged me toward the skiff. With terrific emphasis, I commanded him to desist. "Don't imagine," I said, "that this is a modern *Bounty*, and that it is your duty to rise up in mutiny for the sake of dramatic justice. Nature never repeats herself, therefore come back to camp!"

But he would n't come. I knew I should lose my canoe unless I followed, or should have to paddle back alone,—no easy task for one unaccustomed to it. So I moodily embarked with him; and having pushed off into deep water, he sounded a note of triumph that was greeted with shouts on shore, and I felt that my fate was sealed.

It had been my life-dream to bid adieu to the human family, with one or two exceptions; to sever every tie that bound me to anything under the sun; to live close to Nature, trusting her, and getting trusted by her.

I explained all this to the young "Kanack," who was in a complete state of insurrection, but failed to subdue him. Overhead the air was flooded with hazy moonlight; the sea looked like one immeasurable drop of quicksilver, and upon the summit of this

luminous sphere our shallop was mysteriously poised. A faint wind was breathing over the ocean; Fefe erected his paddle in the bows, placed against it a broad mat that constituted part of my outfit for that new life of which I was defrauded, and on we sped like a belated sea-bird seeking its mossy nest.

Beneath us slept the infinite creations of another world, gleaming from the dark bosom of the sea with an unearthly pallor, and seeming to reveal something of the forbidden mysteries that lie beyond the grave. "La Petite Pologne," whispered Fefe, as he arched his back for the last time, and stepped on shore at the foot of this singular rendezvous,—a narrow lane threading the groves of Papeete, bordered by wine-shops, bakeries, and a convent-wall, lit at night by smoky lanterns hanging motionless in the dead air of the town, and thronged from 7 p. m. till 10 p. m. by people from all quarters of the globe.

Fefe having resumed his profession as soon as his bare foot was on his native heath again, the minstrels moved in a hollow square through the centre of La Petite Pologne. They were rendering some Tahitian madrigal,—a three-part song, the solo, or first part, of which being got safely through with,—a single stanza,—it was repeated as a duo, and so re-repeated through simple addition with a gradually-increasing chorus; the nose-flute meantime getting delirious, and sounding its *finale* in an ecstacy prolonged to the point of strangulation, when the whole unceremoniously terminated, and everybody took a rest and a fresh start. During these performances, the audience was dense and demonstrative. Fefe was in his element, sitting with his best side to the public, and flaunting his ear-ring mightily. A dance followed: a dance always follows in that land of light hearts, and as one after another was ushered into the arena and gave his or her body to the interpretation of such songs as would startle Christian ears,—albeit there be some Christian hearts less tender, and Christian lips less true,—to my surprise, Fefe abandoned his piping and danced before me, and then came a flash of intuition,—rather late, it is true, but still useful as an explanatory supplement to my previous vexations. "Fefe!" I gasped (Fefe is the Tahitian for *Elephantiasis*,) and my Fefe raised his or her skirts, and danced with a shocking leg. I really can't tell you *what* Fefe was. You never can tell by the name. He might have been a boy, or she might have been a girl, all the time. I don't know that it makes any particular difference to me what it was, but I cannot encourage elephantiasies in anything, and therefore I concluded my naval engagement with Fefe, and solemnly walked toward my chamber, scarcely a block off.

Gazelle-eyed damsels, with star-flowers dangling from their ears, obstructed the way. The *gendarmes* regarded me with an eye single to France and French principles. Mariners arrayed in the blue of their own sea and the white of their own breakers bore down upon us with more than belonged to them. Men of all

colors went to and fro, like mad creatures; women followed; children careered hither and thither. .Wild shouts rent the air; there was an intoxicating element that enveloped all things. The streets were by no means straight, though it could scarcely have been narrower; the waves staggered up the beach, and reeled back again; the moon leered at us, looking blear-eyed as she leaned against a cloud; and half-nude bodies lay here and there in dark corners, steeped to the toes in rum. Out of this human maelstrom, whose fatal tide was beginning to sweep me on with it, I made a plunge for my door-knob and caught it. Twenty besetting sins sought to follow me, covered with wreaths and fragrant with sandalwood oil; twenty besetting sins rather pleasant to have around one, because by no means as disagreeable as they should be. Fefe was there also, and I turned to address him a parting word,—a word calculated to do its work in a soil particularly mellow.

"Fefe," I said, "how can I help regarding it as a dispensation of Providence that your one leg is considerably bigger than your other? How can I expect you, with your assorted legs, to walk in that straight and narrow way wherein I have frequently found it inconvenient to walk myself, to say nothing of the symmetry of my own extremities? Therefore, adieu, child of the South, with with your one ear-ring and your piano-forte leg; adieu—forever."

With that I closed my door upon the scene, and strove to bury myself in oblivion behind the white window-shade. In vain the shadow with the mustasche and goatee still pursued the shadow with the flowing locks that fled too slowly. Voices faint, though audible, indulged in allusions more or less profane, and with a success which would be considered highly improper in any latitude.

Thus sinking into an unquiet sleep, with a dream of canoe-cruising in a coral sea, whose pellucid waves sang sadly upon the remote shores of an ideal sphere, across the window loomed the gigantic shadow of some brown beauty, whose vast proportions suggested nothing more lovely than a new Sphinx, with a cabbage in either ear.—*South Sea Idyls.*

In our strolls about town we find few places where an idle hour may be whiled away so pleasantly as at Notman's Photographic Rooms, Prince William St. Mr. Notman's peculiar but unobtrusive genius is felt the moment you cross his threshold, and surrounded by the *chef d'œuvres* of the art which cover his tables and walls, you are at once at home. Mr. Notman's pictures are second to none produced in America, and tourists while temporarily sojourning in the city, make larger and larger demands for his services, as his fame extends towards the rising and setting sun. From the smallest card to the life-size portrait in oil, Mr. Notman produces results which are peculiarly satisfactory to his

patrons, and in copying from faded Ambrotypes and Daugerrotypes of deceased persons, his success has been such that this has become a branch of his business of no inconsiderable importance.

Strangers will enjoy a visit to Mr. Notman's Studio, and will be no less welcome as sight-seers than as patrons.

THE *Maritime Monthly* is grateful to the Press abroad for its encouraging and appreciative notice. We quote below from two of our most esteemed contemporaries.

"Conducted under the auspices of an association of gentlemen, and edited by H. L. Spencer, Esq., the *Maritime Monthly* is not only most intelligently written, but is especially interesting, as it contains a special literature both novel and fresh in character, descriptive of the locality from whence the Magazine emanates. If the extreme limit of Western America should find expression in the "Overland" from the Pacific Ocean, we are only too glad to have a balance from the uttermost Atlantic side in the *Maritime Monthly*. Among a variety of excellent matter we note the "Chronicles of Punch Bowl," in which the fortunes of Job Cobbiduck are told with a great deal of humour and force. Such descriptions, purely local, are admirable in character, and give a *cachet* of originality to the *Maritime Monthly* which make it most welcome. Already in its third volume, this Magazine seems as if its career would be a lasting one, and it is a most interesting feature of the good taste and literary ability of our friends in the good province of New Brunswick.—*Forest and Stream*, [New York.]

THE *Maritime Monthly Magazine* for June, contains a variety of excellent matter that cannot fail to interest every admirer of first class literature. We notice, with pleasure, that the publishers have elected to the editorial chair, H. L. Spencer, Esq., widely known as a writer over the *nom de plume* of "Enylla Allyne," and under his management the *Maritime Monthly* cannot but rank among the first class magazines of the world.—*Providence (R. I.) Sunday Dispatch.*

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. IV. AUGUST, 1874. No. 2.

THE POLARIS EXPEDITION.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

PART I.

IN two former articles I endeavoured to furnish the readers of *The Maritime Monthly* with a sketch of the wonderful voyage of the *Polaris*. The article entitled *Two Thousand Miles on an Ice-floe*, contained an account of the escape of a portion of the crew on the ice, and appeared in *The Maritime* for August 1873; and in the September number, the article *Northward—Ho!* contained many additional particulars regarding the results of the voyage of the *Polaris*. Since the latter paper was written, the remainder of the crew have been rescued and have returned home; and the whole proceedings connected with the expedition have undergone a thorough investigation, the results of which are embodied in the Report of the Hon. Geo. M. Robeson, Secretary of the American Navy. We are now in possession of more ample materials for forming a correct estimate of the results of the Polaris Expedition; and I propose now to devote two short papers to a review of the whole, and thus complete the story which was left imperfect.

It is necessary, first of all, to revert briefly to the history of the "Polaris" expedition. There can be no doubt that this expedition owed its origin to its brave and enthusiastic leader—Captain Charles F. Hall. He was able to inspire others with his own enthusiasm for Arctic explorations, and to impress them with the

conviction that by following in the track of Kane and Hayes, the North Pole might be reached. A noble ambition fired his breast, to solve the problem of centuries, and reach the spot which so many heroic explorers had previously attempted in vain to reach. He hoped not only to win a laurel crown for himself, but to add to the honour and renown of his country. He possessed in a high degree that wonderful audacity for which Americans are noted—that seemingly reckless daring which laughs at difficulties, and which enabled Stanley to find Livingstone in the centre of Africa, and in the case of Hall carried him nearer the North Pole than any former navigator. Hall had risen from the ranks by sheer force of character, and unflinching industry and perseverance. He had few advantages derived from education, having been originally apprenticed to a blacksmith in Cincinnati. He rose at length to the editorial chair of a small newspaper, and afterwards seems to have formed a romantic passion for Arctic exploration. He qualified himself for the work by spending five consecutive years among the Esquimaux, during which he acquired a complete knowledge of their language, and thoroughly inured himself to their mode of life, besides acclimatising himself to a wonderful degree. During those five years he was actively engaged in prosecuting inquiries regarding the fate of Sir John Franklin and his men, with what results I am not aware. He made, however, one important discovery,—the site of Sir Martin Frobisher's settlement, regarding which there had been much difference of opinion. If to these qualifications for Arctic exploration he had added those of a practical seaman and an acquaintance with nautical astronomy, he would have been a thoroughly equipped leader. His zeal and enthusiasm, however, made up for many deficiencies; and when we take into account that he was obliged to entrust the navigation of his ship to others, and to depend on their judgment in all nautical matters, we cannot but feel additional wonder at his achievements.

In 1869, Hall returned from his five years sojourn among the Esquimaux, and in the following year he was engaged in urging the despatch of another Arctic expedition upon the attention of the American people. The Hon. G. M. Robeson, Secretary of the Navy, sympathised with his views; and the Department handed over to him a wooden river gun-boat of three hundred and eighty-seven tons. She was thoroughly repaired, strengthened for encountering ice, and re-christened the "Polaris." Congress also

voted $50,000 to meet the expenses of the expedition. Preparations were rapidly pushed forward; and on the 26th of June 1871, Captain Hall was received by the American Geographical Society at New York. On this occasion, Mr. Grinnell, the generous promoter of expeditions for the search of Franklin, presented Hall with the flag which, in 1838, had been with Wilkes to the Antarctic regions, and which had since been in the Northern Polar seas with DeHaven, Kane and Hayes. "Now I give it to you, sir," said Mr. Grinnell, "take it to the North Pole, and bring it back in a year from next October."

The "Polaris" was not a vessel adapted for such a daring undertaking as this, being deficient in steam-power, and far inferior, in her capabilities of battling with the ice-floes, to a Dundee whaling steamer, or one of the Newfoundland steam sealing fleet. No naval officer accompanied the expedition, and the want of naval discipline on board proved to be one of the greatest drawbacks to success. Captain Hall was left to select his own crew, and did the best he could under the circumstances. Not being himself a seaman, he took with him, as sailing master, Captain S. O. Buddington, a native of New London, Connecticut, who had previously made thirteen whaling voyages to Baffin's Bay; and as assistant navigator, Captain G. E. Tyson, who had also been for some years engaged in the whale-fishery. These men had much experience in navigation amid the dangers of ice-covered seas, but could hardly be expected to share in their leader's enthusiasm for reaching the North Pole. Mr. Chester, the mate, was an able seaman and an excellent harpooner. Captain Hall, however, was fortunate enough to secure the services of Dr. Bessels, as head of the scientific department of the expedition—a man of high attainments as a naturalist, and a Doctor of Medicine, who had served in the same capacity in the German Arctic Expedition of 1869, and now entered heart and soul into this enterprize. With him were associated Mr. Meyer as meteorologist, and Mr. Bryan as assistant astronomer—both men of scientific attainments, and well qualified for their duties. Looking at the whole organization of the expedition, and esepecially at the manifest deficiency in discipline and control, few felt, at the outset, any sanguine hopes of success, and many pronounced the enterprise ill-judged and the offspring of wild enthusiasm. The results, however, far exceeded the expectations of friends, and falsified the doleful predictions of foes; and

once more illustrated the power possessed by courage and enthusiasm combined in conquering difficulties. In the case of Hall, fortune seems to have smiled graciously on the man who, with such insufficient means at command, dared to grapple with difficulties that had proved too much for some of the most heroic explorers.

The annals of Arctic exploration fail to present a record of success so quickly and easily attained, as that which followed the efforts of Captain Hall. After coaling and filling up with provisions at Disco, in Greenland, he pushed northward; got through the dreaded Melville Bay without difficulty, and the "North Water;" ran through Smith's Sound, Kennedy Channel; and five days after passing Cape Shackleton, on the 30th of August, he had reached a higher latitude than had ever before been obtained by any ship, being in 82° 16', or within thirty miles of the most northern point reached by Parry in his celebrated sledge journey over the ice north of Spitzbergen. Almost without check or serious obstacle the little vessel reached this high latitude, throwing into the shade the achievements of Ross, Inglefield, Kane and Hayes. But at this point the tide of fortune turned, and mishaps began to multiply. The evidence adduced on the investigation at Washington, before Secretary Robeson, clearly proves that the "Polaris" might have pushed on still farther north, and that she was stopped merely by loose floes, which a more powerful steamer could easily have penetrated. A seam of ice of no very serious character arrested her progress, but there was a lead through into open water, and a fine water sky to the northward which seemed inviting them on. It was one of those golden moments on which depend the destinies of an enterprise. Had the "Polaris" held on her course she might have reached 84° or 85°, and the three hundred miles from that point to the Pole might easily have been traversed by sledges. But the critical opportunity was lost; Hall hesitated, not being a nautical man himself; and influenced chiefly by the advice of Captain Buddington—who feared if they persevered they might be unable to retrace their course—he first tried to push for the western coast, his vessel was beset and carried South, and the splendid chance of reaching the Pole was lost to him forever. With a more powerful steamer or a more courageous sailing master the victory might have been won.

That there were no insurmountable obstacles to the progress of

the "Polaris" farther north is evident from the testimony of various witnesses before the Commission at Washington. Dr. Bessels, in his examination, said: "After we reached the highest point we had to make fast to an ice-floe, not being able to penetrate any farther. We had a consultation on deck among the officers of the ship, Mr. Chester, Mr. Morton, Captain Tyson, Captain Buddington and myself. Messrs. Chester, Tyson and Morton suggested going ahead. I did the same, only remarking at the same time that if we were not able to make any more northing we were to strike to the west coast, because we had a fine base of land to proceed on. Captain Buddington said that he did not see any chance to go in farther, and so we did not attempt it. Captain Hall was very anxious to go north." *Question:* "Was there any opening to the north at that time?" *Answer:* "I had not been at the mast-head. Tyson was there and one of the men, and they both reported that they saw plenty of open water, intersected by drifting ice. We could not see open water from the deck. The ice was intersected by water-leads. We tied up to the ice and drifted back." Mr. Chester, the mate, in his examination, said: "On the 31st of August 1871, we got to the highest point we made. The steamer was stopped. We could see through the channel, and there was a water-cloud seen—a dense water-cloud—to the north,—I mean a cloud that denotes open water. It is a sort of fog that hangs over the water. I think we could have gone farther north from that point. It has always been my impression that we might have gone on. It was my watch below at the time. I heard them sing out to the man at the mast-head, and heard him sing out there was a lead close to the land, on the east shore, and some one called me." The evidence of Henry Hobby on this point is still more conclusive. He said: "We turned back at six o'clock in the morning. We continued still to see land on both sides of us. On the 29th, Captain Hall called all the officers on the house, for the purpose of having them consult as to what it was best to do about establishing winter quarters or going farther north. I was on the look-out at that time on the crow's nest. From what I heard nearly all the officers wanted to go north. Captain Buddington and Captain Tyson said it was necessary to make winter-quarters as fast as possible. I could hear every word that was uttered. Captain Buddington wanted to go into Newman's Bay; Captain Hall and all the rest wanted

to go north, with the exception of Captain Tyson. * * * When I was up there in the crow's nest, and they were talking about it, I could see a way for going north on the eastern shore, from north to about north-east. So far as I could observe I saw open water. There was land on both sides. There was no ice between us and the open water that I saw. I sang out from the crow's nest, inquiring where they wanted to go. *I told them there was plenty of open water to the north-east.* I could not see exactly the point. Captain Buddington said we must make winter-quarters. These were just the very words he said. I asked him where he wanted me to go, and he said 'Right over there, to Newman's Bay.' The ship was lying still at this time, under steam and not fast; she was just lying there. There was no ice to stop us from going north, as far as I could see."

It is interesting to inquire what were the appearances presented when the progress of the "Polaris" was thus unfortunately arrested in this high northern latitude. Contrary to what might have been expected, the ice met with was not of a heavy description, and seldom exceeded five feet in thickness, so that it was probably only of one winter's growth. To the north and west, land was visible, which they estimated to extend as far north as 84°. On the eastern side, the Greenland coast, at the furthest visible point, appeared to be trending to the north-east, at 82° 30′ N. Here, in all probability, Greenland terminates; but still there is the possibility that this eastward trending of the land is but the opening of another bay or fiord, similar to Polaris Bay, north of Cape Constitution; and that Greenland, as Dr. Petermann holds, is prolonged to or beyond the Pole, there being a channel between it and Grinnell Land all the way. The determination of this point must be left to future explorers. Dr. Bessels, however, holds that the insularity of Greenland has been absolutely determined by the voyage of the Polaris; and the English Commander, A. H. Markham, in his "Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay," appears to think there is little doubt of this, as the Greenland coast, at 82° 30′, "is steep and precipitous, and is free from land-ice; while the shores of Grinnell Land, on the opposite side, appear to be low and shelving, and have fast ice attached to them. The extreme northern point of Grinnell Land appeared to reach about the same latitude as the north-west point of Greenland, or a little further to the north, and then to trend away to the westward, leaving a

channel between these two countries, and a northern land visible at a distance of sixty miles. This would place the latter in about 84° N."

This view would seem to be sustained by the fact mentioned by Dr. Bessels in his evidence, that North Greenland has been rising, as he found drift-wood and marine shells at elevations of seventeen hundred feet and more above the sea-level, and shells that are found alive now in the adjoining sea. Marine animals were also found in fresh water lakes, at an elevation of thirty-eight feet. In some places the land rises in terraces, each terrace indicating one period of an upheaval. Another fact, pointing to the same conclusion, is, that a large quantity of drift-wood was found as far north as 82°, and this can only be accounted for by supposing that it was carried on the waves of a great polar sea from the coast of Siberia, thus confirming the view indicated of the insularity of Greenland. A still more curious fact is noted by Dr. Bessels, regarding the tides along the coast of Northern Greenland. As a general rule, the night-tides along Greenland are much higher than those that occur during the day; but the case was found to be different in Polaris Bay, where the party wintered. There it was found that there was no difference between the day and night tides; and that they were later than those observed by Kane, further south. From this Dr. Bessels infers that the tides along the northern coast came from the north, and were Pacific tides, while those along the southern coast were from the south, and were Atlantic tides, the coast being thus under the influence of two different tides. He concludes therefore that there is an open-sea connection between Robeson's Channel and the Pacific. These tidal waves from the north and south meet at Cape Fraser, on the west coast of Grinnell Land. "This was fully demonstrated by the drift of the ship and by tidal observation. To the south of Cape Fraser the flood-tide makes to the north, while to the north it flows south. The rise and fall during spring-tides was about five and a half feet, and during the neaps about two feet. No agitation of the water was noticed off Cape Fraser caused by the meeting of the two waves, for the ice would effectually prevent anything of the sort. But to the south of Cape Fraser the tide rose to a greater height during the night, as is the case along the coast of Greenland; whereas to the north of Cape Fraser there was no perceptible difference between the day and night tides." [Markham's "Whaling Cruise in Baffin's Bay."]

The further story of the "Polaris" is full of interest. After drifting south for some distance the vessel at length got clear of the ice and found winter-quarters in Polaris Bay, in 81° 38′ N. There is but a slight indentation of the coast here, but a friendly iceberg which had grounded formed a sort of breakwater, and afforded them some shelter. Hall named this berg "Providence Iceberg," and the harbour "Thank God Harbour." Here Captain Hall died, on the 8th of November 1871. It is satisfactory to find, from Secretary Robeson's Report, that there was not the slightest foundation for those idle rumours that were so industriously circulated, to the effect that Captain Hall had met his death by foul means. The result of the very searching investigation before the Commission at Washington was to prove that the death of Hall was solely owing to natural causes. It appears he had returned after a fatiguing sledge journey to Newman's Bay, during which he had been exposed to very low temperatures. He was imprudent enough to enter the cabin, where the temperature was high, when chilled by cold, and without taking off his furs or using any precautions, he drank a cup of hot coffee. Soon after he was taken ill, and it was found that one side was paralysed. He grew gradually worse, became delirious, accused every one of designs against his life, and at times expressed suspicions of having been poisoned. It was probably these mutterings of delirium that suggested the rumours which too many were eager to believe and circulate to the injury of some on board. No doubt there had been a tendency to apoplexy in the case of Hall. He had often previously suffered from severe headaches, and complained at times of a numbness in his hand and some part of his neck. The sudden transition from the cold atmosphere without to a cabin where the thermometer stood between 60° and 70°, together with the imprudent acts already mentioned, seems to have brought on an apoplectic seizure. Everything possible was done by Dr. Bessels to save his life, which was so specially valuable then to all on board; but in spite of the best nursing and medical treatment he expired on the fifteenth day after the first seizure. Like a soldier, he fell on the field of his fame, and found a resting place in the midst of his discoveries, amid those icy solitudes which he had done so much to open up. His name will be placed high on the roll of Arctic heroes; and the region in which he sleeps has been appropriately named "Hall Land." Like many another hero, he saw the land

which he longed to explore, "but was not permitted to enter in." His dust rests on the borders of that unknown region which so many brave spirits, during three centuries, have vainly tried to penetrate, and nearer the goal of his hopes than any other of the noble band of martyrs who have fallen in their efforts to explore these dreary regions. Few of all that band have been animated by a purer or loftier enthusiasm than Charles Francis Hall.

The party on board the "Polaris" spent the winter of 1871-72 in the most northern position in which civilized man has ever wintered; and the records of their experience are of the greatest consequence to science. Had Captain Hall lived there can be little doubt that the spring of 1872 would have witnessed a renewal of strenuous efforts to penetrate farther north by sledges drawn by dogs, and that during the summer he would have tried to carry the "Polaris" towards the Pole. But with his death the mainspring of the enterprise was gone; there was no ruling spirit on board; divided counsels paralysed their efforts; and it could hardly be expected that such a man as Captain Buddington, on whom the command devolved, would be the discoverer of the North Pole. But the scientific men on board were faithful to their trust, and did their duty nobly; and on the whole, a very fair degree of order and discipline was maintained. An observatory was built ashore, and observations were kept up diligently—meteorological, astronomical and magnetic. Tidal observations were kept up regularly, resulting in the important discovery already referred to, that the tide in Thank God Harbour is not produced by the Atlantic but by the Pacific or Polar tidal wave. It is to be lamented that many of the records of these scientific observations were lost in the catastrophe of October 15th by which a part of the crew were drifted away on an ice-floe. A considerable portion, however, was preserved by Dr. Bessels. The climate of Polaris Bay, contrary to what might have been expected, was found to be milder than it is several degrees farther south. The lowest temperature registered was 48 Fahr., with very little wind blowing at the time, and the fall of snow remarkably small. Strange to say, unmistakable traces of the presence of man were found in these dreary regions, affording sufficient proof that animal life must exist and that open water is present at certain seasons. Even as far north as 82°, Dr. Bessels saw vestiges of the Esquimaux, having there picked up, lying on the beach, a couple of ribs of the walrus which had been

used as sledge runners, and a small piece of wood that had formed part of the back of a sledge. An old bone knife handle was also found, and the remains of a summer encampment, consisting of three circles of stones for keeping tents in position, with spaces left for the entrances. Animal life was pretty abundant. In June the region around Thank God Harbour was free from snow and covered with a kind of creeping herbage, consisting of ground-willow and various grasses, on which numerous herds of musk-oxen found pasture, twenty-six of which were shot. Foxes and lemmings were also met, but only one bear was seen during the whole year. No birds were visible in winter; but early in spring, ptarmigan and a species of snipe made their appearance, and in summer, large flocks of the various Arctic birds arrived. Nature has enlivened these icy solitudes, during their brief summer, with numerous specimens of the feathered tribes, who breed in these undisturbed regions and retire south at the approach of winter. The musk-oxen are about the size of a small cow, and are remarkable for the great length of their hair, and the musky odour which they emit—hence their name. Their flesh is nutritious and has no unpleasant flavour. In post-tertiary times the musk-ox is known to have extended over the greater part of Europe, remains of it occurring abundantly in certain of the bone-caves of France. Its food around Polaris Bay is a kind of ground-willow and certain grasses which it reaches in winter by scraping off the snow. Seals were obtained to the extreme point in 82° 16′, but no walrus or narwhal north of 79°. They were of three kinds, namely, the common Greenland seal, the ground seal, and the fetid seal. The hooded seal was not met with.

In the spring of 1872, Dr. Bessels and Mr. Bryan started on a sledging excursion, in order to connect Kane's furthest point, Cape Constitution, with their own survey. They arrived on the evening of the first day after leaving, at a fiord which they named the Southern Fiord, and which they followed into the interior for twenty-eight miles, till their progress was arrested by heavy icebergs. They then crossed it, and arrived at a second fiord, but failed to find Cape Constitution at the spot laid down in Kane's map. It turned out that it was fifty miles farther south than the locality indicated by Kane, in 80° 25′; but they had to return without reaching it.

Dr. Bessels states that it was utterly impossible to proceed to

the northward by sledges, the ice being too rough, there being too little snow, and the configuration of the land not permitting any travel. In June, attempts were made to get north by boats, but they were unable to get farther than Newman's Bay. The ice kept pouring down, during the whole time, through Robeson's Channel. There was not water enough to float the boats, and the ice was not solid enough to travel over it. In fact, Robeson's Channel was not frozen during the whole winter. The attempt was abandoned on July 1st, and the party returned to the ship. In the interval, the "Polaris" had made an attempt, by Captain Buddington's orders, to push north, but was borne back by floating ice. On the 12th of August, the ship being in a leaky condition, it was decided to bear up for home. They had not coal enough to stay another winter, and to steam down the next year. It is evident that, with the resources the party had at command, nothing more could be done, and they wisely decided on returning. The "Polaris" left her winter-quarters, on her return voyage, on the 12th of August, 1872.

When a little south of Cape Constitution, the "Polaris" got beset and drifted with the ice along the west coast till October 15th. She was then past Cape Alexander, when a heavy gale came on and the ice separated close to the ship. Soon after the ice closed in again, and the vessel was strained and "nipped," and keeled over on her port side. Expecting that she would be crushed by the tremendous pressure of the ice, Captain Buddington ordered provisions and stores, which were kept ready on deck for such an emergency, to be thrown on the ice. While nineteen of the crew were on the ice engaged in hauling these provisions back to a house erected for such a purpose, two hawsers parted, and the "Polaris" was driven off in the darkness and snow-drift at the rate of ten knots an hour, leaving nineteen of the party on the ice, with two boats and a quantity of provisions. They saw each other no more till they met in New York nearly a year afterwards. Those on the ice-floe commenced that long and dreary voyage, unparalleled in the annals of Arctic adventure, which I have described in THE MARITIME for August 1873. They were six months and a half in drifting from 77° 35′ N. to the coast of Labrador, where, on the 30th of April, 1873, they were picked up, all well, by the *Tigress*, one of the Newfoundland sealing steamers.

We have now to follow the fortunes of those on board the

"Polaris." After the accident by which they were separated from their comrades, they found themselves in a most perilous position, and for a time expected instant destruction. The water was gaining fast on the ship, and when they tried to start the deck-pumps they found them frozen. Finally, by desperate efforts, they succeeded in raising steam enough to diminish the water, and when daylight came they found themselves near the coast. There was nothing for it but to run the vessel ashore to prevent her from sinking. They succeeded in doing so on the shore of Life Boat Cove, near Littleton Island. Here they set to work landing their stores, and prepared to build a house for winter-quarters.

It is very remarkable that those who were left on the ice declared positively that the next morning they saw the "Polaris" under steam and only four miles distant, apparently coming towards them, but that she suddenly disappeared behind a bend of the land, and they saw her no more. On the other hand, although the men on board kept a constant look-out from the mast-head, they never detected anything that looked like them. When Dr. Bessels was asked, on his examination, how he accounted for this fact, he said: "It may be they mistook an iceberg for our ship, which is often done. The fact is we were never as near Northumberland Island as they say they saw us." In answer to another question he admitted that it might have been a case of mirage lifting up the ship, so that they could see it when it was really out of sight. In point of fact, the Polaris must have been driven before the wind twenty-five miles during the night, and at daylight she was headed for the nearest land. It seems, therefore, quite impossible that those on the ice-floe could have really seen her; or that there was the slightest ground for supposing that those on board were indifferent to the fate of the others, or failed to use proper efforts for their rescue.

One irreparable misfortune attended this separation of the crew. All the records of Captain Hall, and all the astronomical and magnetic records were thrown from the ship on the ice, under the impression that the ship was sinking, and they were never seen afterwards, having drifted off by themselves on a small floe. Fortunately, however, some were preserved; the pendulum observations, tidal observations, and some boxes of plants, insects and geological specimens being among those saved.

The winter of 1872-3 was passed by this portion of the crew of

the "Polaris" at Life-Boat Cove without any serious sufferings, and the health of all continued good. A party of Esquimaux from Etah Bay joined them, and rendered them important services. Dr. Bessels mentions in his evidence that the very next morning after they landed at Life-Boat Cove these Esquimaux appeared, having come twenty miles from the south to the ship. They declared that they were led to undertake the journey by having smelled the smoke of the steamer at that distance, and that their dogs had also smelled it. There had been a light breeze from the north-east, so that they had exactly the wind which would enable them to smell the smoke, if that were possible. Few of the scientific instruments were left, nearly all having been thrown on the ice; but with those remaining, astronomical and meteorological observations were continued at Life-Boat Cove. The coal was soon exhausted, and then they used portions of the ship for fuel. The lowest temperature registered was 45° minus. Mercury was found to congeal at 39.9.; and when made into balls could be fired through an inch plank. Dr. Bessels tried to go north in April, to reach the provision depot at Polaris Bay, but the natives he took with him could not be induced to go beyond 79° 16'. He also visited Port Foulke, the winter-quarters of Dr. Hayes in 1860-61; and on examining the grave of Mr. Sontag, the astronomer of that expedition, he found that the Esquimaux had dug up the remains for the sake of possessing themselves of the wood of the coffin. The bones were scattered in all directions. These he collected and re-buried.

During this winter two flat-bottomed boats were built from the timbers of the ship, and on the 3rd of June, 1873, they took their departure in these boats for the south. Nothing remarkable occurred during this boat-voyage. They had a sufficiency of provisions, and the weather proved favourable. On the 23rd of June they had the good fortune to be picked up by the Dundee whaling steamer *Ravenscraig*. On board they met with the utmost kindness and attention. A portion of the party were, after a time, transferred to the steamship *Arctic*, and the remainder to the *Intrepid*, and finally to the *Eric*; and by these vessels all were safely landed at Dundee.

In a concluding paper I propose to sum up the scientific, geographical and other results of the Polaris Expedition; and to notice the voyages of the *Juniata* and *Tigress* in search of the missing party.

AT PETERSBURG.

Upon the battle-field I walked at night—
With blood the turf was wet, as with Autumnal rain:
And through a cloud, with glances of affright,
The moon lit up the faces of the slain.
What love of Country did this soul inspire!
What sweet endearments did that heart forego!
What faith in Right gleamed from this eye of fire,
And nerved that arm till stricken by the foe!

The wild rose blossoms, and the golden grain
Waves o'er the field that shook 'neath hostile feet;—
There wandering airs are whispering soft again—
There, as of old, the birds are carolling sweet—
And there, in silence, tranquilly repose,
All bitterness forgotten, friends and foes.

Enylla Allyne.

WHAT WAS HER FATE?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BY THE SOMME."

I.

A LONG, irregular stretch of coast, masses of rock cleaving the sea, rock that is hollowed into caves, grotesquely carved and smoothly polished by the constant fretting and tossing of the waves. Land rising precipitously from the ocean, crowned by scanty crops of oats and barley that rustle harshly in the wind, as if whispering to the reaper that they are ready and waiting for him. An abrupt turn, an unexpected cove, with a semicircular beach of hard brown sand shelving gradually to meet the foam. At high tide the surf rolls up almost to the doors of the fishers' cottages clustered on the slope, rolls up with a shout of triumph and falls back with a sullen roar, suggesting that the cruel hungering of the waves is more reality than seeming. At low tide there is still a long white line separating sea and shore, and still the dull moaning fills the air. So, let the tide ebb or flow, the distinctive feature of this cove is the sea-foam, treacherous, faithless, cold, even when glittering in the sunlight. Behind the cove

a broad, level road winds by the cottages towards the cliffs rising again on the other side, passes a daintly little house perched like a bird's nest on a bluff overhanging the sea, then stretches itself out unwearyingly, on towards the great town beyond.

Out from the "Cliff House" come two people—a man and woman—who walk slowly over the curving road towards the town. They are talking softly—half jest, half earnest—the man looking down in a patient, amused way, the woman looking up with an assured sauciness that knows itself not merely tolerated but invested with a specially adorable element, clinching her good points in the conversation, developing into an argument, by occasionally laying her hand lightly on her friend's coat-sleeve—a feminine way quite irresistible to the average masculine mind.

The laziest mortals accomplish something; the slowest walking results in a certain amount of progress; so now many curves of the road lie between Cliff House and the two loiterers, but still the woman's airy stratagems have not gained her desire.

Where the land dips again—where the view of the ocean is unobstructed—where, in the calm, luminous distance, a conical black rock is distinctly seen above the water—here the woman stops. The first purely girlish style of argument, the bewitching coax, has failed; the sharp, petulant ring of her voice tells that the second form, the justly indignant, is to be attempted.

"Then you will not give up this afternoon to me! You will not row me out to the haunted cave; and only an hour ago you vowed that no desire of my heart should ever be ungratified. You know you did, so there!"

Absurdly weak and contemptible in her childish anger, she stood quite still, her blue eyes flashing, her face flushed with vehement defiance.

"Now softly, Nellie, softly. Supposing I reserved the right to discriminate between desires of the heart and freaks of fancy. I'll row you to the haunted cave any day you like, and as often as you like, after to-day; but—not to-day, so come along, Nellie."

His manner was calm, almost indifferent; he had a trick of musically lengthening out his words, which lent a wonderful fascination to his voice, and suggested an easy yielding disposition; but, nevertheless, the impatience of persistent resistance to his will was singularly plain, as he stepped towards the girl and made an effort to draw her hand in his arm.

With a funny assumption of dignity, which brought a smile to her lover's lips, the girl drew up her little figure: "Very well, Ernest; if you can't leave your horrid old business alone one day for my sake, I can't tire myself to death walking to town for your sake, so—there!"

She turned her back to him, and ran lightly down a path that wound about among the rocks. He folded his arms, and looked after her: a large, dark man, expressing a certain innate imperturbability by the careless folding of his arms, betraying power and strength of passion by the great deal of love, the shading of amusement, perplexity, doubt in his face, as he watched the girl bounding from rock to rock. Should he go down to her? Should he humor her? Should *he* give in to her?

Ah, had she only tried the girl's third art of reasoning he could never have stood thus questioning; the first tears would have been a guaranty for earnestness that he could never have withstood. But she had been so childishly angry about nothing; she knew his reasons for going to town; she had been delighted at the thought of going with him; then, at the first glimpse of this haunted cave, came a freak to row out there at once. It was unreasonable, absurd; certainly he would not go down to her. Still, it was her birthday; she was so young, so pretty, and—he loved her so. Ah! he loved her so; should any duty for one moment come between him and her who had brought this great happiness into his life? After all had he not better go down to her, and kiss her and make it all right again? There was his chance; she had left the rocks and gone down on the sand, walking with a quick, impatient step, but never once looking back to him.

How about those letters waiting in town? Had not their imperative nature been elaborately explained to Nellie? Besides, the woman who would be his wife was not a child, to be petted and kissed into reason. She had not so much as turned her head back towards him. No, he would not go down to her, decidedly!

Ernest Meredith turned towards the town, wondering, as usual, why he loved this Nellie Glendon, so wilful, so provoking, so beautiful; wondering, yet never doubting that he did love her better than his life, looking forward already to the morning when he would come back to Cliff House, to Nellie all sweetness and forgiveness, half wishing he had gone down to her.

And the girl walked at random across the sand, fuming over the want of deference to her, thinking her lover certainly ought to come after her, yet not acknowledging the hope.

The sun was shining, the foam sparkling, the sand, the rocks, the sea-weeds glistening, and the girl, with the glory of her youth about her, with the great glory of her beauty surrounding her, went on, heedless of light and warmth and beauty, made wretched by her silly discontent of spirit that was the one stain upon her loveliness.

II.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"

Of the coldest and deadest grey were sea and sky. Over the land hung a grey mist, not colouring, but lending its uncompromising neutrality of tinge to the rocky upland, to the sandy shore, the brooding mantle of the heavy stillness which so often follows the wildest storms. The unwearying ocean only told of the late tempest—told it by the mammoth breakers clanging discordantly against the rocks, by the restless chopping and foaming and seething of the whole mighty mass, by the sullen sobbing of the surf as it ebbed and flowed tumultously to and fro upon the beach. A strange, weird scene, rendered colder—almost ghastly—by a light glinting of the sun upon the faces of many of the fisher people, who, moved by a common impulse, stood gazing seaward.

What was it that, floating not far out from shore, arrested and held the attention of those so used to the wrack and drift of storm? What was it that rose and fell and made such a charming plaything for the foam? To all questions came a decisive answer from a girl who, for some minutes, had watched intently: "It's not drift; it's not weed; it's a woman's hair!"

A fearless gleam in full grey eyes—a face with all the glamour and witchery of the sea, all its depths of tenderness and fierceness written in every line—a form with all the strength, the grace, the freedom that a life of continual companionship with the reckless, changeful ocean can give—that fancy, almost inexpressible, embodies Madge Ryder's peculiar beauty.

She had never read, that "conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct;" only unconsciously she was proving that truth by, almost as she spoke, pushing one of the boats down towards the water. But she was not to bring in to shore the spoil that the Storm King had bequeathed to the ocean, for a strong hand turned her aside, and a voice that said only, "Madge, are ye mad?" made the girl move back and give place to one who could more easily manage a boat on such a sea.

Out into the breakers shot Dick Hendricks' boat, and he, taking advantage of a lull in the rush of water, by a few rapid strokes, was nearing the object of his quest, when there towered above him, and swept over him, and overwhelmed him, a moving mass of water.

"Swamped! oh, God!" cried the on-lookers, and only Madge Ryder's voice rang out, light, sarcastic: "Dick Hendricks swamped in a sea like that!" In a moment the boat had re-appeared, and with wonderful rapidity had turned her head, whilst the weed, or fish, or whatever it was, no longer tossed about upon the surface.

A few moments of suspense for the people on shore, a few times of falling in the trough of the sea, of rising with the swell, and Dick Hendricks' boat, perched on the tip of a breaker, swept into the cove, the keel grating on the sand.

Out on the shore stepped Dick, with something in his arms that sent an electric thrill of horror through the people; never looking up nor speaking, he strode by them till he came to Madge, then, at her feet, he laid his burden down on the shining sand and turned away.

Is it not true that in a life which calls frequently and unexpectedly for great presence of mind and steadiness of nerve, in a life lived in the midst of never-ending toil and hardships, with not unfrequent horrors passing the power of man to tell, there is an element that more effectually tends to a perfect restraint of emotion than the most thorough conventional training? For, what these fisher folk felt of horror or of sorrow, as they pressed close about Dick's burden, was expressed only in a low murmur that found but two words: "Poor thing! Poor thing!" A momentary silence followed, rudely broken by a man's voice, saying: "If 'twasn't for her hair and clothes, I'd swear it's Bill, Ben Mere's boy, who went out with Jack Trent last night, and hasn't come back, nor isn't like to." Silently the frank, sea-bred Madge stood

looking down at the strange gift her lover had brought her; but now, as the man spoke, she kneeled down, peered closely into the cold, white face, passed her hands through masses of yellow hair, all dark and matted with golden sea-weed. "She is very like him, very like poor Bill," she said, and then, pressing her warm brown cheek close to the ice-cold face beneath her, the whole secret of her perfect womanhood was revealed in a passionate flood of tears.

Little wonder that she sobbed; little wonder that the roughest and hardest turned away from the young girl lying dead before them, from the stern fact of death, presented to them with all its inseparable pathos, its unfathomable mystery, heightened, intensified, by connection with youth and beauty, Yet, in her face, there was no death, for old ocean had reverenced the roundness of her cheek, the smooth fairness of her skin; had tenderly closed her eyes, as if skilfully shutting out from their loveliness all vision of his frightful wrath.

But, look down at her blue cloth jacket torn in shreds; at her breast all crushed and horribly disfigured; at her little hands bruised and broken, as if they had clung despairingly to jagged rocks, or had been clutched in some giant grasp and squeezed into a shapeless mass.

Surely this is not the work of wind or wave; surely nature in her wildest, fiercest moods could not thus frightfully deal with this "cunning'st pattern of excelling nature."

Far away beyond the cliffs Ernest Meredith was walking homeward, sometimes humming a light Italian air whose very notes breathed love, quarrels, reconciliation, bliss; sometimes lounging along with a shade of sadness in his face, showing the man who knew just enough of life to feel the shadows in the mid-day sunshine, to be almost fearful of any great joy for the sorrow that must balance it. Yet, the latter phase of his character showed itself rarely, so rarely, that whenever he knew the undercurrent of his nature was making an outward display, the song and quick pace were instantly resumed. The cliffs guarding the bluff were already in sight, and the jutting crag with its crowning beauty, "Cliff House." Just where the Haunted Cave would have been visible had the tide not been high, he stopped a moment, smiling broadly, then, moved by a sudden impulse, he turned into the bye-path, saying aloud: "It is too early, Nellie will not be ready for

me. I'll see how things are at the cove after the storm." As Nellie Glendon had done the day before, so he bounded from rock to rock till the sand was reached, but, unlike her, he turned directly to the cove, and soon forgot even her in his anxiety lest the unusual commotion among the people might betoken some terrible catastrophe—to them, only to them.

"What's the matter?" he asked, as Dick Hendricks approached him.

"A drownded girl, Mr. Meredith; most likely one that's been out pleasurin' from town, and been swamped in the storm."

"Ah! that's sad; we must see about it, Dick," he said, the odd rythmical intonation in his voice very marked, as he moved forward and looked over a woman's shoulder. Suddenly the woman was pushed aside, a stifled exclamation, hardly a cry, "Nellie, my darling! my darling!" was heard through the morning air: close by the rigid form a man knelt down, and the toilers by the sea knew that Dick Hendricks had brought ashore that morning Nellie Glendon, the betrothed wife of their friend and hero, Ernest Meredith, her of whom they had heard so much and had so longed to see. One long look at the still cold face, one glance at the bruised breast and hands, then gently he laid the fair head down.

"There has been foul play here," he cried. "This is not drowning; it is murder."

A frightful accusation, fiercely uttered, in startling contrast to the despair with which he turned to her again, and lifted her in his arms, moaning, "Why did I not go down to her?" And the people, terrified by his voice and manner, drew further off, leaving them alone, the living and the dead. Nellie Glendon lying in her lover's arms, with the golden hair and weed all cloaking his shoulders; she with a strange rest on the beautiful face, such as life had never seen; he with that in his eyes which told of a loss that death could never lessen, a despair and horror that life could never lighten.

The ripe grain waved on the heights, the sunlight had pierced the mist and brightened the desolate shore, the long breakers rolled up boisterously, the surf flirted with sand and sky, kissing the one and shooting its dazzling glances at the other. All nature bright now and joyous laughed at sorrow and scoffed at death.

III.

So the beautiful Nellie Glendon was dead. But how had she come to her death, by drowning or by murder? That was the mystery which could not be buried with her, which imperatively demanded the crushing of all sentiment in its fathoming. Because in our lives there is so much more of ugliness than beauty, no record can be just or true that revels in what is pleasant, entirely ignoring pain. Sorrow must be lived down, repulsive facts must be told, but, because the real living down of trouble and anguish is so long, so terrible, let the telling be without elaboration, plain and brief.

Ernest Meredith had breathed foul play; the coroner's jury proceeded to prove or disprove it. On one hand, there was much testimony from many physicians supporting the hypothesis that the soft white flesh had been crushed by a blow dealt by a human hand, the bones of the fingers broken in a struggle; and, on the other hand, there was abundant authority pointing to the wonderful power of a fierce flow of water in crushing and bruising. Nothing was proved; the jury's mind inclined to the most rational consideration.

Dick Hendricks' evidence merely related to the picking up of the body, with a remark that he had seen many a one washed up by the sea, but never any so cruelly marked as the young lady. The jury's mind wavered.

The burden of the testimony fell upon Ernest Meredith. He told how only a few days before Miss Glendon had come from her home in one of the Western cities to visit his mother at Cliff House; that she had never been at the Cove, and was consequently unknown to the people; that he had spent most of her birthday at Cliff House, and in the afternoon, being obliged to return to town, she had offered to accompany him and stay the night with his sister. During the walk circumstances occurred which induced her to change her mind about going to town.

All this was interesting only in that it simplified the process of arriving at a verdict declaring the girl another of the ocean's victims.

But there was more than that to tell. When he and Miss Glendon parted, she wore his birthday gift—diamond jewels—in her ears and on her finger; wore at her belt her gold watch,

chain and trinkets, whilst close about her throat, under her dress, there was always a slight chain and locket, and the spring of that chain could not be easily unfastened. When he next saw Miss Glendon, not one of all these ornaments remained upon her.

The jury considered the opposing testimony of the physicians; they considered the power of water to drag heavy jewels from ears without injuring the lobes, to slip rings from fingers, to unfasten a complicated spring. They returned a verdict plainly pointing to a violent death.

More tenderly we think of her in her death than in her life; all the wilfulness, the imperiousness, the childishness forgotten, yes, even disclaimed, in the sorrow, in the horror which is part of the actual knowledge of the fate that had come to her.

That verdict was only the beginning of the end. The foreshadowing of the next epoch was an eager, alert person, called Mr. Shalley, with a wonderful talent for asking questions, combined with a perfect indifference to the purport of the answers. With equanimity he accepted Ernest Meredith's utter incredulity of the suggested possibility of Miss Glendon's having taken a boat and herself rowed out to this cave which she had expressed a wish to see, and scarcely heeded his remark, that on that memorable morning, as he walked from town, he had noticed bunches of seaweed lying in front of Ben Mere's cabin, of the same peculiar species as that matted in Miss Glendon's hair. Beautiful was the kindly interest taken by him in Dick Hendricks' description of the people living along shore; nothing singular in the sympathetic inquiries, even if minute, touching the man Jack Trent and the boy Bill, who had sailed out of the bay the night before the storm and never come back; nor anything strange in his dwelling on the boy's resemblance to Miss Glendon, noticed even in life by Mr. Meredith, brought out with a marvellous distinctness by death; nor anything strained in his curiosity concerning this old Ben Mere, who lived half way between the Cove and town, and had not been up since the storm; whose nature was hard and envious, whose reputation smacked of smuggling, wrecking, and worse. Admirable was the frankness with which, on visiting this Ben Mere, he looked straight into the old man's grey, gleaming eyes, and asked if he could give any trace or clue of the drowned Miss Glendon. When a negative answer, as direct and blunt as the question, had been given, the most suspicious could have detected

nothing deeper than a desire for rest and a smoke, in Mr. Shalley's further stay at Ben Mere's; nothing more dangerous than a propensity for indiscriminate gossip in his remarks on storms, their cause, duration and effect; on sea-weeds, more especially on that species of which a dried bunch lay at Ben's door; on the adjacent town and Ben's knowledge of and connection with it; on his longing to be fully acquainted with the one particular locality with which Ben was familiar, and of which his ignorance was childlike.

Supremely incomprehensible though was his message to Meredith, written at the railway depôt immediately after his visit to Ben.

"I have a clue. Am off to town. Let Ben Mere's house be secretly watched night and day."

Twenty-four hours afterwards all the cove knew that Ben Mere had been arrested on charge of the murder of Miss Glendon.

Light was piercing the mystery; justice and vengeance, hand in hand, would seek out and destroy the villain who had taken the bright young life.

The man who had foreshadowed the second epoch, embodied the third; that was the preliminary examination of the prisoner before the magistrates. These were the principal points in Mr. Shalley's own evidence: From his conversation with Ben he learned indirectly that the old man had been in the city since the storm, frequenting one of the lowest purlieus, the haunt of Jew pawnbrokers and used-up sailors. To seize trivialities being Mr. Shalley's business, there can be no surprise that he, a proficient in his calling, should in some way connect with his own mission this apparently unusual excursion of Ben's, this visit to a quarter where pawnbrokers flourished. He knew all the delicate points on which he had so often risked professional reputation and found success, therefore he felt justified in writing his memorandum to Meredith. In the quarter designated by Ben he pushed his inquiries, and at last, when almost discouraged, in one of the dirtiest and darkest dens of an obscure lane, he came across a Jew who sold him a silver anchor answering exactly to the description of that in Miss Glendon's hat, and who, for a consideration, accurately detailed the appearance of the man from whom he had bought it; that man he, the Jew, identified in Ben Mere the prisoner.

At best, life could not hold much that endeared it to Ben Mere,

but now it seemed as if that incomprehensible pleasure of simple existence could not be his much longer. The tide was dead against the man.

Now again Meredith was testifying, giving, in short methodical sentences, evidence leaving little doubt of the awful reality of that suspicion which had swept over him when first he glanced at the dead girl on the beach..

He, powerless for any more active aid, had himself watched Ben Mere's house, watched warily for hours, but without any return. Late in the night when the old man had slept for some hours, Meredith, looking through the small uncovered window, saw him rise from his bed, light his lamp, draw from his breast and hold before the light a beautiful flashing thing—he swore that was the diamond ring which he had put on Nellie Glendon's finger. Mr. Shalley had advised caution and secresy in the working up of his case; had positively forbidden any forcible measures without his special direction. Much thought of caution and prudence, much remembrance of a detective's counsel in a man who saw the ring his promised wife had worn, toyed with by her murderer. The door of the cabin was pushed open; there was a sharp struggle between a massive, powerful old man, and a lithe, muscular young man. Youth and science conquered. Ben Mere was bound hand and foot. Mr. Shalley telegraphed to; and Ernest Meredith knew that for ever and for ever before his eyes there would be the vision of that other struggle for life, where brute force had been victorious, which had doomed him to an everlasting remorse.

Little chance for Ben Mere now, little could avail the defence taken up by a young lawyer working for fame rather than gain. For it bore an absurdity on the face of it, this trumped up story of Ben Mere's having hired a boat to a young *lady* the night before the storm; of her never returning, and his supposing she had made for the cove; of his finding his boat next morning stranded on the sand, all sound and uninjured; of his picking up, far out among the rocks, a girl's hat with a blue veil round it, bound with sea weed for floating it, and with a diamond ring fastened in the lining.

Why had he not warned the girl of the approaching storm? He didn't often get a chance to hire a boat, and she was old enough to look out for herself. Why had he not immediately made known the story? The girl was drowned and done with;

he wasn't going to mix himself up with the matter; he had learned the safety of minding his own business. Why had he sold the anchor? He wanted a little money and thought that bauble could never be traced. Why had he not parted with the ring, what had he done with the other jewels? It would excite suspicion for him to offer such a valuable ring for sale, the other jewels he had never seen.

An ingenious story this, but sadly lacking the elements of probability. Hardly now may Ben Mere count as his, "man's only possession, Hope." In everybody's mouth is the catalogue of his crimes. For the last forty years he has smuggled, drunk, robbed dead bodies, and for this, his last, his culminating villainy, already public opinion clamours for retribution. The defending counsel's eloquence is treated with derision; Ben Mere is remanded to the Supreme Court, and within a month will stand the trial for life.

IV.

WHAT a strong argument against the existence of perfect individuality of conception or opinion is found in the wonderful uniformity of the popular mind, in the avidity with which a theory or supposition, once advanced, is seized by the crowd, enlarged upon and embellished till it becomes settled conviction. On a cold, dreary day in October, the public opinion of a large commercial city illustrated this by having already found guilty and sentenced to death the man who, on the next day, was to be tried for the murder of Nellie Glendon. Surely, now, nothing could happen which would completely convulse this popular opinion, and prove that the poet had studied human nature who sings, "*Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*"

Dick Hendricks' cottage boasted only of two rooms, a "living-room" and a bed-room. In the first some half dozen people crowded close about the stove, talking in the low-voiced tones so admirably fitting to the discussion of a mystery; telling how, in the grey glimmer of the twilight, they had seen creep slowly along the sands, upwards from the sea, a tall, thin figure, which, at last, vanished in Dick Hendricks' cottage. No one had spoken to him, no one had approached him. Silently, slowly, he had passed them all, this spectre come up from the ocean in the form of the boy Bill, who went down in the memorable September storm. For surely he had perished; surely he had found rest long ago beneath

the waves, on whose gleaming curves he had toiled so long. Public opinion had settled that; so the same voice, swelling mightily even in this primitive community, declared the soft gliding stranger a waif from another world, and wondered what of good or ill it might portend. But, when Dick crossed from his own house to one just opposite, and then hurried back with Madge Ryder, some few suggested that the boy Bill might really be among them again, in the flesh. When, shortly afterwards, Dick left his home and struck rapidly off towards the town, human curiosity gained on human dread of the supernatural, and some ran quickly after Dick, whilst others made their way to the cottage.

In the other room lay a boy apparently about sixteen or seventeen years old, his emaciated form, pale pinchen face, and wracking cough, a sorrowful epitome of the life that had known so much of toil, of abuse, of disease, so little, oh! so very little of kindness or of love; yet in the expression of his full blue eyes, in the form of his mouth, in the shading even of his hair there was a distinct, a forcible resemblance to the beautiful Nellie Glendon. That was what Madge Ryder was turning over in her mind as she sat beside him, listening to his disconnected talk between the painful fits of coughing; connecting it too with his strange reappearance, with his continual twisting of a chain about his neck, with his restless impatience for Dick's return from town. He had always had a soft voice, this boy Bill, and had picked up a superior style of expression, perhaps from the few books he had read, certainly, not from his associates. Very wistfully and sadly he looked up at Madge.

"You were always so good to me, Madge. No one else ever liked me. I came to Dick's because I thought you would be here now. And, Madge, you're a beauty too, a regular one, even if you haven't tiny hands and hair yellower than the big golden weed;" then, over and over again, "Oh Madge, will they never, never come?" Madge bent over him caressing and quieting him, till the door opened and Dick came in, followed by a man quite young but with hard, stern lines about his mouth and eyes, the badge of a sorrow that would fain crush his life as it had his heart, of a strong man's will that had determined to bury all traces of the sorrow from human eyes—this was Ernest Meredith. Bill saw him, and starting up, unfastened the chain round his neck, stretched it towards Meredith crying: "here, these are for you," then fell wearily back on his pillow.

Madge saw Mr. Meredith stare vacantly at the chain and locket, saw him unfold a slip of paper and read some blurred writing that was only:—

"Ernest, I am all to blame. I am drowning in the cave, but remember it is my fault, my fault alone. I got a boat and came out here, I did not fasten it well, and now it is floating away out of my reach. I must be calm now or I could never write as I am writing. I tried so hard to climb the rocks so that I might be seen from shore; they are all slippery and slimy, and I cannot. Perhaps you will get my hat that I have floated off. I kissed your ring, Ernest, and put it into the lining for you. The water is coming round me. The spray is blinding me. Surely you will get this some way. I am far back in the cave, but the surf is crawling up. You have loved me so and I am so wicked—forgive me—forgive me—the blame is mine. No one is coming to me. The first wave has washed over me. I thought I was brave and calm—but it is so hard—so hard—I cannot spare you my last cry, Good bye for ever, Ernest, Ernest."

Madge heard again the stifled self-reproachful cry, "Oh, God! my darling, my darling; why did I not go down to you;" and again, just as he had made the first fierce accusation of foul play: "Boy, tell me all about this. To-morrow a man is to be tried for murdering the lady."

Bill's story was soon told:

He and Jack, making for home, were caught in the squall. They drifted about the greater part of the night, and merely by accident reached the cave as the tide was pretty well down. They ran the boat on the ledge, and went into the cave for shelter. Bill entered first, and, as he turned his lantern, the light flashed full on a woman's face, flooded her air, and rested on her breast and hands, where had fallen fragments of the rock to which she had clung, and which had broken off with her fall, or been brought down by the tide and storm. The boy sobbed and moaned as he told of the pale, beautiful face and golden hair, gleaming out from the back-ground of slimy black rock and weed. But his companion saw more than the wonderful loveliness; he saw the jewels which, to him, would prove a fortune; he persuaded Bill to let him rob the body, to place upon it a huge stone, so that the cave, which was seldom visited, might keep its secret—at least till they were out of the way. The boy's moral code was not severe. When

the first horror was over, he saw the advantage to be gained by acceding to Jack's proposition; or, at least, saw the opportunity of escape from Ben, from the life that he had hated. So he consented. But when, at the first glimmer of daylight, Jack Trent got the boat ready for a start, Bill fastened round his own neck the little chain the girl wore; he put in the locket a leaf of a pocket-book pinned inside her jacket, and then lifted off the great stone Jack had placed on her, because he did not like to think of her lying there with that upon her breast. He and Jack were picked up by a ship outward bound, and were readily kept, as the captain was short of hands. But Bill had never been strong, and his health grew worse day by day. He was haunted, too, by the vision of the young girl lying prone in the dark, still cave, for, perhaps, the tide had not floated her out, and, perhaps, Ernest Meredith had never known her fate. He was possessed with a longing to come home and tell what he knew; and one day, having hailed a ship bound for the neighbouring city, the captain, at his earnest entreaty, and without Jack Trent's knowledge, sent him on board of her. He had walked all the way from town to Dick's cottage; had seen Madge; had told his story, and now he was ready to die. Without any exaggeration, he was ready even to leave Madge, and die. For he had not the fear of death which enlightened Christians indulge in; what was it to him but the resting from toil, the ceasing of weariness?

As he finished his story, he started up in bed, crying to Madge:

"See, she is standing away out on the foam, with her hair streaming, and no cuts on her breast or hands. Let me go to her! Let me go to her!"

Meredith, who had listened very closely, held him till the delirium was over, then laid him back, saying:

"You must see Bill's wonderful resemblance to Miss Glendon. I have thought of it before. It may be chance; it may be something more; but, if his life can be saved, we must save it."

* * * * * * *

There had been no murder. The world ostensibly rejoiced, hiding skilfully the deep under-current of disappointment at finding itself so very much in the wrong; consoling itself, too, with the fragment of a lovers' quarrel that crept out and told how, in a fit of unreasonable passion, a wilful girl had gone to her death; and foregoing almost cheerfully the anticipated enjoyment of the

trial by the digestion of developments of a most unexpected nature connected with the same event.

Ben Mere received the news of his freedom with the same stoicism that he had awaited his trial. He had not been sorry when the boy Bill was supposed drowned; he was not glad that he had turned up again; sorrow and joy had been nothing to him for many a year. Bill had done him a good turn, and if it would be paying him back, he would tell all he knew about the boy. Twelve years before he had picked up a lost child in a street of a large city: that was Bill. He was the son of a rich man; he knew that by his dress. He kept the child, because long years before the wheels of a rich man's carriage had gone over his little boy. He knew what it was to lose a son, and its mother, too, who died of grief. It was a satisfaction to give a rich man pretty nearly the same trouble, so he kept the child. He had not been good to him, people said; perhaps not, it was not his way; people had never been good to him, why should he be good to people? If they wanted to know, the child's name was Glendon; he had the clothes still with the name on them. The boy might be some relation of the girl that had been drowned, or he might not; if he was, he hoped the boy would live to profit by it.

The boy Bill lived—lived to know that he was the son of one who had been among the first in the ranks of men; that he was now the sole heir to great wealth; that the girl, whose wonderful beauty and sad fate had so moved him, was his own sister, Nellie Glendon.

Years have passed; the excitement of a day has over and over again been repeated in many different ways; but still the fisher folk gossip on the sand, and still the things that are not of a day, the high tide and low tide, the storm and shine, the ripening grain and winter snows succeed each other.

Every year just when the barley is waving on the heights, there come two guests to the pleasantest home with the prettiest mistress and rosiest children in the cove.

The guests are standing now before the door, standing looking eastward over the restless water. One is a tall broad shouldered young fellow of about one and twenty, blue-eyed fair-haired, ruddy cheeked, laughing loud and long at the brown-legged children tumbling in the turf. The other is tall too and strong, but dark with a tinge of gray in his black hair, with the lines of

sorrow deeper about his eyes and mouth. He does not heed the children's play, he is not looking at surf or sky, but his eyes are fixed on a great black rock just visible above the waves.

Suddenly a boy more venturesome than the rest plunges far into the surf, seizes a bunch of golden weed, and running towards the strangers cries;

"See! here is a bunch of weed that Madge Hendricks calls golden hair and always tells us to put on Miss Nellie Glendon's grave." The younger man laid his hand gently on his friend's shoulder, but it was roughly shaken off; a flush spread over the darker face. "Can I never forget it? My darling!—Let me go Bill, let me go alone;" And Ernest Meredith walked away alone to Nellie Glendon's grave beside the sea.

There was a tender, wistful look in the clear blue eyes, a quivering of all the handsome, refined face of the young man who turned into the cottage, but, it was the boy Bill who sat down beside Madge Hendricks and let her pass her hand over his hair, it was the boy Bill's soft pleasant voice which said, "Madge, it so hard on poor Meredith—He can never forget. I am such a miserable wretch, always forgetting, always being happy, and, Oh, Madge! Madge! she was such a beauty, and to think of the fate that came to her."

GRETCHEN.

I.

Little Gretchen sitteth in the meadow,
Counting daisy-petals one by one;
O'er her face are mingled sun and shadow,
In her heart a longing just begun.
For the flower-charm worketh surely, truly,
Naught but truth field-daisies ever tell;
What can Gretchen do but answer, duly,
As the last leaf falls: "'He loves me'—well."

II.

Little Gretchen ling'reth troubled, lonely,
All her wisdom brings her but unrest;
"Since he loves me —Ah," she cries, "if only
I could know that love to be the best!"

Once again the daisy-leaves she counteth,
Sadly—slow the last white petals fall;
"'A little—much—with passion—until death—
And not at all.' O not at all!"

III.

Little Gretchen weepeth o'er her flowers,
Hope and faith amid their bloom lie low;
Ah! had she but left to future hours
Love to gauge,—content love's bliss to know.
But through Time the contradiction soft'neth,
On her heart the heavy truth must fall:—
E'en had the daisies whispered, "Until death"—
'Twas "Not at all." O Not at all! T

THE VALLEY AND RIVER PLATTE.

BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCHIBOUGUAC, N. B.

No. II.

The waters of the Platte as a beverage—The graves by the Platte—The Captain of the "Deadfall" and his interesting family—A discussion on ugliness—Where extremes meet—The inside of the "Deadfall."

WE have thus far said nothing about the character of the water of which we are obliged to partake. The imagination will have to be drawn on largely to form any conception of its vileness. Language, in this instance, fails us. We would fain be eloquent that we might be just. Water, in the general acceptation of the term, is nearly a simple fluid. As we are forced to accept it, it is a hideous compound. The filth from many mining towns; the poisonous acids in combination with deleterious minerals; the soil of many gulches, together with the droppings of countless thousands of animals, are all carried down under a sweltering sun for our delectation. Lukewarm at all times, riley when taken from the quietest eddy, neither sweet, sour nor bitter; it stands alone among waters, the vilest of the vile, a nerveless and unrefreshing abomination. We are at no loss to account for the many graves which we have passed each and every day. We are informed that

the greater part of them are filled with the victims of Asiatic cholera during the visitation of '49 and '50. John Smith, the Iowa farmer, who has forever bid adieu to the familiar prairie; George Hudson, of Vermont, who, with his face to California and his back to his stern and inhospitable hills, his dreams of plethoric bags of gold dust by day, and nuggets of huge and unmanageable size by night; and Walter Tait, of Dumfriesshire, Scotland; the credulous Watty, who with open ear and gaping mouth listened to the wondrous tale of the crafty Mormon "Elder," lie side by side. Poor Watty, we deeply sympathize with him. We can, without any great effort of imagination, depict his life. The good-natured Watty, whom as a boy everybody liked, who, with much love for comic verse and doggerel war songs, Gulliver's travels and the voyages of Sinbad the sailor, neglected to acquire the commonest education, has developed into the man of much imagination and little brains. He certainly believes that ten hundred make a thousand, but if you offer to stake a dollar that it is a million, he, at once, withdraws the assertion and admits that "it may be so." He is as unstable as the winds. An offer of an extra shilling per month from a man whom he never saw or heard of before will seduce him from the best place. He may be a common labourer or a mechanic, but, in any case, the result is the same. A vague rumour of better wages in the next county at once sets him travelling, and thus he continues to stumble along the highway of life in a blundering, aimless manner. Marvellous stories of far-off lands are swallowed with avidity. He thus falls an easy prey to ignorant but designing Mormon "apostles." Their graphic description of the New Jerusalem is swallowed without deduction or reservation. It cannot but be true, for does it not tally exactly with the one so minutely described in his favourite chapter of Revelation. The Elder eyes him, and his fate is sealed. He is promised more—both in this world and the next—than, in his most sanguine moments, he ever dreamed of, and he bids adieu to his friends, his home, and his native land, with no thoughts of the lonely grave he would fill on the banks of the Platte. Even the name on the rough board at the head of his grave will soon be a thing of the past, for it is decaying so fast that we are barely able to decipher it. The loving wife, the dutiful child, or the fast and well-tried friend must have cared and tended him in his last agony, for who but one of these would, at a time when selfishness

is developed to its fullest extent, go to the trouble of erecting a monument, however humble. The great number of graves without any such mark of respect proves our assertion. We can see by the condition of this great grave-yard, that yearly additions are being made to its occupants. Some are not a month old. We shudder as we contemplate the possibility of our ever filling such an unknown and lonely grave, well knowing, at the same time, that in reality it would matter but little to us where we were buried, or if we were buried at all. Say what we will, there is something repugnant to the nature of man in being buried where "no man knoweth his sepulchre till this day." We admit that many who died were carried off by epidemic diseases; many were enfeebled by ocean passages, where they were crowded together like cattle and fed on what would be rejected by a well-conditioned animal, and still others were heart-broken by having their day dreams dispelled in the rudest manner, and so were ready to fall a prey to the first attack of disease. A total absence of fresh provisions, or a surfeit of the same, according to the season in which they crossed, may also be put down for a share. Comparing and reducing, as Euclid says, we have the balance—no mean number, we think—chargeable to the waters of the Platte.

If the requirements of our body admitted of it we could easily substitute whiskey for water. Many philanthropic individuals, with unexampled self-abnegation, have banished themselves to these wilds in the interest of the adventurous public. Far beyond the confines of civilization, we find them planted like oasis, in the desert. The worthy individual who runs this kind of an institution combines with it that of general trader. Only staple articles, such as groceries, powder and lead, blankets and fire-arms, are kept on hand. His principal dependence for the acquirement of filthy lucre is on the sale of the deadly rifle, ammunition, and the not less deadly fire-water. The latter is his main dependence, and, like Aladdin's wonderful lamp, it never fails. The western teamster, who is proverbial for his reckless habits, will leave him his "bottom" dollar, and too often, unless under constant supervision, some of the freight with which he is entrusted. The greater part of the loose change in possession of the travelling public also finds its way into his capacious till, and the "noble red man," when under its influence, will barter away everything of which he claims the ownership. The trader, to secure his scalp against the time

when the Indian comes to his senses and realizes that his worldly goods are gone, secures his position by marriage with squaws connected with influential members of the tribe, and becomes an Indian in everything except colour, and any good or noble qualities which may by chance pertain to the latter. It does not require much knowledge of figures to see that where a dollar's worth of whiskey will secure ten to fifty dollars' worth of furs, an individual must speedily become rich. What ultimately becomes of him, or how he employs his ill-gotten wealth, we are not prepared to say. The question is asked, "How far to the Dead-fall?" What a volume of meaning in this single word! We suppose that everybody knows that a "dead-fall" is a trap set for some wild animal, and we don't care how prejudiced a man may be, he will admit that a tavern, not positively required for the accommodation of the travelling public, is the worst kind of a trap for his fellow-man, even when conducted by the "gentlemanly landlord," as if he believed there was a place of future punishment, which is seldom the case. True, the bear need not go into the dead-fall. Neither need the man, but he *will*, and, what is more, the keeper knows it and calculates the means by which he will empty the pockets of the tipsy man with as much coolness and far less risk than the Mexican bandit. Of the two, we consider the latter character, as long as he abstains from the taking of life, by far the most respectable. If he is covetous of other people's goods, he is not often lazy; and if he becomes possessed of goods or cash, for which he does not render an equivalent, he, at least, puts his life in jeopardy, and takes the consequences in a manly way. These "dead-falls" are even a greater curse here than they would be in a civilized country. Men may quarrel, but they rarely come to blows with one another, if liberal quantities of intoxicating liquors have not been consumed. The worst, in that case, would be a cut and swelled face, with probably the addition of a black eye or two. Such a *finale* as this, which would be an event to be talked of for weeks in a refined community, is hardly the subject of a passing remark. Every man goes armed to the teeth, and if there arise any dispute between parties whose brains are heated with liquor, recourse is, at once, had to the deadly revolver or the horrid instrument familiarly known as, and sportively called, an Arkansas tooth-pick. This is a knife of from six to nine inches in length, dagger-shaped, and sometimes double-edged, from an inch to one

and a half in width. Taken altogether, it is a murderous-looking weapon. The bare thoughts of using it on a human being—— ugh! it fairly makes our flesh creep. The immediate vicinity of these dead-falls is generally the camping place for that particular section of country. When "drouthy traveller drouthy meet," they will step up to the shanty and have something to drink. It is evident that the proprietor, in whom we can discern not even the slightest traces of military bearing, has, in some undefinable way, been connected with the army, else how does it happen that he is constantly saluted as Captain, Colonel or General? He has probably belonged to the leather brigade, and in commemoration thereof wears a suit of buckskin of fanciful cut and portentous dimensions. With the exception of his capacious hat, his entire clothing has been robbed from an animal much his superior, unless, indeed, his looks greatly belie him. We don't attempt to say that the man had not been good-looking, or even handsome, in his day. Had his associates been men of culture or refinement, and his pursuits such as would gain the esteem of the community; such as would have been, if of no benefit, at least no injury to society, he would have been a man of mark. We may remark that, thank goodness, culture and refinement are not altogether monopolized by the class familiarly known as gentlemen. Education is pretty generally diffused, and the possession or absence of wealth cannot constitute a name which is properly the result of many years of uniform good conduct, together with a proper knowledge of the social amenities of life. We cannot be persuaded, however, that good sound sense, with the addition of a very moderate knowledge of the conventionalities of life, will carry a man through any public or private ordeal, no matter how new or novel it may be to him. Let us return to the captain. In this instance he is tall and finely made, head well poised and features regular. But the *look* of the man! Observing him closely, we have no difficulty in accounting for the diversity of features in the human family, however we may in colour. The "human face divine," which we can see had been a fine open one, has contracted a look of settled distrust; the eye is suspicious and uneasy, and the mouth an undefinable combination of sensuality and cruelty. The savage nature has taken the place of the doctrine, "Peace and good will to all men," and the outward man has changed accordingly. Still, we do not know but that a

vigorous and well sustained effort with a pair of shears to cut him loose from his hair—an application of the razor, and water applied in some new and unheard-of way—might make a new man of him. His two squaw wives seem also to have a wholesome dread of water. We believe we are quite safe in saying, that unless caught in a rain storm, or in case of an accidental fall in the river, they have been wholly innocent of polluting any portion of God's pure water by bringing it in contact with any part of the body or countenance. We positively assert, that the filth could be scraped from them. The good man—we will suppose for the sake of domestic peace—has followed the pattern set by his wives, in this instance, with a fidelity worthy of a better cause. We saw some of their cooking operations, and if, at any time, it crosses our mind, especially near meal time, we try and banish the recollections which we may have concerning the matter as speedily as possible.

As the result of this double union there were many children. As we interpret the "human face divine" we cannot venture the assertion that humanity will be greatly the gainer. If "nature unadorned is still adorned the most," we can study it here without the intervention of any ungainly habiliments. We confess that till now we never properly understood the real use of garments. As a screen for native ugliness they are useful; besides, their flowing and symmetrical lines attract and please the eye, thus leaving the mind in a state to judge leniently of any imperfections of body or feature. We also borrow from the clothing which we wear, form, colour, and—we will risk the assertion—features. The harsh countenance has the hard lines softened by tasteful and well-chosen surroundings; takes unto itself a part, so to speak, of the rounded form or graceful outline of the well-turned beaver; or borrows a certain amount of attractiveness from the snugly fitting vest, showy shirt bosom, or well adjusted tie. Colour is borrowed from, or heightened by dress, as any lady of good taste knows; the most difficult point in selecting being to harmonize the different parts one with another, and, lastly, with her complexion. Well now, conjure up the ugliest countenance which your imagination can depict, a body squat in form, ungainly and awkward in movement; add dirt, wherever it will, by any possibility, stick; and be sure and allow a little extra for the head, which we will consider to be matted like a

fleece shorn in August; on each of these allow ten per cent. for any probable deficiencies, and you will have some faint idea, after multiplying by twelve the number of children, of the vast territory in the unclaimed state of hideousness owned jointly by this family. It will naturally be supposed we are exaggerating. We deny the charge. We can see something attractive or beautiful in the form or movements of the ugliest of animals. If the body is ungraceful, an eye expressive of docility and gentleness will surround him with a halo of comparative beauty, as witness the Camel. We can even see something to admire in the rounded form or easy movement of the serpent, but we turn away from these mongrels with perfect loathing. We don't believe there is anything under the heavens which will harmonize with or detract from such pure and unmixed grossness. The brute is written in every line; the irreclaimable savage in every feature. The low and retreating forehead shows the lowest minimum of intellect which we can assign to a human being; while the heavy and brutal jaws give token of innate ferocity, which properly belongs to the tiger. Under the most favourable circumstances; the enlightning influences of Christianity, and refining example of a civilized community, he could not be shaped into, or, we should say, merged into a good citizen; under present circumstances there is every probability that he will ultimately be hunted down like any wild beast whose presence is a check to advancing civilization. His fate is a hard one, and much as we deplore his condition, inherent and acquired, we are not prepared to advance any theory having for its object his particular benefit. He is the victim of circumstances over which he has no control. With a savage and intractable nature, he is surrounded by everything which would foster it; agriculture, the most humanizing of all pursuits, is abandoned for a calling which necessitates the daily shedding of blood. A taste for blood is easily acquired, and increases from that on which it feeds. From the constant slaying of animals, he passes on by easy stages to that of man, and the trifle of intellect which he possesses over the dumb brute is turned to fiendish account. His hellish ingenuity in devising strange and horrid modes of torture is only exceeded by the enlightened, highly educated, and peace-loving disciples of the Order of Jesus who compose the Inquisition, and here is where extremes meet. The educated and polished gentlemen and the untutored savage

engaged in a common pursuit—that pursuit having for its object the ascertaining of how much pain the human frame will endure previous to dissolution, and extending it over the longest possible time—is well calculated to make us blush for humanity. Our sympathy is about evenly divided between them and the "author of all evil," and with this we will leave them. We wish we could say something in favour of the Red man, but our experience, which has been considerable, does not admit of it. We have yet to return to the interior of the Deadfall. If we have at times digressed, we ask the reader's pardon; we could not help it. Where our feelings are concerned in the interests of humanity we cannot help being verbose.

We have now determined, notwithstanding the ominous name, to enter the "dead-fall." That bane to the general well-being of the inhabitants of this world, both here and hereafter, is strong upon us; we mean curiosity. We would fain charge mother Eve and her representatives with being the repositories of this strong and often fatal passion. We cannot, however, conscientiously do so. We know positively that our body and our mind will be much more safe if we remain without. We don't expect to hear anything edifying or instructive; we don't expect to see anything pertaining to the beautiful, however it may partake of the novel, nor do we want anything to drink. We *do* expect, however, to see many new phases of character among the numerous roughs, trappers and frontier-men who frequent the place; to hear strange stories of mining and trapping, and marvellous escapes from murderous red-skins, with, may be, a trifle of geography, providing we have the good luck to sift the small modicum of truth from the mass of falsehood. We also expect to enlarge our vocabulary that we may become intelligible to the stratum of humanity among which we are thrown. We soon acquire the idioms and slang in common use; in fact, we cannot help it. We are not ten minutes —during waking hours—without having them dinned in our ears, but are greatly mystified by the many different and antagonistic definitions of the same word or sentence. A wide range of meaning is sometimes desirable, but when the same expression is used for the affirmative and negative, the positive and superlative, it makes things which are described, at times, ridiculous; at others, mysterious; and many times, to the uninitiated, they fail to mean anything. Many expressions in use are derived from the different

games of cards, and a knowledge of these games is absolutely necessary to anything like a proper understanding of them. The game of "draw poker" (bluff) has been the most prolific in this respect. We may say that social standing is dependent on their liberal and proper use. They are the evidences of a veteran frontier's-man, who, we need hardly say, looks with supreme contempt on that synonym for verdancy—the "eastern man." They signify an acquaintance with the dangers and trials of frontier life; are the evidence of sundry hardly contested battles with the Indian; of an extensive acquaintance with the grizzly and the buffalo, and all the nameless mysteries connected with the every-day life of this wild and uncivilized region. It may well be believed that those who are conversant with these pursuits are an exclusive and envied class. Have they not, by much toil and hardship, and no small danger, acquired a possession which is equivalent to a competence? Is the pioneer to have no consideration for this? Why, the thoughts of such a man being considered as one of the rank and file is absurd. We might as well expect the Judge to associate with the dock-yard labourer as our veteran plain's-man, who is a combination of hunter, Indian fighter, teamster and miner, with the emigrant from the east. When he recognizes him in a patronizing way, or in his condescending moods—taking care that the listener preserves the deferential bearing which befits him—tells him strange stories of his hunting experiences, in which he uniformly slays more grizzlies and panthers than ever Sampson did Philistines; he has done all that could be expected. He knows these statements will pass uncontradicted; the listener being so impressed by his condescension, and awed by his prowess, that it would be tantamount to impiety to call any of them in question. He may even condescend so far as to offer the greenhorn advice, which, however well meant, is generally useless, being something akin to the sage carpenter, who sent his fresh apprentice to make a panel-door instead of dressing a floor-board. We can now see that the learning of the slang of these regions is almost as important to the emigrant as the learning of French is to a man who intends to reside in France; we think we might have said even more so. It is the language of the country; the means of communication in regard to the daily and hourly wants of the body; the *entrée* to good society, and to these avocations which, as applied to these parts, are the road to honour and to

wealth. We think when these explanations are considered, we may be excused if inadvertantly we use an expression not to be found in Webster's Dictionary. We will change the scene to the inside of the "dead-fall," which is the average one of the Platte valley. The floor is of the roughest material, though oftener there is none. A few shelves of unplaned boards, rough in construction, and filled with the staples of these parts, coarse clothing, common blankets and furs of all descriptions, occupy one end or side of the building. At right angles to the rough counter, which fronts the shelves, a kind of a high bar is set up, and behind it are ranged sundry black bottles, without gilt letters or any attempt at display. A tumbler or two, looking lonely and far from clean, are stuck amongst the bottles. A number of small rough tables are ranged along one side, and these are flanked by narrow deal seats, which must be anything but a rest or solace to the weary. The recalling to our mind of their sharp corners, scant width and lack of any back support, is far from agreeable. The artist to whom the world is indebted for their construction will certainly be held as not guilty of any alleviation of spinal complaints, nor in fairness can he be said to aggravate the matter, having preserved a neutrality stern and uncompromising. The parties who are generally in the habit of occupying these benches will probably not bestow the same thought or consideration on them which we have. As long as they give a steady support at the desired elevation, they are considered as having accomplished the end for which all seats are constructed. On each of these tables is a pack of cards, greasy and filthy to a degree that is almost beyond description. In one of the corners we see what we conceive to be a pile of roots, and which we at once suppose are gathered for their medicinal properties. Visions of ample fortunes, made through the instrumentality of "Indian Root Pills," float before us. We seem to see our name on endless packing-cases, pill-boxes and hermetically-sealed bottles. We are actually famous. Our name is heralded forth by newspapers and flaming posters in every land, as one of the incomparable and unselfish benefactors of humanity. For the sake of the human family, and without the remotest hope of any pecuniary benefit to ourselves, we have encountered hardships manifold and indescribable. We, having seen that the Indian is exempted from the greater part of the ills which are so common to our white brothers,

are determined to find out the cause of such exemption. With a singleness of purpose, only exceeded by the first propagators of Christianity, we have pursued this, the grand aim of our life. We have donned the Indian garb, painted as the Indian, hunted with him, and starved with him. From the variable and uncertain temper of the red brother, we have been in danger of having our hair lifted a dozen of times. Our persistent refusal to join him in his predatory or murderous expeditions (which our deep religious convictions forbid) caused us to be looked on with great suspicion, and made our hold on this world an extremely precarious one. Extreme hardship of body, and uneasiness of mind, soon produced its natural result. We took sick. We were reduced to a skeleton; our bones were greatly decayed by lying on the wet ground. The Indians held aloof from us, not wishing to run the slightest risk of divulging the secret which had been jealously guarded for ages. We, however, find it out. The ladies (God bless them), whose humanity is greater than their secretiveness, minister to our wants. By keeping our eyes open when they are supposed to be shut, we find out the whole matter. We had actually pulled the priceless treasure from mother earth many a time, and cast it away as worthless. We get well rapidly. The fever which consumed us, and which we cannot compare to anything except a furnace, was allayed as if by magic. Our bones became as iron; we gathered flesh at the rate of nine pounds and a quarter per day; our intellect became so clear and penetrating as almost to alarm us. We imagined we had become possessor of the wonderful divining powers of the Indian Sachem, as well as of his incomparable medicine. In five days and seven hours (as near as we could tell, not having a watch) we were a new man, and our blood bounded through our veins with a force and vitality which was, to us, new and strange. Our step is now more elastic than when we were sixteen; in fact, though we are bordering on the number of years which the all-wise Ruler has allotted to man (three-score and ten), we have restored to us all the vigor of youth. Burning with a desire to benefit our fellow-man to the fullest extent, we put these, our pills, before the public, at a loss to ourselves of one-half the selling price; but this we do not mind, having a large private fortune accumulated by many years of steady industry. We have determined to call these pills "Forbes' life-giving anti-purgative non-elastic chutle-tooneytum pills."

This latter is singularly appropriate, signifying, in the Indian language, "live forever." A man cannot go wrong in taking these pills. Good health is improved, and many complaints, never before treated by a general medicine, are completely eradicated by their persistent use; we may instance toothache, corns and in-growing nails. This, our imaginary prospectus, is set before the public, relying on its originality, for we detest plagiarism. Now, to return to the article which has sent our imagination on the wing. Pointing to the pile in question, we enquire of the possessor of a fanciful suit of buckskin, if it is intended for medicine. A nod or jerk of the head, and a "guess so," which seemed to have jumped out, or been shot out by some new and apparently self-acting contrivance the moment he opened his mouth, was the only response. We must enquire if the landlord procures the article, and are this time answered with a nod. The man seems to consider speech as having considerable value by the chary way in which he uses it. We don't want to be considered the means of lessening a man's possessions in the way of language to any great extent, especially when it has to be accomplished by monosyllables, so we pass on to the landlord "for further information." "Good for the stomach," we enquire, pointing to the article in question? The landlord "reckoned" it was. What was its action on the blood? The landlord could not just say but again "reckoned" it was favourable. "How as a tonic and in regard to great exhaustion and weakness?" is our next enquiry. He did not know much about "tonic," but in regard to the latter could say that he had known numberless instances where parties who had dropped down from exhaustion and starvation were, by small doses frequently administered, in four or five hours able to continue their journey. This is marvellous, but still nothing more than we expected. We continue the enquiry by asking what its action is in case of febrile symptoms, or where the patient is afflicted with cutaneous eruptions? The landlord stares. We have evidently not made ourselves intelligible. We explain as well as we can, but are somewhat puzzled to account for the light in which he seems to regard us. We ask how it is administered, and are told that it is first soaked over night or for two or three hours in tepid water, and then boiled. How long? Two or three hours. Decoction to be bottled and sealed, of course? Who? Why the *tea* of the root of course. What root? What

root, we exclaim, in astonishment at the lack of comprehension in the man, that root *there!* "See here young man, if you came here to poke fun at me you may find yourself mistaken in your man. Yer don't exactly look like a fool though yer act mighty like one. That's jerked beef and buffalo meat, and mighty good, too! Yer might be glad to chase a crow a mile for some of it yet!" We had evidently nettled the good man by our desire for information. We now end where we should have begun; by giving the tangled looking heap a critical examination, that if in error we may make an ample apology. We *have* made a mistake, but are not surprised at it. Nothing but the closest scrutiny enables us to ascertain what it really is. Frayed, ragged and stringy from being continually handled and knocked about, roundish in outline and of many sizes; from a dull red to light grey in colour; no wonder we supposed it to be a pile of roots. An apology followed, as a matter of course, with volumnious explanations; the latter thoroughly exposing our inexperience in regard to western customs and manner of living, lowering us seriously in this veteran's estimation. We have put on borrowed feathers, been detected, and must bear the scorn and contempt consequent on such detection. Just to think that we have taken the staple article of food in these regions for a pile of roots! If such ignorance were not melancholy, it would be ridiculous.

Let us new look around, that we may note what is going on, being careful that we make no more mistakes. The time is about seven, p. m. The tables are well filled by parties engaged in play. Some are simply having a game for fun, the drinks only being at stake, while others have a large sum of money on the issue of the game. All are drinking less or more. "Draw poker" seems to be the favourite money game, its strong point being that he who wins does so speedily, while as a matter of course some one must lose in like ratio. From this table we hear expressions which are new and strange to us. One huge fellow, in quite a business-way, orders his neighbour to "ante and pass the buck." His neighbour goes a dollar "blind," which is at once "straddled" by the one who sits next to him. One bets a dollar; another "raises" him five dollars, while another "sets" it and "goes two better." This is "called" by the first, when there is a show of hands for the money. The secret lies in holding hands of like denomination, four aces being the highest. Considerable cheek and great cool-

ness is required to play this game, for unless the hand is called you are not obliged to show on what you win. You may have a good hand and you may not, in which case, if you were called, you were "done for," but while you can "bluff," a poor hand is as good as the best. Of course when you win and do not show your hand, your opponents do not know but you may have the best hand in the pack. From a table at hand we hear a fellow announcing through a bale of hair, that he has made "high, low, jack, and the game," for which he at once proceeds to count four. We could not understand this announcement. It appeared to us that if we had "the game" we would not want the "high, low, jack," but we know better now. The next hand appears to be more evenly divided, for one of the players laconically announces "low, jack," while the other side claims "high, game." The game of "old-sledge," "seven-up," or "all-fours" is also in high favour; where small stakes are played for, such as "the drinks," plugs of tobacco, or any coin below "a quarter," it generally has the honour of determining as to who shall become the possessor of the goods. If there are any exceptions they are shared pretty equally by "euchre" and "cribbage." In this latter, which we consider *the* game with cards, we have encountered many a rough fellow who was a mere amateur. We find that the greater part of these men are really good players at their several games "handling the papers" with a grace and dexterity which is only acquired by long practice. If practice makes perfection then they ought certainly to excel in this particular branch of science. It stands in place of every other kind of amusement and recreation. If there are any books or papers among the party they are soon exhausted. When a book has been committed to memory, every blurred and reversed letter carefully noted, and the number of commas and semicolons ascertained, it has as a general thing, lost many of its attractions. Nothing but an extreme case of *ennui* will drive a man again to its pages. Stories of Indian fights soon lose their attractiveness. There is a sameness about them which is positively aggravating. You can tell too, within two or three, how many scalps will be lifted, how the Red men "fought like devils," and how "we didn't leave a cussed redskin alive." We turn with relief to something in which scalps will not *always* be trumps, and the apparently everlasting "decks" are again distributed evenly, if not impartially. It is in a region like this, that we find out how

much we owe to women. Her refining and softening influences are far from being over-rated,—without her presence, man would soon become little better than the brute. He first becomes careless and untidy in his dress, and we consider this a bad omen; the almost infallible sign of a departure from those wholesome regulations and rules which society has set up as a barrier to vice; his speech soon becomes tainted, imperceptibly at first, increasing by degrees, till finally a combination of profanity and obscenity is reached, which is not to be thought of without a shudder. We know whereof we speak, and wish we could in honesty give our brother a better character. The appearance of the man soon becomes as gross as his conversation, and it will be well for him if the vast body of criminals do not receive through him an accession to their ranks. We do not hesitate to say, that the man who neglects to keep his person clean, his clothing neat, however coarse the material may be, soon loses his self-respect; when he loses his self-respect his course is fraught with danger, and here is where the stimulus given by the presence of the ladies is most required. When urged to put on something decent before going on a journey, the reply is "what's the use, I'm only going amongst a pack of men." If any fault is found with his conversation, he says it is no odds, for no woman hears him and thus he becomes more and more filthy in his conversation. To sum up, we may say that, in our opinion, the influence of woman for good cannot be over-estimated. Our experience of society from which she was absent has been extensive and prolonged. We know as far as domestic affairs are concerned she ministers to our comfort, how she soothes us in sickness and cheers us in sorrow, but we never give a thought in regard to the beneficial influence which she exercises, nor the depth of degredation from which she saves us. Like many another man, we have been led away by the woman—from our subject. We have yet to return to the players. The "rub" (best out of three games) is invariably played for the drinks, and on its conclusion all hands go to the bar for their liquor. Those who play for money cannot afford to lose so much time. It is brought to them with great regularity, and always paid for before the glasses leave the table. With true western hospitality we are cordially invited to have a drink, and not wishing to offend our would be entertainers we decline on the score of ill health. We could not have chosen a

worse excuse. Nothing under the heavens like whiskey for any common bodily ailment. We have now to contend against the strongest passion of humanity in addition to that of hospitality—we mean the desire of acting in the capacity of Doctor to our fellow-man. We never yet saw the man or woman who was not prepared to furnish and administer an infallible remedy, for every ailment incident to humanity. In this respect the science of medicine seems to follow an inverse ratio, for the greater the ignorance of the person, the more extensive seems to be the knowledge on this point. We are completely assured. Our ailment is enquired after with a solicitude which we little thought we could have cooked. Whiskey "straight", catnip in whiskey, cherry bark in whiskey, all are recommended in the same breath, and with a pertinacity which we find it hard to resist. Our relief comes from a quarter which we little expected. Our latin, which we never expected to turn to account, does us good service in this case. We ejaculate about six syllables at random, as the name of our ailment. The party look grave. They had not imagined it to be anything so bad as that, and they finally let us take our seat the subject of intense commiseration. We are now let severely alone, the party evidently having their doubts as to whether the disease is epidemic in its character or not, and we have therefore leisure to observe what is going on. The "Captain" is in good humor. His receipts are large, and this seems to have a wonderful softening influence on him. His fund of humor seems to be inexhaustible, and his stock of stories, like Aladdin's wonderful lamp, does not seem to become impoverished by drawing on it. Like Gulliver he is invariably the hero of his own stories, though in some few instances, he shares the honor slightly with some chum whom it is needless to say he saves from destruction. The bare-faced mendacity of the man is beyond belief. We could almost feel admiration for him in this line, if he did not disgust us by his continual obtruding of self. The nine lives of the cat would not carry him far through such scenes as our hero passes scatheless, and his prowess is such as would make the chronicler of the deeds of Sampson hang his head in shame. We like a liar, but this gentleman goes so far beyond any definition that we have ever heard for the term, that he must be something else. He is cruel, too. Whether he is telling lies or not does not affect the correctness of our theory. No man will recount such

deeds as he does, and impute them to himself if he is not. It matters not if these deeds are inflicted in retaliation for others of greater atrocity. There is nothing that will justify a man in putting away every feeling of humanity, and making a fiend of himself. Our worst enemy cannot justly accuse us of any undue leaning or sympathy for the red man. He has been the cause, to us, of much hardship and many weary watches, when, from fatigue, we would willingly have given one-half of all we ever hoped to possess for one quiet night's rest. We have seen his work, in the shape of human remains, mangled beyond recognition, and bearing unmistakable evidences of prolonged torture. We have, at such a time, felt as if we wanted nothing more to do for the balance of our life than to fight Indians; and yet the thoughts of baking them before a slow fire, or skinning them alive, as related by the Captain with evident gusto, never entered our head. A man who pretends to be civilized has no right to degrade himself to the level of a savage. Two wrongs never make a right. We, however, believe that the compound of treachery, laziness and mendacity, known as the Indian, ought to be civilized; or, if after a fair trial, that failed, he ought to be swept from the face of the earth like any wild or ferocious animal, whose presence is a check to the advance of civilization and progress. We get tired of the Captain's stories; the constant repetition of "high, low, jack" has lost its novelty, and become monotonous; we have no acquaintance with any of the gamblers, and therefore don't feel interested as to who becomes the eventual possessor of all the money. The Indians, who come in and go out at intervals, do not possess any new features of ugliness, nor develop anything new in the shape of gutterals. The breech-cloth, which is the common attire of the red brother, and which, with a blanket or buffalo robe, forms his entire wardrobe, does not offer an enlarged basis from which to calculate the next change of fashion; its limited extent forbids any fanciful departures in construction from the great original, and the material, which is buckskin, has never, so far as we have heard, been in great favour with dyers as a retainer of, or a medium on which to imprint their fancy-colours. From this slight description, it will be believed that the breech-cloth is not an ornament to the Indian, and we are sure that the Indian is not an ornament to the breech-cloth. The younger fry evidently think it neither ornamental nor useful. Some twelve or fifteen

years' consideration appears to be required to come to a conclusion in its favour. During this time, the juvenile red brother has ample leisure to study over the story of the garden of Eden, and make up his mind as to whether he will encumber himself with the figurative fig-leaf. We think he would have done well to copy after his sister, and don this scant habiliment at least five years earlier. A study of these naked specimens of humanity gives some variety to the whiskey-drinking and card-playing, and we think we may be pardoned if we have digressed. The trips to the bar become more frequent; the humour of the Captain becomes even more conspicuous; the noise increases, and the whole room is loaded with the odour of stale whiskey and tobacco. As every man is armed with revolver or knife, or more probably both, we at once see that if a row ensues, it will surely end in a tragedy, so make up our mind to leave, and this ends our description of "the dead-fall."

(To be continued.)

THE LADY OF WINDECK.

[The castle of Windeck stands high above the town of Bühl, about eight miles from Baden-Baden. It is said to be haunted by the spirit of a beautiful girl, who appears here from time to time. A young sportsman once saw her, and she offered him a glass of delicious wine. He was so charmed by her that he returned day after day in hopes again to meet her, but each day he was disappointed. At length he took up his abode in the lonely place, and was called the "Lord of the Castle." One morning he was found dead, but on his face was a smile so radiant that all who saw believed he must have died while gazing on the face of his much loved spirit maiden. On his finger was a ring never seen there before. This confirmed the opinion that he had seen her, and some believed that her kiss had been fatal to him. He was solemnly buried in the vault of the castle by the side of his unearthly bride.]

WAITING, waiting, waiting,
Through all the desolate years,
With heart resolved to ashes,
And eyes consumed in tears:
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
Thine ivied window nigh:
Oh, beautiful Lady of Windeck,
One glance before I die!

What was it that called me hither?
What is it that keeps me here,
While my comrades gather around the board,
Or chase the antlered deer?
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
While my soul is strangely stirred
By the plaint of the distant waterfall,
Or song of the errant bird.

The Lady of Windeck listened—
The Lady of Windeck wept—
And then thro' the garden pathway,
With the air of a queen she stept,
To the spot where the knight was lying,
Pulseless and still and cold:—
What more? *They found on his finger,*
The Lady's ring of gold!

Waiting, waiting, waiting!—
Ah, the universal hymn—
While the heart resolves to ashes,
And the eyes grow dark and dim!
Waiting, waiting, waiting!
It was no freak of Fate
That kept the knight at Windeck
Without the Castle gate.

H. L. S.

NOTES OF A RUN THROUGH ITALY IN 1857.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

"Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

THE Museum at Naples, a building of enormous size, and an object of the greatest interest, was originally designed and used as a training school for Cavalry. "*Cedant arma togæ.*" It contains a picture gallery, a gallery of bronzes, and a labyrinth of rooms devoted to the exhibition of diversified classifications of the arts and sciences; but its richest treasures are the relics of the

ancient and neighboring cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, buried for so many centuries under the lava and ashes of Vesuvius. Here, after the lapse of ages, have been brought to light objects which illustrate the life of ancient Rome, and elucidate many enigmas of its history. Statuary, bronzes, candelabra, helmets, swords, agricultural implements, mirrors, kitchen utensils, jewelry, books, even the tickets of admission to the public games, wrought, used, and written in an age when Roman greatness was in the zenith of its power, all lie here unfolded to the eye of research or curiosity. The jars in the wine cellars, even the very bread baked in the ovens of Pompeii with the baker's name on it, are to be seen here. The paintings which adorned the walls of the houses of Herculaneum and Pompeii are collected in the Museum to the number of thousands as fresh and as perfect as if but yesterday they had been transferred from the artist's easel. Bright, joyous representations are they too, which show the Romans loved rather to look upon the sunny side of life than upon objects which could cloud their minds with sorrow, or throw the shadow of regret upon the past, or foreboding on the future. Life-likenesses in marble of the Roman Emperors, Poets, and Statesmen, taken at periods cotemporary with the existence of the originals, show us the form and features of those grand massive intellects, which have impressed themselves so deeply upon the history of the world; artistic creations of genius enchant us with admiration of their design and beauty; while the commonest articles of household use, give us some conception of the wonderful, if not effeminate luxury in which those proud conquerors, who spurned all hardship and disaster abroad, indulged at home. It would be vain to enumerate the particulars of these collections. We are brought face to face with Democritus laughing at the pursuit of riches; with Caracalla, striving to drown in excess of lust and rapine, the crime of his brother's murder; with Seneca, grim with historic lore and poetic wisdom; with Psyche, with Mercury, with Fauns, with hosts of celebrities about each of whom a book might be written. The rolls of *papyri* found at Herculaneum and Pompeii are contained in a separate room. An object of great curiosity in the *Hall of the Muses* is the celebrated Mosaic of the battle of Issus between Darius and Alexander. It was taken from some of the dwellings in Pompeii, and is preserved in a state almost perfect. The Picture Gallery contains the *Madonna col*

divino amore by Raphael, the Marriage of St. Catharine by Correggio, some Titians, and other celebrated paintings. A celebrated onyx, found on the breast of a Roman Emperor, is also a subject of special interest in the Museum. Nor should we omit mention of that world-renowned group of ancient sculpture, the *Toro Farnese* found in the baths of Caracalla at Rome, representing Dirce bound by the hair of her head to the horns of a bull, yet held by the sons of Lycus; nor the grand library with its three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand volumes.

The King's summer palace of *Capo di monto*, near Naples, was the object of our next visit. The beautiful grounds, and still more beautiful views which they unfold, were to us a greater treat than the treasures of art, principally paintings of the modern Italian school, which this regal residence contains. The Ball Room will strike every one from its size and beauty. During the absence of the Royal family, nearly every room in the Palace is shown. Splendid suites of apartments, stretching into distances almost tiring you to walk, gorgeously furnished with every luxury that art can create, or money command, should, if such things have power to give happiness, make their occupant a very contented man. But there is no rose without its thorn. The Kingly owner of these noble mansions—for he has many of them, leads a life of constant mistrust and suspicion, even of being poisoned by members of his own household. Every moment of his life is embittered by the most dreadful apprehension of assassination and cruel death, to ward off which, most extraordinary and unceasing precautions are taken. Many a sleepless night must his restless royal limbs toss through, and many a time the thoughts, if not the language, of Shakespeare recur to him:

> "Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
> Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
> And hushed with buzzing night flies to thy slumber;
> Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
> Under the canopies of costly state,
> And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
> ———Then, happy low, lie down!
> Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

To the San Carlo in the evening. The opera was a new one *Carlo Comzala*, and dreadfully hissed. Among the singers we recognized the familiar names of Coletti, Benedetti and Tedesco.

The house was one-eighth filled, and coming from London, the prices ridiculously low—four Carlini, or about one shilling and eight pence sterling for a seat in the *Parterre*. On state occasions the price is double, and the theatre more brilliantly illuminated. This far famed theatre of San Carlo is one of the largest and most beautiful in the world—the *la Scala* at Milan being its rival in Italy. It has six tiers of boxes of great height and size, all glittering with rich decorations. Opera life is one of the most agreeable features of Italian existence—its comparative cheapness renders it accessible to all, and besides the delight and luxury in listening to the most delicious music, it is the custom between the acts for acquaintances to receive and pay visits, which from the size and convenient arrangement of the boxes, is a very easy as well as agreeable thing. A visit so paid answers the same purpose as stumbling about crowded and unknown streets, and up ricketty staircases to "file an appearance," or drop your pasteboard.

Families spending the winter in Naples, or Florence, consider it as necessary to have a box at the opera, as to have lodgings. There are ten or more Theatres in Naples, several of them devoted to the exhibition of Polincello. Indeed the original of this world-renowned character first drew breath, and admirers in Naples. Now there is hardly a nursery in Europe which would not be thrown into ecstacies by the promise of a visit from Punch, and his ever faithful Judy.

We started to-day—29th March—for the Monastery of San Martino, lying directly under, and contiguous to, the Castle of San Elma. There are only about twenty-five monks—all of noble families—in this Monastery; and the Church attached to it is said to be the most beautiful in Italy. The whole of the interior, with its numerous chapels, combines the most gorgeous carvings and mosaics of every description of marble, in the Italian peninsula. The railing, fencing off the altar, is in the most elaborate style of carving; and the floor all laid in mosaic of variegated coloured marbles. The fresco of the *Sacristi* is by Ulito Oreno; that of the Communion by Spagnoletto. In the *Tesorai* is the celebrated painting of our Saviour being taken from the cross, by Spagnoletto, for which Lord Bristol offered £10,000. It is said he comes every year to Naples to see it. The frescoes in this Chapel (the *Tesoria*) were said to have been painted in two days by Luca Giordano. Unfortunately, this magnificent Church (as indeed the Monastery

itself) is a closed book to woman—none being allowed to enter within its portals.

From San Martino, we walked on a little way to a donkey station, and mounted some of those energetic quadrupeds for ascent to the Monastery of *Carmandoli*—a ride of about an hour up very steep acclivities. But what a prospect! The whole richness of the scenery of Naples and its surroundings is laid tributary to your vision. Along the shore north-westerly, you can see Terracina—sixty miles distant—Caserta, Capua, and all the towns dotting the plains below seem like bubbles of white froth in the green undulating ocean of hill and plain beneath; while Castellamare, Sorrento, Procida, and the southern coast, with the whole City and Bay of Naples, lie like the picture of a sleeping paradise for lazy Lazzaroni in the bright, clear sunshine around.

Ischia and Nicida offer a sad contrast in their romantic outline, as seen from here, to what the imagination harrows up as being presented by the hosts of unhappy wretches imprisoned for political aspirations in the gloomy cells of the prisons situated on those islands. Beneath you, too, amid forests of vineyards, lies Lake Agnano, and near it, walled off, are seen the great hunting grounds of the King, vast forests of chesnuts, filled with wild boar, for Royal sport alone.

The Chapel of this Monastery (Camaldoli), as the building itself, has nothing to compare with San Martino. A head of Christ, by Salvator Rosa, in the *Coro* of the Church, is the most beautiful and striking object of art. There is a great Monastery of this name (Camaldoli) and order at Grenoble, in France.

After lunching in the old hospitable style of the monks—on bread and fruit and wine—we came out with souls refreshed for the descent, and mounting our donkeys galloped down to the road, where, taking carriage, we drove to the Cemetery, or *Campo Santo Nuovo;* passing on the way, the *Campo Santo per i Poveri*, or burying place for the poor, with its three hundred and sixty-five enormous pits, whose mouths are always kept hermetically sealed, one only being opened every twenty-four hours, at midnight, to receive the dead bodies, which are thrown in promiscuously, covered with alum, and the opening sealed again; so that in the annual rotation of the opening of each pit, the action of the alum has left no vestiges of the remains of the friendless corpses cast in before.

"Monstra maris Sirenes quæ voca canora
Quamlibet admissas detinuere rates."

Our next excursion from Naples was to Sorrento, a town about thirty miles distant, and situated on or near the cape of the same name, forming the southern extremity of the Bay. We started by railroad as far as the town of Castellamare, near the ancient town of Stabiæ, which was destroyed at the same time as Pompeii and from the same cause. At Castellamare we take a carriage for Sorrento, about ten miles distant. No drive on earth can be more beautiful or exhilirating. The road has been lately completed by the Government, and is in a most perfect state. It winds along the cliffs, and sometimes with mountains almost seeming to hang over it towards the sea: now it descends by a grade almost fearful, and crosses deep ravines, carried along the back of a stupendous bridge: everywhere it is smooth as a bowling-alley; sometimes on one side, the sea, sometimes on either, a beautiful vision of terraced vineyards, groves of olives, almond blossoms, or orange trees laden with their luscious fruit—draws forth an irrepressible exclamation of delight. Well chosen was the abode of the ancient syrens, who from the islands where they lived, near by, could feed their songs from such scenes of beauty—and of what melodies must their voices have been strung, if the place itself failed without their additional allurement to bewitch the traveller. No wonder that Ulysses with other ancient Greeks—that Seneca, Strabo, Augustus, that Tasso and others, have breathed immortal words, after breathing the air and the scenery of Sorrento. But our vulgar appetites must be appeased, and the tempting name and beauty of our hotel —*La Sirena*—seduces us into a desire for food: making a slight repast, and ordering dinner and *Lachrymæ Christi* at six, we prepare for the ascent of St. Agata, and arrange our seats upon the donkeys to convey us thither—glorious ride, beside a newly married pretty woman too, whose husband coming on behind was evidently unaccustomed to keep pace with *her*. We could easily have dispensed with the donkey drivers running behind with sticks to propel or guide their lazy animals up the steep and winding acclivities, and would have preferred their own slow natural pace, were it not that it helped us to keep out of hearing, sometimes out of sight of the not over-confiding marital companion behind. And then when the hill became too bold for the asses, it was but just and natural that the pairs—not of asses—as they had mated

for the ride, should assist each other up these steeper and more dangerous ascents, and without being particular always as to the beaten track. There is nothing so inspiring to a way-worn traveller as the sweet and blushing thanks of a pretty bride, who is modesty itself compared with the rather designing and artful species of their unhusbanded sex.

Stuffed with oranges and these thoughts, we returned to *La Sirena* to dinner. Our party was five in number—we enjoyed everything, our wine, coffee, cigars, even the bill itself was paid without question or regrets. But we had not arranged to spend the night in this delightful retreat, and the shades of evening found us retracing our homeward steps—what had been glorious by day seemed more so by night. It was clear and moonlight, and our fair companion grew happier in the scene. The postillion seemed regardless of danger, and cracked his whip sharply over the shoulders of the horses, and every unlucky traveller who did not in time clear out of its biting reach. We were early for the train at *Castellamare*, and the rabble of the town seemed collected at the station; three-fourths of them were beggars, the other fourth, priests and policemen. Our guide entertained us with a history of the revolution of '48, and gloated on the prospects which awaited these last named gentry—the priests and police—in the impending storm now gathering over the political horizon. There will not be one of them left alive in Naples, so he assured us, taking good care to speak low and in English. By his account every other man we saw was a detective, even among the crowd of mendicants, importuning us for alms. One subject which filled us with regret was, that the short time we had for the disposal of our visit to Sorrento left no opportunity for a visit to the Island of Capri and the Blue Cave. It was late when we arrived in Naples, but a sound slumber and a quiet conscience prepared us for the morrow.

Vesuivus, which strikes the voyager entering the beautiful scene unfolded before his enraptured gaze in the Bay of Naples, towers sublimely above the centre of the enchanting arc, embracing him as it were with its mighty magnificence. There stands silent and august this volcanic monarch, proudly surveying the scenes of his former desolations and present grandeur, wrapt as it were in the majesty of triumph, and power. Silent, save with occasional deep-toned mutterings, when he sends heavenward fitful respirations

from his spirit-flamed lungs, a breath upon whose very sound mighty nations stand aghast with awe. And when the power of its creator frowns through him upon the sinful deeds of his children below, and stirs the flaming forges within, then the fearful presence of his wrath rushes with overwhelming torrent, hurling, devastating, and burying houses, villages, cities, and whole landscapes beneath its irresistible ocean of liquid flame, or the suffocating fumes, and clouds of ashes.

Vesuvius, at present, is about three thousand four hundred feet high, having lost eight hundred feet by its grand eruption of 1822. Five miles distant, and about thirteen from Naples, once stood the ancient Roman city of Pompeii, at the bottom of the Bay, there upon its very shore, now its splendid ruins, repose some distance from the waters.

In the year of our Lord 79, this scene of luxurious beauty and tranquillity was doomed to cease. The presages of the approaching catastrophe were heralded by repeated earthquakes, till the *grand finale* of the fatal explosion burst forth in that tragic eruption rendered immemorial by the younger Pliny—an eye-witness then at Misenum with the Roman fleet commanded by his uncle the elder Pliny, who perished on the occasion. The awful scene is graphically described by Bulwer in his novel—"The last days of Pompeii," to which the reader is referred.

"A dense cloud was first seen to ascend from Vesuvius to a great height, and, spreading itself out laterally as it rose, bore a strong resemblance (says Pliny) to a pine tree. Darkness more profound than night enveloped the land for many miles round the mountain, occasionally illuminated by columns of blood-red fire belched forth by the raging plegethon, and which appeared far more terrible than the utter gloom they pierced. Showers of ashes, and volumes of steam were spouted for miles into the sky, and then rained down again in torrents upon the earth, which, convulsed in every part, reeled and staggered like a sinking ship. The sea receded from the shore, as if it shrunk from the appalling scene, and left numbers of the finny tribes upon dry land. These horrors were augmented by the shrieks of the women and children, and the cries of the men—some lamenting their own fate, others that of their family—now 'howling to their gods'—and anon finding consolation in the miserable belief that they were about to perish with the world itself."

This shower of ashes and sand, condensed by the projected steam, continued to pour down for eight days, burying the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii so deeply that no vestiges of their remains were visible, till by the accidental circumstance of the sinking of a well in 1713 (more than sixteen hundred years after), the ruins of Herculaneum were discovered, and those of Pompeii shortly after.

Pompeii stood at a greater distance from Vesuvius than Herculaneum, the companion of its fate; and hence the streams of lava, which have embedded the latter in solid rock, never reached the former, which was only buried in ashes of a loose and friable description, and easily removed. So that while very little of the ruins of Herculaneum have been excavated, almost the whole city of Pompeii has been laid bare to curious gaze, as it stood two thousand years ago: the buildings unaltered; the furniture standing in all the derangement of use; paintings as if fresh from the easel; articles of value abandoned in the precipitation of flight, as if dropped from the trembling hands of fugitives, who, Orpheus like, were not permitted to look back upon their dearest treasures.

We left our hotel at Naples soon after an early breakfast, on a beautiful bright morning in March, for the ascent of Vesuvius. The drive lay through a continuation of populous towns and villages along the Bay, on the route to Sorrento, until turning off for the ascent, up which we drive as far as the elevation permits, to the Hermitage, so-called, stopping *en route* at the village of Resina for guides. At the Hermitage, where we are kindly entertained for a while by a pleasant old monk, we take donkeys for some distance to the foot of the cone, rising at a very acute angle, and from four hundred to five hundred feet in height before the summit is attained: this must necessarily be performed on foot, or by the aid of the guides pulling you upward by a strap round the waist; while invalids and ladies are usually carried in a sort of chair, fixed upon the shoulders of men awaiting there such purpose. Among the numbers making the ascension that day, were several English ladies, whom we saw perform the *feat* on *foot*. But with large experience in the ascent of mountains, that of the cone of Vesuvius is no easy task—the footing is so loose, the grade so steep, and the distance by no means trifling. But we remember, that although—

> "Facilis descensus averni;
> Revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hic labor, hoc opus est."

But what is the labour and toil to the beatific vision that rewards it on the summit. Human language must fail in the attempt to describe the enchantment of such a view; therefore, common modesty compels us to forbear. To most minds it can be better imagined than described; so mount up on Pegasian fancy to highest flights, and you may dimly conceive a scene whose beauties may somewhat approach those mantling this murderous mountain with delight.

From the summit, at the time of our visit, there descends on its plateau two immense basins of a circular shape whose sides are almost perpendicular, and some hundred feet in depth, where the molten mass of lava, covered with huge crusted cakes, and through whose fissures the internal fire may be seen, finds occasional outlet from one or more smaller cones, which, with rumbling noises, resembling smothered peals of thunder, belch forth ever and anon, masses of the fiery liquid high in air, and falling around in meteoric spray. Somehow, with our guides, we found a path down the sides of one of these basins, and crossing the sea of fire on its hardened crust, approached to the very foot of the cone from whence the red-hot lava was being thrown, with difficulty escaping many a falling mass, which, it is needless to say, if it should strike one, would forever end his earthly pilgrimage. These cones are constantly changing, according to the force of the subterraneous fires; and in grand eruptions, the whole basin becomes a living liquid mass, and pours forth its torrents, spreading devastation far and wide adown the mountain steeps; burying, destroying, overwhelming every obstacle in its course, like the bursting of some mighty river.

Glad to retrace our steps, with feet almost blistered from the heat, we reached the summit again in safety, only to encounter new troubles. The air had suddenly grown misty, and with it, came down upon us huge suffocating clouds of sulphureous vapour, compelling us to lie down flat with our faces to the ground for respiration. It was no joke to be thus smothered before the proper time. It must have been an hour we had to lay so; but like all things mortal, it passed away, though the sulphureous smell, real or fancied stuck in our nostrils for many a day after. While the difficulty of ascending seemed great, the discomfort and even danger of descending or rather tumbling down the steep declivity in loose, rolling earth, proved greater: and gladly we

mounted our donkeys for return to the Hermitage, whence, with carriage awaiting, we drove down, down, through living panoramas of perfect beauty, to the Inn at the foot of the mountain where we had ordered dinner against our return; and where ample justice was done to the viands provided, as well as to the *Lachrymæ Christi*—a wine grown only upon the sides of Vesuvius. Returning to Naples by moonlight, we felt satisfactorly, fatigued with the labours of the day. On the following morning, retracing our steps in part, the weird glories of Pompeii were explored.

Pompeii before the period of its burial, was to Rome what Brighton is to London; Dieppe to Paris; Newport to New York; a summer transfer of its luxurious gaiety. The city was not large, only about three-quarters of a mile in length by less than a half in breadth, and with a population of about thirty thousand souls. But what it lacked in size, it gained in splendor. It was a bijou. As stated, the excavations show the city almost as its fleeing population left it. Its paved and narrow streets—crossed almost with a stride—its Temples, Forum, Pantheon, Basilicœ, Public Baths, Theatres, Ampitheatres and sumptuous dwellings, though partly burned, or borne down by the weight of matter deposited for so many centuries on their roofs, still gave a most correct idea of the habits, manners and customs of the ancient Romans. Vases, which contained the family wine, lay still in the cellar; bread in the oven; jewels and household ornaments in their cases and places; money in their vaults; skeletons in various attitudes of effort; all showing the suddeness of the catastrophe—the completeness of the ruin.

Herculaneum, its twin tombed sister city, laying nearer to the volcano was encased in lava; and from the depth and hardness of the volcanic products, its excavation has been extremely tedious—indeed has been abandoned; and its theatre alone is now open to inspection, only to be seen by the aid of torchlight; so far it lies beneath the surface. We explored all that was to be seen of this subterraneous exhumation, but felt relief on returning to the open air.

Nearly all the objects and articles of art, value, or curiosity taken from both cities, have been removed to the *Museo Borbonico* at Naples, as previously spoken of, where the student or curiosity-monger can satisfy his researches or wonder to his heart's content.

Our subsequent stay in Naples was devoted to visits to Pozzuoli,

the ruins of Cumœ, Baiœ, and the Grotto di Possilipo—an excavation of about half a mile in length made through solid rock for a carriage road by the old Romans; but how dwarfed now by these gigantic modern tunnels—the Hoosac and Mount Cenis.

At Possilipo we saw the tomb of Virgil; at Pozzuoli the ruins of the Amphitheatre, the Baths, the Villa of Cicero, Theatres, Tombs, etc.—and near by, the Lake of Avernus, so celebrated in the mythological history of the ancients, lay before us in calm, placid beauty, looking like anything but the entrance to Hades. Here too, the River Styx rolls onward unconscious of the absence of Charon, that grim ferryman who bore his boat-load of departed spirits across its turbid waters to the dread entrance of their final fate. Evidently the scene must have as wonderfully changed since then, as the doctrines of belief in the future being of mankind. No agonizing souls of murderer, malefactor, or miser, are now apparent on the banks, and the locality of their punishment must have been very distantly removed. At Baiœ we saw the ruins of the temples of Venus, Mercury, and Diana: at Misenum, that of the Villa of Lucullus; and at Cumœ, the Sibyl's Cave and Tomb, and more ruins of Temples, Amphitheatre, etc.; and also visited the *Grotto del Cano*, near by, and saw the dog killed by the action of the gases arising from the ground; only, as the Irishman might say, he came to life again soon after.

Thus flew away the time in Naples—beautiful city, superbly placed like a diadem in a crown of gems. Home of Puncinello and the Lazzaroni, idly laughing at "Time's decaying fingers," eating and drinking and making merry to-day, neither knowing nor caring what the morrow may bring forth.

But the time approaching for the grand and solemn ceremonials of "passion week" at Rome, thither our steps are bent, with kindling imagination at the very thought. The railway being unfinished, we hired a *vetturino* to drive us there, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles, and luckily we did; for at Gaeta, our first resting place, the actual arrival of Ludwig, ex-King of Bavaria, and the expected one of the Dowager Empress of Russia, had placed all the post-horses under arrest, and many the luckless traveller we passed on the way, who, though he had paid his fare through direct to the Eternal City, was stopped till those grand personages had been first passed along. Arriving at Gaeta, with great difficulty we found lodgings at the hotel—the same at

which his ex-Majesty of Bavaria and suite were stopping; and our dinner in the coffee-room was regaled with Royal music from a military band outside performing in his honour. The door being partly open into the adjoining room where the King was dining, we had a continuous view of His Majesty's prandorial behaviour, which, however, didn't seem much to differ from that of other gentlemen. And, somewhat to our gratification and surprise, after dinner the Royal party stalked into the coffee-room and out through the open windows on the balcony to enjoy the scene and music around and below; not first without gracious apologies for the presumed interruption, and a condescending invitation to join in the prospect, which we did, the King meanwhile chatting gaily and unaffectedly with us all.

Gaeta is, or at least then was, a strongly fortified port of the Neapolitan kingdom, and quite celebrated in history. Scipio lived there; there Cicero died, and its subsequent heroic defence by the young and beautiful Queen of Naples, gives it a story almost as touching as the bravery of its maidens has woven around the very name of Sarragossa.

With an early start next morning, before entering upon the Pontine Marshes, we had to pass a dangerous defile among the mountains, celebrated as the rendezvous of fierce banditti, then swarming through the kingdom. We were unarmed, only four in number, and one of those a lady—her husband being of the party —so that, being thus molested, we should have fallen an easy prey to those rapacious scoundrels, who, had they known of the old bachelor of our party, with a rental of £60,000 per annum, would doubtless have been on the alert, and reaped a glorious ransom. As it was, fortune favoured us; we saw none of these picturesque gentry, and passed on to the marshes, whose nocturnal malaria precludes the residence of man; and, indeed, the day time alone is often sufficient to bring on one of those frightful fevers. In the days of ancient Rome, these marshes, drained and cultivated to the highest pitch, were almost the sole granary of that proud Imperial City; but now, abandoned to the water-courses and wild buffalo, which we often saw roaming over them in herds. No ride could be more dreary or monotonous; but sunset saw us clear of the "dismal swamp," and settled down for the night at Cestina, within an easy stage of Rome.

Pushing on from Cestina at earliest dawn, we reached Albano for breakfast. From this beautiful place we had our first vision

of the Holy City—and that, mostly confined to its holiest portion—a dim view of the mighty dome of St. Peter's, towering almost above the intervening mountains.

None but pilgrims to some far-off shrine,—Jerusalem, or Mecca —can experience the deep sensations arising to the classic or historic intellect, in the approach to Rome. It is more than the sight of land to the weary and worn voyager of the deep; more than the fond return of the troubled wanderer to home; and can only be surpassed by those feelings of the christian wayfarer, when sick and sore from the ailments of life, and the trials of sin, he closes peacefully in everlasting sleep those eyes, to awaken in spiritual vision of that "City not made with hands, Eternal in the Heavens."

It was Saturday when we entered Rome; previously passing through the Campagna with its ruined tombs, and far-stretching beauty. On the morrow the *Santa Semana* would commence. The city was crowded; and not till late in the day could we find wherein and whereon to lay our heads: but were successful at last to discover quarters in the *Via Maro de Fiori*—though at exorbitant prices. This season is in reality the Landlords carnival at Rome. But we could not complain: hundreds arriving that day knew no comforts of a bed after long and wearisome journeys. So, strolling through the brilliantly lit street—not of themselves, but from the shops—and sumptuously repasting in the most celebrated café, with visionary anticipations of the grand ceremonies of Palm Sunday on the morrow at St. Peter's, we sink quietly into the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer."

Palm Sunday—April 5th 1857—dawned upon Rome with as fair a prospect as Nature had ever cast around the seven hilled City in its prime, when the Capitoline, Palatine, Aventine, Coelian, Esquiline, Quirinal, and Virinal hills, were covered with Temples and proud patricians of ancient Rome.

Haughty mistress of the world, *once* ruling it by the despotism of the sword; and *now* by the doctrines of one, whom, a mere pro-consul had crucified among malefactors in a distant dependency. Your proud Cæsars with all their fame and glory lie comparatively forgotten; while the ends of the world are ringing with praises of the might, and Majesty, and glory of Him whom your centurions and soldiers nailed upon a cross. To day being the anniversary of the one, on which "the people when they heard

that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna: blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord. And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon."

Compare that humble riding, with the gorgeous spectacle of a Roman triumph *then;* and compare *now* the devotional magnificence of universal Christendom, chanting "Io peans" of victory over the triumphal entry of Jesus into every land, and every Kingdom—let us hope in time, into every heart.—"Magna veritas et prevalebit."

(To be continued.)

CHANGED.

LIKE a dream that was fair but has faded
And died in a day that is dead,
Like a gleam through the mist that has shaded
The land when the sunset is red,
Like the scent of a flower half forgotten
That brings back a buried delight,
Like a ghost of the wan light begotten,
Your face comes to haunt me to-night.

There is just the same freshness and splendor,
The glory of colour and hair;
There is just the same smile, and the tender
Old look that your eyes used to wear.
But one thing has changed: not the stately
White curve of the throat to the breast,
Nor the calm on the brow, set sedately,
To show that the soul is at rest.

Yet one thing has changed, and can never
Regain what was loth to depart—
The love that has fled, and forever,
And left it so lonely—my heart!
Ah, sweet, in the old summer weather,
Beneath the fair calm of the sky,
When we walked in the green ways together,
And plucked the old flowers, you and I,

And talked the old follies and treasons,
  And plighted the vows that are dead
And cold in the dust of past seasons;
  If any had met us and said,
"This fancy of yours, that misplaces
  Love's name, is a dream that will die,"
We should straightway have laughed in their faces,
  And bid them for fools to go by.

Yet now, when the years are gone over,
  And things are no more what they seem,
To me—neither friend now nor lover—
  You come like the ghost of a dream!
But your face has no charm to excite me,
  That once was so fair in my sight—
Your presence no power to delight me,
  Old love, I am weary—good night!

JOSIAH GARTH.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING this harangue, delivered in strong Scottish accents, Alec became much excited: at one time jumping from the log; then on its summit, taking gigantic strides along its mossy back—at another, shaking his clenched fists in the air, as if at some imaginary foe.

Levi thought it not wise to excite any more recollections of biographical events, by suggestive interrogations, and so maintained a strict silence. Nothing was heard for some minutes, but the drum of the pheasant, not far off—the chatter of an impudent chip-monk, sitting on his haunches, and nimbly disposing of beech-nuts—the tattoo of a red-headed woodpecker, seemingly flying about, and clinging to the trunks and branches of trees, defiant of the laws of gravitation—and making the bark of a decayed oak skip in all directions, from his incisive attacks, with intermittent seasons of listening for the noise of the equally

diligent worm, which knew not of the relentless foe over it, seeking its wiggling, pulpy body, for a dinner—and the moan of the winter wind, wailing the the dirge of departed summer in the denuded tree-tops.

"How does it happen, Alec, that you are not relieved of guard? It is several hours since I came here, and it seems time for some one else to take your place?" said Levi.

"Gin they dinna bring me my dinner soon, nor lat ony body come in my place, I'll gang and see aboot it. You march on, and I'll take up the rear, to keep you from runnin' awa'."

"Don't be afraid; I'll go with you if you wish it, although I would prefer to go my own way, and on my own business."

"There's no wish aboot it; ye're no' a free geent, I'd lat ye ken, my corbie. Ye're in my keepin' 'for better or for worse.' Richt aboot face. 'March, Ettrick, Teviotdale,' or whatever ye ca' yoursel', and we'll see what the general says aboot ye."

Both marched in single file until they reached Yonge street, when a sentinel challenged both of them, and to his intense disgust, Levi found out that his guard was not of the rebel forces, never had been, knew no countersign, and had an unloaded musket. Alec was a monomaniac, whose idiosyncrasies broke out occasionally in oddities not consonant with common sense; but at other times he displayed a shrewdnss and philosophic tendency of mind which the Yankee would call "cuteness," and might be called active sagacity and keen discernment, which are often compensation for deficiencies in the cardinal active powers of the mind. He was known and allowed freedom, but discomfited Levi, boiling over with chagrin at being captured in such an ignoble way, was placed under guard until he would give an account of himself.

When they had reached the rebel camp and head-quarters, at Montgomery tavern, a two-story frame building, only a few miles north of Toronto, several hundreds of men were gathered in the road and adjacent fields. Some were armed with muskets, swords and pikes, and the greater number waiting to be supplied from the arsenal in the city, which was to be assaulted that night at seven o'clock. Levi was ushered into the presence of the leader of the insurrection. Passing through a guarded hall, on the south side, was a room, round which sat a number of men partially uniformed. They had been in high altercation until the prisoner was ushered in, when a calm in the angry discussion ensued. A

small man was pacing the circumscribed area of the room with nervous step and in great agitation. He gesticulated wildly, with closed fists, now shot down by his sides, and anon spasmodically shook in the air, above his head; at the same time soliloquizing in muttering gutterals more profound than distinct. Occasionally he would break out into a sort of whistle, not euphonious nor *translatable* into words; this expression from puckered lips seemed necessary for thought, as a button, or a piece of paper, or a penholder is necessary to many cogitators. Sometimes he would stop as if he had caught an idea, and was about to subject it to a cross-examination before it went on to make room for its successors. The fingers seemed to be endowed with perpetual motion, shutting and opening snappishly. He was small in stature, and had reddish hair, so rebellious naturally, in regard to lines of beauty, that the long diameter of each hair found no parallel in any other. The crown was slightly bald, but the locks were tufty, coarse in texture, and possessed of an appreciable curl. The blue eyes sparkled with a consuming fire of passion behind them. They shot searching darts at any one they gazed upon, reading such at a glance, and usually "like a book." The head was large and disproportionate to the small wiry body. To look at its massiveness, it would seem as if the head had found a wrong body, or the latter had made a misalliance with "the dome of thought," and found its companion top-heavy in multifarious ways. The duality was not pleasant to look upon. The closely pressed lips showed determination that never brooked defeat, and the distended nostrils smelled battle of some kind near or far, and would not be particular in regard to the order of its coming. The smile was a redeeming feature, because it was *sunshiny*, and to reason on general principles, the impulsive included an ardor of affection toward friends, as well as a "no surrender" to foes. This mixture of passion, pathos and purpose was the rebel chief, now defiant and insurrectionary. A deputation from the Governor was waiting for his reply to their demands. Dr. Routh was its spokesman. He was the very opposite to McKenzie in appearance and manner. Every word rolled out as if oiled, so smoothly, cautiously and sweetly. A watery, restless and prominent eye was on the alert for contingencies. A bald head, which a fly or a musquito would dread to light upon, from its smoothness and transparency; a well-conditioned body, chubby hands and no salient points; coolness of manner, complete

control over self and its manifestations, with more of the *suaviter in modo* than the *fortiter in re* in his composition, were the prominent, apparent characteristics of Dr. Routh. He was more than a match for any one, or all of the conspirators, in diplomacy. He had a habit of bringing his open hand down the bridge of his nose when something subtle was being thought or uttered, and the frequent friction of the nasal organ, on this occasion, indicated a process of reasoning, which, after mature deliberation, was promulgated as follows, and which, in its cunning and generic phrases, indicated an important personage in Canadian history. "Fellow-citizens, you are required by the Government to lay down your arms unconditionally, and disband within the next forty-eight hours, on the pains and penalties of being indicted and tried for high treason." (Softly the sentence flowed, and in a perfunctory manner was it uttered.) "These are the terms proposed: I have delivered my message, which has been graciously confided to our trust, by His Excellency. I am sorry the occasion requires it. At the same time, I may say that the country has grievances, and that it would only be just that the evils complained of should be rectified, and redress made. At the same time, the Government *may* take the matter into serious consideration. This large assemblage of brave men is doubtless in earnest, and wish their country well, but it would be deplorable to see the city taken, under existing circumstances, *seeing that there is no impediment in the way, there being no troops and no organization in the city.* I beg, for the sake of our common country, do not indulge in such a thought. As a loyal man, this is my advice." The sleek man subsided into himself, but not until he had cast his eye on Levi, whom he knew. A blaze of intelligence from the watery eyes, a nod of the *tu quoque* style, a gaze of astonishment at seeing him in such company, for he did not know that the young man was a prisoner, a beautiful obeisance, and the ambassador of duplicity and expediency withdrew. Levi was questioned closely in regard to his antecedent movements—where he was going when captured, and what his intentions were. To these interrogations he gave candid replies, and was consequently detained a prisoner. A room was assigned to him, and several others similarly situated, from the window of which could be heard and seen the motley throng below. Huge fires had been lighted, round which the stalwart forms of groups of men could be plainly seen. The

murmur of multitudinous voices was often broken by the loud tones of stump orators, reciting the wrongs which British freemen had redressed by force, from the days of Runnymede to those of tea-chest notoriety in '76. Now and then stentorian voices made the woods echo with the strains of patriotic songs. One of these seemed to be popular, and stirred up as much enthusiasm in a circumscribed area as would have the Marseillaise hymn in the streets of Paris. The author was their leader. The tune was extemporaneous, and had as many variations as the inspiration of the singer dictated, and these were not few nor artistic. The words had a good deal of poetic license and *bardic* fiction in their figures and conceptions.

> "We have met; that small band resolved to be free,
> As the fierce winds of heaven that course o'er the sea—
> We have met, in bright hope, with no presage of fear,
> The bugle and drum of the foeman we hear;
> Some seize the dread rifle, some wield the tall pike,
> For God and their Country—for Freedom they strike,
> No proud ensign of glory bespeaks their renown,
> Yet the scorn of defiance now darkens their frown.
> See the foeman advancing, and now sounds afar
> The clang and the shout of disastrous war.
> Yes! onward we come like the mountain's wild flood,
> And the lion's dark talons are dabbled in blood."

Levi passed the night in an uncomfortable condition. Hungry, sleepless, and bedless, with a mind far from easy in a critical time, were not conditions and circumstances conducive to comfort. The noise of passing patrols relieving guards, and boistrous merriment were kept up intermittently the whole night. The death of Anderson, who was shot by a prisoner, and the killing of Col. Moodie, who madly tried to pass the rebel lines, a few days previously, were subjects of discussion; and now that blood had been spilled, and angry passions in the ascendent, the prisoners were not sure of their own lives being spared. During the long hours of the night, Levi's mind often reverted to Molly. This is a sort of law of attraction, experimentally known, long before Kepler's astronomical *dogmata* were promulgated. It embraces, among its rules of procedure, an imaginative tendency, which all such minds have to run riot at times in that way, "which runs most in their heads." He saw himself a dead man. He was at the cabin beyond the Humber, when the news was told on its hearthstone, that the

friend and lover was no more. He even had a sort of satisfaction, not to say pleasure, in seeing spiritually the effect his final departure would have upon his sweetheart. Would she give way to boisterous grief, and not be comforted—rending her clothes, wringing her hands, tearing her hair, and in melo-dramatic style show signs of temporary insanity? Would she take the other extreme, and fall down insensibly; waking in the maudlin delirium of brain fever, followed by months of forgetfulness? Or would robust Moll pine away day by day, like a fading lily, with no pain, no apparent disease, no complaints, the puzzle of doctors, and the alarm of friends? He would be pained to see these, all or sundry, afflicting this fair maid, but, to know that her affection for him was sufficiently strong to produce them would not be unpleasant. At the same time, it would be tantalizing for him, a spirit, to be so near, and not able to whisper one word of comfort into the deepest recesses of her soul, nor touch, in love and sympathy, the physical frame, so dear to him, because his material tabernacle had become a clod, or a loathsome carcase. Or, *horrible dictu*, he saw her laying aside her mourning and lamentation like unto an old garment, and with smiles, as of yore, and with fond caresses lavishing her second love on some one else. He made up his mind that in the event of that coming true, a ghost would make itself felt and heard with a vengeance, to the confusion and detriment of the health of two parties heretofore mentioned, as those of the second and third, in county and province aforesaid. Come weal, come woe, no flirting would be allowed or tolerated, proximately or remotely, by his earthly espoused, if his unsubstantial entity had the power to prevent it.

A shake by the collar brought a sleepy brain to attention, *instanter*, and unceremoniously. Sunrise and commotion were first recognized, then a breakfast of corned beef. News came that the loyalists were on the march to attack the patriots, with horse, foot, and artillery. Orders were given to fall into line. The best armed in the front ranks; the pike-men, and scythe and pitchfork men in the second line, and those who had only their fists to fight with, were placed in the rear as reserves. One charge of a well organized troop of cavalry would have made mince-meat of the whole awkward band, in one determined charge. The chattering in the ranks—the unheeded orders of officers, as ignorant of drill as the rank and file—the straggling without leave—the unmili-

tary comments of privates, strongly expressed, on the order of battle array—all showed an independence of individuals, which was incompatible with the necessary autonomy of a creditable organization. Such a mob of men, however brave, could only expect victory, or safety, by having an equally undisciplined, and motley throng opposing, without confidence or continuity. All at once a profound silence fell upon the serrated—not serried—lines, and, when Levi stretched his head and neck out of the window, he could hear about a mile southward the scattering shots of the skirmish lines of friends and foes, like the first big hail drops of the coming storm. These random shots increased in frequency and intensity, showing that the rebel videttes were being driven back. Knots of stragglers—bad omen—were seen dribbling away from the rear line. Little puffs of white smoke, followed in a few seconds by sharp cracks, from unexpected nooks, corners of fences, and clumps of bushes, rose slowly in the morning air. From the high window could be seen small parties of men, dodging hither and thither, behind temporary barricades, and firing at every opportunity, but still advancing. The rebel pickets were falling back on the main line, in a greater flurry than was meet for picked sharp-shooters, at the same time showing commendable skill, and a good deal of personal bravery, in retiring before a better armed, and superior force. McKenzie rode a bay pony, and evidently was doing his utmost, by appeal, and example, in stimulating his command to meet the enemy with becoming fortitude. I have noticed on well-contested fields of battle, even when the combatants were veterans, and could be numbered by hundreds of thousands, that it requires greater bravery in well-disciplined troops to wait calmly an onset or charge, than with blood up, and with every muscle strained, to join in the wild delirium, and rush of the "double quick." To abide the shock in breathless suspense requires nerve, but to mingle in the whirlwind of exciting aggression may need only momentum, and brute force. Taking this fact into consideration, the rebels stood their ground well. In less than half an hour from the beginning of the fight the prisoners heard the humming of bullets in the air, and some unpleasantly, in close proximity. Then followed the boom of cannon, and the rattle of grape-shot tearing up the ground, splintering the trees and fences, making vacant spots in the rebel front. No regular volleys were fired, that, doubtless, being beyond the skill of either

party; but a medley was kept up of desultory firing, now louder, and now fainter, with the field pieces throwing in *staccato* notes, by way of variations. The rebel force, under this well-directed fire, fell back in some confusion, the three lines blending into one. A shelter was afforded in an open wood to the west of the main road. This movement left the left wing exposed. A loyal force immediately took possession of the road, and poured an enfilading fire of grape and canister on the commingled mass of half beaten foes. A few minutes of hustling iron and hissing bullets created a panic, and *suave qui pent* was the order of the day. The last move exposed the tavern to a heavy fire, and shots tore through the wooden walls, in alarming numbers. The guards, seeing that they were left behind by their own men, took an unceremonious departure, and allowed the prisoners to escape. Levi came down stairs and was about to rush into the road in search of the Government troops, when looking behind him he saw that the building was in flames. His comrades in durance were slower in their movements, and seemed unaware that the stairs were on fire, and in danger of being consumed before they could escape. He returned to warn them of their peril, and returned to find in the hall several loyalists on guard and no rebels in sight, except the dead, and the wounded, whose moans could be heard, and cries piteously asking for water, now that the firing had ceased. Levi was astounded to hear himself addressed by an officer as a rebel, and ordered, with his comrades to surrender. They protested vehemently in their innocence, but it was no use as far as Levi was concerned. How came he in the rebels lines? His home was not there. Why did he wander so far away from home, in this direction, and the road to Toronto open, if he were anxious to join the royal forces? He recounted his adventures but they were only laughed at; and thus he found himself, a second time a prisoner, with none but fellow-sufferers, in the same unfortunate predicament, to prove his innocence: in critical times such as these, his previous professions of loyalty had no weight, for dozens of others similarily demonstrative, had been found faithless among the faithful. The coldest chills ran over his whole frame, when he reached the city, between two files of guards, and was made a spectacle of, by being compelled to parade the streets on the way to prison, handcuffed with real malefactors, in a sort of triumphal procession, as caudal appendages to the conquerors. It was no

poetic fiction to say that the iron entered his soul. Every nerve in him seemed to send in thrilling sensations to the great telegraph office—the brain, the agonizing words: "chains! bondage! disgrace!" Crowds stared at the rebels, as they passed by in a mournful train, some in sympathy and pity, others hurling irony, sarcasm, and unseemly epithets at the ones "more unfortunate." So ashamed was our hero lest he should be seen by some one whom he knew, that he never lifted his head, and appeared one of the guiltiest. The old jail was crowded that night to plethora. The inmates were packed like the historic and fated ones in the black-hole in Calcutta.

CHAPTER VII.

WE will return to uncle Finch's domicile, and enquire about the health of the half-drowned stranger. It is not necessary to give the signs and symptoms of his disease. He was dosed, blistered, and purged in an orthodox-way, and after the usual time, came to himself. If he had confined himself within the sphere of individuality, as spiritualists would say, all would have been well, but such was not the case. Day by day, he sat watching Molly doing her house-work, more closely than was pleasant to her. Every step she took, he followed with eager eyes, until the surveillance became unbearable and compelled her oft-times to leave the room. So far he had not told his surname, but gave his Christian name as William. He had maintained a taciturn reserve in regard to his past history, which aroused the suspicions of the household, and any hints in regard to his antecedents were met by vague generalities. Although the young man was "fair to look upon," yet there was a sinister expression about him not pleasant. He had recovered his health fully, and gave no signs of leaving. No gratitude was in any way manifested to his preservers; he took all their kindness as a matter of course. There was an icebergian frigidity about him, perfectly repulsive, and although Molly had too much native good-breeding in her composition to make it appear to a guest, yet, so thoroughly did she hate him, that his presence acted like an irritant upon her, and his departure would have been a welcome event. Her aged relatives, and herself had performed an act of Christian charity, and felt it to be a duty to take care of him, but

now that health had returned, there was no excuse for abusing the rites of hospitality. The exit came sooner than was expected, in this wise. One morning he was leaning against the crooked timber, which formed one of the jams of an old-fashioned stick fireplace, as usual in an attitude of espionage. The old people had gone to the neighbouring village "to trade." Molly was not at ease in the stranger's company, and dreaded, she knew not what. In a brusque way, and without any verbal skirmishing he made advances to her of devotion and love, in the way, made and provided, in all such cases. As Molly afterwards expressed it: "It took her as sudden, as if she had been shot." She was standing by the fire, near him, hanging a pot on the wooden hook, over the fire. Straightening herself up to full stature, and looking him in the face, with a sort of puzzled and bewildered gaze, she said:

"You are joking; you don't mean it."

"I do mean it; I'm in earnest, don't refuse me."

"Did any remarks, looks, or actions of mine, every lead you to suppose that I loved you?"

"No; but that is no rule, for you may love me, nevertheless."

"Do you want a plain answer to this request?"

"Yes; for I am sure it will be favourable."

"That answer is in few words, I not only *don't* love you, but I hate you; do you understand?"

"I know," said he, with a curling lip and a sneer, "the reason why; that lout of a fellow that roosted on the same tree with me is your lover."

"Didn't he save your life; ungrateful wretch?"

"Ah! because he could put on the heroics, and all that sort of thing, and curry favour with you, and yours."

"No one short of a devil could utter, in earnest, what you have: I question if even the chief incarnate of evil could be unmindful of such a favour as was bestowed on you that stormy night. Fallen angels must have a kind of confidence in, and affection for each other. A brute, even, will lick the hand that is kind to it."

These words were uttered by the undaunted maiden, hotly and vehemently. They were almost hissed out. At the same time the unknown became in his countenance livid with rage.

He laid hold of her round the arms, holding her fast, at the same time whispering in her ear. Like a tigress defending her whelps, she turned on him, and wrenched herself from his grasp,

Stepping back, she struck him with her open hand, (as most women naturally do,) so violently and unexpectedly, that he was landed on the back-log, with his feet dangling over the fore-stick, and in intimate relationship with the old-fashioned andirons. Here was a cogent *argumentum a posteriori!* Her blood was up, and changed her into a perfect fury. The nervous in weakness gave way before the nervous in strength. No such feminine enervation as tears, hysterics, or *limpsey* faints, found a lodgment in any corner of her body. She felt that only killing him could propitiate her offended honour, and that such an oblation would be no sin. Nice points of ethics were not thought of. If she could kill him she would, and was about to do it. Seizing him by the locks before he could recover his equilibrium, she dragged his slender and reeking frame through the fire upon the hearth, and almost by instinct found the wooden poker, half-burned, black, hard, and tough. The first blow left a black mark of carbonized wood across the bridge of the nose. He got to his knees, but not before the second blow, which was intended for his head, left one cheek and an ear draped in sable mourning. He got to his feet, as a two-handed blow across his neck sent him staggering to the door. He meditated an assault, but Molly reached for the musket, hanging from a joist on two buckskin straps, and threatened to shoot him at once, without benefit of clergy. The gun was not loaded, as she well knew, but, as a weapon of terror, it was effective. He begged her not to fire.

"Down on your knees," said infuriated Molly.

The wretch obeyed, cowed into abject terror.

"Do you retract those damning words?"

"I do," said the suppliant.

"Who are you? no lie, and no evasion."

"I'm an escaped convict."

"From where?"

"Hamilton."

"What was your crime? mind now." The muzzle was brought to bear on his breast.

"Robbery and murder."

"Were you convicted?"

"Yes; and sentenced to be hanged."

"Swear to me, with hands toward heaven."

"I swear."

"That you will never set a foot upon this farm again — that you will never plot or do injury to any of us, including Levi Junks — and that if spared, you will try and be a better man."

"I swear."

"That won't do, say, 'So help me God.'"

"So help me God."

"Go, miserable creature, you are not fit to die."

When he got outside the door, and in the shelter of a pine stump protruding in the lane, with danger somewhat removed, the infernal in the man cropped out. To be whipped and humbled by a lone woman was galling. He would now have his revenge. With a low chuckle of a laugh, of the hyena breed, he called out to Molly standing at the door; "You wench, I'll have my revenge. Oaths have no hold upon me. Your lover, Levi, shall die by my hand, if I have to follow him round the world, I swear it, and that oath I shall keep and fulfil, until the last drop in your cup of misery is drained to the dregs. As for you, my vengeance never shall sleep. I will come on you like a thunderbolt. I am an educated 'witch,' and my cruelty will be refined. These scars inflicted by you, will burn until that day comes. Remember my words."

After the utterance of these dread anathemas, he disappeared in the woods. Molly had a sinking at the heart, for she began to understand more thoroughly, as her temper cooled, the consequences to her lover from her rash defence and attack. A hardened wretch had escaped, full of deadly revenge, not only against her, the aggressor, in her own defence, but also against one who could not be conscious of his danger, occasioned by her acts, from a source to which he would look for gratitude at least, after being his deliverer from death.

CHAPTER VIII.

I, JOSIAH GARTH, protest against this jostling of me from the scene of action, without a "by your leave" as "in duty bound such should ever pray," who, thus in apparent, "malice aforethought," give the imperious stand aside to the fulcrum character in this eventful history. The time at my command will compel me to give only a synopsis of what I knew, and felt, and did, when "treason, stratagems, and spoils," were the order of the day. I was a reformer of politics, and sympathized with the rebels in

their grievances, but, when rebellion was mooted and stalked abroad, my love of Britain, her institutions, and laws, was too strong to allow me to seek redress *vi et armis*—(this expression I was told meant, I'll throw you, if you don't me). I could have flogged in professional style, every mother's son of that family compact, with the best blue-beech ever swamp could produce, and make concessions, town-lines, and by-laws on their backs with the gad, just in a fatherly way, and then send them into the dark closet to sob it out without supper. I could have said to the twisty-headed German, "you're blind as a bat, or stubborn as a baulky horse, which has got his head on the wrong end, or you might know, for instance from yourself, that you can't drive a Briton against his will into slavery—'not if he knows it,' and expect peace and quietness. These rebel chaps see slavery of the worst kind before them, and are dashing their heads against a stone wall that you built where no wall should be, and I'm sorry for you and them. For the sake of British connection they'll have to be whipped, but I know a *somebody* ought to be spanked at the same time:" these are not perhaps, the exact words, but the cream is there—first skimming.

I joined Mr. Allan McNab's army and marched to Scotland, in Brant County, to "hoe out," *i. e.* weed the rebels out. Dr. Duncombe's command had congregated at that point, and were preparing to make a stand against the Tories—as we were called. We got there and found them, like the darkey's fly, used for an illustration in a funeral oration, "Man am mortal," said the sable preacher, "him springeth up like the sparrow-grass, and where is he in the evening? Man am mortal jus' as sure as–as–as–(a fly lit on his coat-sleeve, at which he made a dab,) sure as I catch that ere fly,—there, by gum! I missed him." So did we, and I must confess I was not sorry. They fled at our approach, scared and panic stricken. We were not free from trepidation. In marching from Grand River to Oakland I didn't count the shaking knees, for my own required particular attention. On the last day of our march, towards evening, heavy firing was heard in the direction of our advanced guard. This was supposed to be the prelude to a battle. An epidemic seemed to seize a certain per centage of our braves. Stomach-aches, which required tender nursing, were frequent,—spinal disease, that suddenly developed itself for the first time—excuses for falling from the line of march were most

ingenious and pathetic: even our Captain took the contagion from a disagreement between him and his breakfast of "hard-tack" and molasses. He doubled up like a jack-knife, on the bank at Mount Pleasant, while we marched to victory and glory. "A voice replied far up the height" like his, "you go on boys, and I'll soon catch up." We didn't see him for six hours, and only after word was sent back that the firing was from anvils, by loyal vulcans, after the evacuation of that "clachan" by the rebels. There were many brave men on both sides, but every man looked with suspicion on his neighbour, and in this fact was "a breach of continuity." The patriots scattered far and wide like chaff; and it is only fair to say, that some of them were found in swamps, cooling off, by standing in water up to their necks, by brush and logs, for hours. Their enemies asserted they were trying by maceration to exude all their treason and become good citizens. I knew it had the desired effect on many, and so disgusted them with the swamps of the Gore District, that they hate the sight of cedar and tamarack trees to this day. All honour to *all of us* who were frightened, tired, bedraggled, and soaked for patriotism. We were only looking on one side of the shield at a time, and differed as to the escutcheon. Both sides were fighting for the country—both were running for the same cricket-ball—got heads bumped in collision, and one side lost the innings by *one good run*.

I must quote the following, for it will not be driven out of my way, but keeps bouncing round in the chamber of memory, like Barnum's tigers, hunting for some place to get out:

> "Religion, freedom, vengeance what you will:
> A word's enough, to raise mankind to kill;
> Some cunning phrase, by faction caught and spread
> That guilt may reign, and worms and wolves are fed?"

What in the mischief prompted me to quote poetry? I forswore it the night we camped out, on the Brant hills. The boys said: "Garth, you're a great fellow to rhyme; give us a stave?" This was just what I wanted, for like all those fellows, who think they are native bards, and can jingle rhyme at the word "go," as easily as to lower the handle of a pump, and out flows the water, I was chewing the poetic cud all the way from Ancaster, and after throughly masticating it, I saw looming up before me, in a gully of Parnassus on the top of an old stub, a wreath of holly, held in the fist of an old man, that a Life Insurance agent won't assure on

account of his age, not being graduated on the Life Tables. He goes by the name of Immortality. He said to me, (as I lay night before in Deacon Malcolm's clover, trying to count the stars, especially the two fellows that wink at you, and for that sly habit, are christened, "By Gemini.") "It's a bargain," I said, away down—but nothing spoke—and now for the greens of Old Live Forever! I stood on the old soap barrel of Mrs Gundy, and with one hand, where I am told my heart ought to be, and the index finger of the other pointed to the Gemini, in a threatening attitude, I got the enthusiasm of the boys raised to that boiling point of heat, in the "Let-us-go-and-fight-Philip" style, by reciting in first-rate voice—

"UNION IS STRENGTH."

Snowballs gather, as they go,
Strength from every frosty pile;
Singing streamlets, as they flow,
Vibrate waves on distant isle.
Crystal sands make granite rocks,
High as Alpine rugged towers;
Lightning's nervous scathing shocks,
Reel before cohesive powers.

Silkworms glittering, fragile strands,
Break before the passing breeze;
Spin the threads with gentle hands,
Silken ropes defy the seas.
Warriors on the battle-plain
Rend opposing ranks, together;
Courage ebbs not 'mid the slain,
"When feather ever toucheth feather."

Nations, united, ever stand
Defiant, knowing no decay;
Ne'er can ruthless vandal hands
Disintegrate them all away.
Ours the Empire built by men,
Who scorned disunion ever;
Ours the Empire held by them
Who shieldeth it forever.

I felt somewhat puffed up at the plaudits of my compatriots, and was prepared to endorse the sentiments of a knowing one, who seemed to think that law and gospel had no such influence to mould plastic public opinion like that of songs. Since that time, after mature deliberation, I am inclined to doubt that sweeping

statement. My reason for it is cogent. I never heard of the above effusion influencing anybody, nor of being recited, and sung by any one, but your most obedient servant. I am inclined to think the fault does not lie in the composition, but in the uncultivated taste of an ungrateful public.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

VI.

FRANCISCO had two sisters, aged respectively about seventeen and fifteen. On being introduced to these fair ones, they manifested considerable embarrassment, and charming blushes flushed over their handsome faces. They were robed almost precisely alike—in thin muslin, white as the snow flakes of the north. Their exquisitely moulded shoulders were partly obscured by thick clusters of dark brown hair, while from their sparkling eyes a mischievous and playful glance stole slyly. I could not keep my eyes away from these creole lasses. I am told it is not the custom in Cuba for ladies and gentlemen to mingle together in that social way practised by English and Americans. These goddesses, however, were not kept from my gaze. As I before remarked, Mrs. Palmo, being a native of Baltimore, and what is termed a real American by birth, still practised many of the habits and fashions of her early life, and thus was I allowed the privilege of enjoying the presence of these beautiful maidens. They conversed almost continually among themselves, frequently referring to their mother and Francisco; but towards me their tongues were silent. They could speak no English. I was no linguist. Not a Spanish sentence could I utter correctly. To be sure, as a matter of necessity, I could pronounce a few of the nouns, such as water, bread, beef, soup, cigars or *aquadiente*, but this I had learned, knowing that I would have to stop at a Spanish hotel; but I could not say, "Allow me, my dear Miss Palmo, the pleasure of handing you your *abanico* (fan)."

I noticed one valuable auxiliary, however, while among Spanish people, and that was—if I became hard pushed for a word to finish my meaning, and made use of an English expression, by articulating or putting an *o* to the end of it, it would sometimes pass as mongrel Spanish; but not so with the *Senoritas* Palmo. They could not *entender* my *o's*. Their language to me was from their eyes.

Mrs. Palmo and her three children were all performers on the guitar. This lady informed me that she had resided in Havana nearly thirty years; that she *thought* altogether in Spanish, and had forgotten very many of the words of her native tongue, especially the adverbs and adjectives. She disliked Cuban society. Occasionally she attended the Roman Catholic worship, to please her husband, but her children were growing up free-thinkers.

"Havana is a horrid place to bring up or instruct a family of boys in," said Mrs. Palmo on one occasion. "You have no conception of the vileness of Cuban youths. Their morals are shocking. They are gamblers by nature and national example. If they quarrel, sometimes a duel is the result. They delight to practice with the *espada* (sword.) Francisco can handle a sword remarkably well, but that will not benefit him much I fear; he is very Spanish in his actions, and has become a great spendthrift, but oh! dear me! I cannot help it; he is, what do you call that? fiery tempered, excee—! no not that."

"Is it *exceedingly* you mean, madam" I remarked interrupting her.

"Yes! yes! that is it, exceedingly! he is exceedingly fiery tempered. I hope he will never fight a duel. I used to hear say that Baltimore young men were fearful, but oh! this Havana beggars description in this wise; it is awful."

The slaves of Cuba lead a life of almost endless toil. Night and day their dismal and hideous songs are heard, echoing over the broad harbour, as they work on, on. Death is their only relief—their only refuge. Sunday is a day to these creatures unknown. I particularly noticed their decayed and snaggy teeth. This I was told proceeded from the immense quantities of sugar they daily consume. I have seen them almost fill a tin quart, with this production of the cane, and add just water enough, to dissolve it or reduce it to a liquid state. This they would swallow

with ravenous appetite, and God knows they had a right to it, for it is slavery, I may say, and only slavery, that brings forth the sugar that America consumes. These slaves, it is said are well and sufficiently fed, and in some instances not overworked, but as a rule they are treated as beasts of burthen. It is not considered in Cuba that a miserable *niggeretta* possesses a soul. These negroes are for the most part, good natured, and extremely lazy. They are fearfully ignorant, as also are the lower classes of white creoles. I have seen a chain-gang of slaves—bare-backed—working among the moles of Havana, with occasionally a white man linked in among them. These poor wretches, I suppose, had been guilty of some petty offence. The officer, or overseer in charge, not unfrequently would draw his sword and inflict a stinging blow on one of the miserable fellow's backs—of course it would be done with the side of the weapon—yet if it happened to cut out a slice, or cause a death, what of it! he had only given the stroke because the victim had stopped a moment to sigh, or take an extra breath.

The old slaveholders of the late American Slave States were held up to the world in books and theatrical plays as tyrants, but after a twelve month's residence in South Carolina, I must say that I never saw one of their negroes whipped or ill-used. The late American slave, to some extent, was educated, and I have known several of them capable of reading and writing; and they could, in some instances, keep accounts, while their masters knew not how to pen their own names.

But then the Cuban slaveholder *must* keep his bondsmen ignorant. His slave must feel that *massa* is god over all, and what *he* says and does is right. The Coolie of Havana is a most forlorn-looking object. Their languid movements, sickly and sulky eyes, remind the stranger that their lives are as one day of sadness and despair. They are a most ungainly race. One can hardly tell, on meeting them, whether they are all of one gender or not.

It is very amusing to hear the Cathedral bells ring on the Sabbath in Cuba. Most of them are cracked, and the ding-donging is quite as fast in time as are the tunes to Spanish *fandangoes;* that is, the bells of Havana ring as quickly as a hurdy-gurdy grinds out "Lord McDonald's reel." I have, on ship-board, danced a lively step to the chimes of these bells. It was not Sunday, for

the bells ring both night and day. When the Sabbath has passed, "two to one" but the next day is a holy-day.

The quay of Havana is a splendid mooring-place for shipping to load and unload at. They usually lie bow to the shore with stern off in the harbour. They generally unload at the piers and receive cargo out in the stream. It is an interesting sight to visit this portion of the city. Vessels from all maritime nations are to be seen here like a forest of towering trees. Now and then the familiar St. John ship is to be met with, discharging her sugar-box shooks. Although she does not have the hardy and expensive appearance of the English, French and Spanish vessels, she looks good enough, and home-like. The Spanish sailor is romantic in appearance, with his mahogany-coloured face, blue jumper and red cap. From his *biretta* hangs a tassel, which dangles about his swarthy neck, giving him a rude and somewhat fantastic aspect. The name of a Spanish vessel you will always find painted in grotesque letters on her bow. If her appellative be not the "Isabella" or "Julio," then quite likely it will be the "Jesus Maria."

Havana is said to contain a large number of robbers, particularly a class of villains styled Harbour-thieves. I was once on board of a ship that was being warped or hauled to this quay. Nothing but an Italian brig was near us. Among the articles on our decks, were two large coops, containing ducks and chickens. We had a dog on board belonging to the Captain. This quadruped was large and watchful. The skipper considered him a perfect "love of a dog." Before we were made fast or moored, we lost chickens, ducks, dog, coops and all. No one saw how the deed was done, not a quack was heard, nor a cluck, nor a growl. To say that the Captain stamped furiously, and made a great fuss, would be only to write nonsense. He swore by the thousand and one Spanish Saints, that he would sooner have lost his ship than "that dog," and for a week he was one of the most dogged men I ever set eyes on. He dogged every suspicious-looking fellow who happened to stroll past the ship. He declared that had he caught the thief in the act, he would have shot him down, even were he a dog himself. The cook was delighted. "That cur won't lick my frying-pan again," he whispered.

I do not wish it understood that the skipper made use of the exact remarks I have given, but he expressed his disgust in a most

emphatic manner, and poured forth a volley of words, to quote which would induce a belief that our captain's moral education had been sadly neglected. The "doctor" was intensely pleased, now that he wouldn't have to pluck the dog and ducks and chickens. Now, it is my dogmatic opinion that the sailors of our ship had a hand in this dog-trick.

Cuban creoles are not allowed to hold any public office. These positions are filled by natives of old Spain, and the consequences are, that the Cubans are very jealous of Spaniards and despise them. I believe the word creole is understood to signify a person that is born in the West Indies. No matter of what nationality or colour the parents of the party may be, he is a creole. He may be a white creole or a black creole. The island of Cuba, in all probability, will in course of time, become a heaven of negrodom. The slave system will pass away, and the darkey will reign supreme in careless idleness, even worse than in Jamaica. The climate is too hot for white men to labour, and few negroes will work in these countries but to keep away utter starvation.

An American merchant who had resided in Cuba more than ten years, told me not long since that should this island ever become an independent republic, it could not, according to his opinion, be any better than it now is, for the natives, as a body, are a dissatisfied, unruly people, incapable of self-government. They do not know what they want, and the assassin's knife is always ready among them. Look at Mexico and South America. The Argentine Republic for example, though I trust *Sarmiento* will keep the sword in its scabbard now, and control his wild *gauchos* without resorting to the despicable cruelties, lately practised by his inglorious predecessor, *Rosas*. The white Cubans are agreeable in their manners, but are of a suspicious nature. One may visit the country districts, and if he be very guarded in his remarks, and is not given to joking, he will be most hospitably entertained. The Spanish, as a race, are not facetious. The lower classes carry, on their persons, a kind of long dagger-like knife. This weapon is kept concealed in one of the sleeves of their *comisa de hombre*, and when angry, they are not slow in displaying it, but it is not often used for the purpose of taking human life. They will slash each other about the face and arms, but seldom aim a deadly thrust at the vital parts of the body. I once saw a big Yankee man-of-war's man thrash

half-a-dozen of these knife-holding natives, with no other weapon than his fists; he manifested no signs of fear, as they pointed their keen *cuchillos* at his broad breast, but knocked them down "neat," as pugilists term it, and walked away apparently as unconcerned as if he had just been stowing salt junk in the harness-cask of his ship.

I visited one or two places of worship in Havana; the congregation sat on the floor on mats, but I squatted on the bare boards. A lady sitting near me sent her little slave girl out—hurriedly—who soon returned with a piece of tapestry carpet. This was presented to me by the kind *Sénora*. I thanked the giver, depressing my head, and bowing reverentially. The sermon was all *Greek* to me, but the music, which consisted of a string band, accompanied by children singing, was delightful. The priests were gaudily robed, and attended by a *posse* of little boys, dressed in long gowns.

Many streets of Havana are filthy. In these vile places, I observed children playing in a state of nudity. Of evenings I frequently visited the plaza. It is a pretty little square, on which are seats to rest upon. Here a band plays from eight to nine o'clock every night. The shops in Havana are open in front, and shaded by many coloured awnings thrown athwart the street, looking cool and not untidy. The houses, with doors and windows cut down to the ground, have a fresh, cheerful appearance, in spite of the villainous iron bars, doing duty for glass—the glaziers' trade is utterly unknown throughout Cuba; by the absence of blinds and shutters, at certain hours of the afternoon and evening is revealed the interior of the very holy of holies of domestic existence. Stately mansions with lofty porticos and long colonnades are everywhere run up at random, pêle-mêle, by the side of squalid Negro huts. What strikes the stranger at first sight, is the profusion of smooth white marble—marble shops and counting houses, marble halls, staircases, sitting and sleeping room floors. Women are said to be scarce in Havana. Dry goods establishments are few. Cubans are inveterate smokers, and use enormous quantities of matches, yet there is not a match factory in the whole island, and the population, it is said, foots up seven hundred thousands, or thereabouts. It is the opinion of many, that the West Indies are destined to become the negroes' domain. The whites are gradually becoming thinned out. The black thrives in this region, while the white degenerates.

I bade farewell to my good friends the Palmos. It is needless for me to describe what took place at this parting. The whole family followed me to the sidewalk. Did the lovely sisters faint? No, not one of them:

> "No tears there were shed, but full many the sighs,
> As I bade them farewell 'neath the awning;
> They gave me one glance of their bonnie black eyes,
> And I left saying, '*Dios*, Good morning!'"

Kind Mrs. Palmo wished me prosperity through life. Francisco said, "Go"! "Yes, my friend," I replied. "Good, take care," was his benediction.

I have never heard anything of those hospitable people since, but I trust that the good *Padre* above, has watched over them as *his own*. I departed from the city of Forts, in the Steamship *Corsica*. We steamed proudly past the frowning wall of Morro, and now—

> "The goodly ship rides o'er the billows blue,
> Our signal gun, bids all on shore adieu."

This vessel was of iron construction, and registered about twelve hundred tons. She was an English boat, and officered by British tars. Once every month she visited Nassau and Havana, and then returned to New York, which latter port was her head-quarters. I found the decks crowded with passengers, among whom were many ladies. As we passed the Punta Castle, the captain ordered the main top-sail to be mast-headed. A gang of sturdy sailors "roused" aft, and as they swayed away on the halyards, a "shanty" was rendered by them, one verse of which had the effect of driving the fair ones below. The air of this song was exceedingly musical, but the language was not by any means chaste. On the evening of the second day we sighted the Nassau light. There being no rage on the bar, we moved slowly inwards, and anchored. At Nassau I resumed my old duties, as general clerk to *Massa Captain and Strongfellow*:

> English man he stole me way,
> Tief me off from Africa;
> Leave behind de yella gals,
> Come heah my deah.

The negroes in their employ had been taken from Africa in a slaver, and were brought into Nassau by an English frigate, some few

half-a-dozen of these knife-holding natives, with no other weapon than his fists; he manifested no signs of fear, as they pointed their keen *cuchilloes* at his broad breast, but knocked them down "neat," as pugilists term it, and walked away apparently as unconcerned as if he had just been stowing salt junk in the harness-cask of his ship.

I visited one or two places of worship in Havana; the congregation sat on the floor on mats, but I squatted on the bare boards. A lady sitting near me sent her little slave girl out—hurriedly—who soon returned with a piece of tapestry carpet. This was presented to me by the kind *Sénora*. I thanked the giver, depressing my head, and bowing reverentially. The sermon was all *Greek* to me, but the music, which consisted of a string band, accompanied by children singing, was delightful. The priests were gaudily robed, and attended by a *posse* of little boys, dressed in long gowns.

Many streets of Havana are filthy. In these vile places, I observed children playing in a state of nudity. Of evenings I frequently visited the plaza. It is a pretty little square, on which are seats to rest upon. Here a band plays from eight to nine o'clock every night. The shops in Havana are open in front, and shaded by many coloured awnings thrown athwart the street, looking cool and not untidy. The houses, with doors and windows cut down to the ground, have a fresh, cheerful appearance, in spite of the villainous iron bars, doing duty for glass—the glaziers' trade is utterly unknown throughout Cuba; by the absence of blinds and shutters, at certain hours of the afternoon and evening is revealed the interior of the very holy of holies of domestic existence. Stately mansions with lofty porticos and long colonnades are everywhere run up at random, pêle-mêle, by the side of squalid Negro huts. What strikes the stranger at first sight, is the profusion of smooth white marble—marble shops and counting houses, marble halls, staircases, sitting and sleeping room floors. Women are said to be scarce in Havana. Dry goods establishments are few. Cubans are inveterate smokers, and use enormous quantities of matches, yet there is not a match factory in the whole island, and the population, it is said, foots up seven hundred thousands, or thereabouts. It is the opinion of many, that the West Indies are destined to become the negroes' domain. The whites are gradually becoming thinned out. The black thrives in this region, while the white degenerates.

I bade farewell to my good friends the Palmos. It is needless for me to describe what took place at this parting. The whole family followed me to the sidewalk. Did the lovely sisters faint? No, not one of them:

> "No tears there were shed, but full many the sighs,
> As I bade them farewell 'neath the awning;
> They gave me one glance of their bonnie black eyes,
> And I left saying, '*Dios*, Good morning!'"

Kind Mrs. Palmo wished me prosperity through life. Francisco said, "Go"! "Yes, my friend," I replied. "Good, take care," was his benediction.

I have never heard anything of those hospitable people since, but I trust that the good *Padre* above, has watched over them as *his own*. I departed from the city of Forts, in the Steamship *Corsica*. We steamed proudly past the frowning wall of Morro, and now—

> "The goodly ship rides o'er the billows blue,
> Our signal gun, bids all on shore adieu."

This vessel was of iron construction, and registered about twelve hundred tons. She was an English boat, and officered by British tars. Once every month she visited Nassau and Havana, and then returned to New York, which latter port was her head-quarters. I found the decks crowded with passengers, among whom were many ladies. As we passed the Punta Castle, the captain ordered the main top-sail to be mast-headed. A gang of sturdy sailors "roused" aft, and as they swayed away on the halyards, a "shanty" was rendered by them, one verse of which had the effect of driving the fair ones below. The air of this song was exceedingly musical, but the language was not by any means chaste. On the evening of the second day we sighted the Nassau light. There being no rage on the bar, we moved slowly inwards, and anchored. At Nassau I resumed my old duties, as general clerk to *Massa Captain and Strongfellow*:

> English man he stole me way,
> Tief me off from Africa;
> Leave behind de yella gals,
> Come heah my deah.

The negroes in their employ had been taken from Africa in a slaver, and were brought into Nassau by an English frigate, some few

years previously. The Confederate cruiser *Florida* arrived off the harbour of Nassau, one stormy morning, and sent orders on shore for Massa Captain to supply her with water. She had been seized at this port in 1862 by the authorities, but on the arrival of Captain Semmes (afterwards of the *Alabama*), was released. The neutrality laws being strictly enforced at New Providence, the *Florida* was desirous of putting to sea again in a few hours. There was a heavy rage on the bar at the time. For the benefit of some of my readers, I shall endeavour to explain the meaning of the term "a heavy rage on the bar." The mouth of Nassau harbour is obstructed by a bank of sand which stretches from shore to shore—that is from the southward point of Hog Island, in a triangular form, running inward to the mainland. In ordinary weather there is about twelve or fourteen feet of water over this place, but when the shrill fifes of a south westerly gale whistle over these islands, tremendous seas rise in angry commotion along the bar, thus forming as it were, a wall of fighting waters, and vessels dare not attempt to cross it during this "ugly fit." It is in this state, a kind of "*charybdis* upside down and lengthened." Our largest water-boat was thirty-five feet keel, drew (when loaded) seven and a half feet of water, and was rigged with a large jib and high "leg of mutton" sail. She was a "darling" sea-boat. Several Captains of blockade-runners volunteered to guide her out over these foaming breakers, being anxious to display their loyalty for the Southern cause. Massa Captain decided that *he* would go, if I refused. I must confess that I never entertained the least admiration for fool-hardy exploits, or those that performed them, but I could not stand idle and see Massa Captain undertake what was really my duty, and then again, he was a poor swimmer. Relieving his mouth of a large quid of tobacco, he advised me to "keep my eyes skinned" and not venture over if I doubted the practicability of the undertaking. The rain was pouring down, and I doffed my clothing. Two powerful negroes, who were perfect swimmers, accompanied me, and casting off the mooring lines, away we flew, on, on, like a feather before the impetuous blast. Our mainsail and jib were double reefed. I grasped firmly the helm, and directed the bounding little barque towards the most windward extent of the breakers that were foaming, even howling with rage. At this perilous moment my heart almost failed me, yet I consoled myself with the thought that I was a fair swimmer, but then, the sharks!

I flung my thoughts to the screeching winds, while, like a noble charger, our craft sprang into the boiling waters. The gale was just fair enough to enable us to lay out of the harbour well on the weather-quarter. To be sure the boat was decked over, and the tanks closed by tight-fitting hatches, but the after-part, or stern sheets were open. Here the three of us stood, our waists about up to the rails.

In a moment a fearful crushing sea rolled completely over us, filling the cock-pit about us, and causing the little ship to settle as if sinking. Another great billow was fiercely following the course of the first, but I put the helm hard down, thus bringing us head on,—which manœuvre doubtless saved the boat and perhaps our lives. The force of the wave threw us in the trough of the sea, and we drifted away to leeward clear of the treacherous bar; but here we were hard on the lee-shore, and as to tack ship was, under the circumstances impossible, we, as a desperate resort, wore round in safety, thus avoiding being dashed to atoms, over a long ridge of coral rocks—iron fragments of ages—that stood to view lashed in foam, like a stout wall of shattered glass, cemented in one dark mass. After making a good offing, and ranging well to windward, we lowered away the sails, and slipped along under bare-poles, and succeeded after much fatiguing exertions, in gaining the sides of the *Florida*. I sprang up our tall mast, and climbing to the top, grasped the larboard main-yard of the steamer, and was soon below on the deck of the "Oreto" as she was once named. At this instant a monster sea lifted the water-boat like a toy, and her mast striking against the *Florida's* yard-arm, broke the former off just above the bands of the swifters. It was fortunate for me that I had left the spar when I did, otherwise, quite likely my youth would have been nipped in the bud. Well what of it? "A miss is as good as a mile," and it is better they say to be born lucky than rich.

I saw no guns or warlike materials about this cruiser's decks; quite likely they had been sent below. After pumping 2,000 gallons of brackish water into this rover, and receiving a receipt for the same from the chief officer, we proceeded shorewards; and our craft being relieved of the weight of 14,000 pounds, glided light as a sea-gull over the wayward ocean, and arrived safely back again—not over the bar, but through Salt Key passage, which channel would float us when light, but not when even half loaded.

(To be continued.)

Scrapiana.

OUR DUMB.

THE relation sustained by man to the inferior animals is one which, for the purposes of this paper at least, no Darwinian theory is needed to determine. In the history of Creation, as given in the first chapter of Genesis, we read: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

Read in the light which the history of all ages has furnished, this passage seems to be full of a deep and pathetic meaning. Man made in the image of God, having debased the image and departed from the likeness, still retains the dominion, and the mean selfishness of human nature is nowhere more strikingly and painfully exhibited than in his treatment of the brute creation. Among all classes there seems to a lamentable obtuseness in regard to the rights of the lower animals and the duties we owe them. From the French scientist who, out of pure devotion to his calling, coolly proceeds to inflict upon hapless frogs, dogs, or monkeys, an amount of suffering at which the very heart of humanity recoils, to the untaught ruffian who, in sheer wantonness of cruelty, mutilates and kills; all the way down there are forces and influences at work sufficient to produce an infinite amount of misery. In the case of the domestic animals, ignorance has hitherto been one fruitful source—ignorance in regard to their needs, habits, capabilities, &c., but of late so much has been written upon these and kindred subjects, that the plea of ignorance can no longer be urged as an excuse. Almost every man now understands that animals require a certain variety in their food; that it is well to observe some degree of caution in regard to watering them, when over-heated; that a dark, ill-ventilated stable, or one which is open to the four winds of heaven, will not keep a horse at the maximum of health and spirits; that when an animal is seized with a sudden and uncontrollable panic it is not the wisest way to yell at him like a demon, or to lash him like a Russian executioner. But too often where ignorance is not, carelessness and selfishness exert their

baneful influence. Carelessness that puts an icy bit into a horse's mouth on a freezing winter day; leaves cattle shivering for hours with the thermometer 20° below zero; neglects to supply food and drink at proper intervals, and lets the poor worn-out beast of burden get what rest he can, on the uncleaned boards of his stall, if it does not fasten the halter in such a way that instinct forbids him to lie down for fear of being choked. It is a matter of easy calculation to the mind of the most ordinary observer, that more than half the suffering consequent upon lameness and disease, might have been prevented by a due amount of care and gentleness—that the drooping head and trembling limbs of many an ill-used, over-driven creature, are silent witnesses to the truth that

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of heart."

And then selfishness, the hydra-headed monster, that is not to be moved by any considerations of pity; selfishness, in all its thousand repulsive forms, fills up the measure of iniquity. Selfishness, that like Paddy Flynn, tosses up to see whether Paddy shall have his liquor or Jack his oats, and when the chance is decided in favour of Jack, tosses up again. It is selfishness that over-works and over-drives and under-feeds; that makes one horse or ox do the work of two; that crowds the street-car with excursionists, and supplies the lack of strength by the whip. The *selfish love of gain* is at the root of all the organized systems of cruelty, which are a disgrace to our civilization; and in this perhaps will be found the greatest obstacle with which the reformer has to contend. We may instruct the ignorant, and restrain the vicious, but what power on earth shall prevail over ten per cent. profit? The car of progress moves steadily on and great enterprises are borne forward to successful issues, but there is a *dumb cry* from beneath the wheels.—"Who hath ears to hear let him hear!" And this selfishness is closely allied to the brutality which seems to be inherent in the nature of some. We have all seen men who could not pass a dog on the street without giving him a kick, who could not see a squirrel sitting upon a fence, or a bird flying through the air, without shying a stone at it, whose natural impulse it is to bruise and mutilate and torture every thing weaker than themselves. Doubtless this propensity is often fostered in early life by the practice of supplying children with kittens and young puppies as playthings, a practice which might

be productive of much good, and by which might be developed in the child all sweet and kindly sympathies, all noble and generous impulses, were not the little playmate too often transformed into the long-suffering victim. Unreasonable and childish passion vents its fury upon it, and in too many instances there is none to take its part. And there is another practice which cannot be too strongly condemned—the practice of allowing boys to be present when animals are slaughtered. Against the necessity for such slaughter we have no objection to urge, nor do we think it, by any means, the worst fate that can befall them, but the human mind grows by what it feeds on, and if it feeds on blood we may expect dark and murderous deeds. That any butcher has the right, for any purpose whatsoever, to inflict one moment's unnecessary pain we absolutely and emphatically deny, and it seems to us that a strict supervision should be held over the trade, and stringent laws should protect from *torture* the creatures that are doomed to *death*. The recent revelations in New York in regard to the killing of dogs, show that such supervision is necessary, and in this connection we would record our horror—alas! how vainly, of the doings of some of the inhuman miscreants, so-called naturalists, and surgeons of veterinary collages, many of whom are not ashamed to give us the results of *their experiments* through the scientific records of the Magazines. Such scientific records, dark hints as they are, of the fearful deeds which are done in the name of science, we stigmatize as *monstrous*. The hideous process of vivisection may or may not contribute to the stores of the naturalist, but God never made our organized, sensitive being, and adjusted the delicate scale of nerves and sinews, to be ruthlessly disorganized and *experimented upon* even by the hand of science. Dickens tells us, through the lips of one of his homely preachers, that in Heaven "hearts may rank as high as heads," and it is time for us to realize the fact that there are things nobler than Science, that all learning which deadens the sensibilities and is gained at the expense of moral and spiritual good, is a loss, and not a gain. The apathy with which Magistrates and public men are accustomed to regard any case of cruelty which is brought to their notice, is one of the most discouraging features of the case. It has too long been the custom to suppose that a man may do what he will with his own; that because he has paid down his money for his horse he has purchased the right to abuse him, that because a dog looks

up to him as his master, he may beat and kick that dog with impunity. There are laws for the prevention of cruelty, but they need to be enforced. Every where, all over the land, the traveller sees sights of misery and hears the cry of suffering from the unprotected victim of man's inhumanity. Mr. Bergh and his noble band of coadjutors on both sides of the water have done much: by steady persistent effort they have dealt heavy blows at private atrocities and public wrongs, but much more remains to be done, and we all may be workers in the cause. Nor is this labour an unrewarded toil, for the gospel that said to the Jew "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn" is the same gospel that says to us "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." In a forcible and most interesting article which appeared some time since in *Blackwood's Magazine*, an article which does equal credit to the head and heart of the writer, a scene of imaginary retribution is pictured as awaiting man at the hands of his victims. In this vision "multitudes of human beings were huddled together in trucks, and transported to great distances by train without food or water. Babies were given to malicious young cats and dogs to be taken away and drowned; boys were hunted by terriers and stoned to death by frogs. Mice and wild animals were a good deal occupied setting man-traps, baited with toasted cheese in poor neighbourhoods. Gouty old gentlemen were put into the shafts of night cabs and forced to totter on their weak ancles and diseased joints, at such pace as whip-cord could extract. Flying figures in scarlet coats, buckskins and top boots, were run into by packs of foxes. Ministers were caught with hook and line by speckled trout and others of the "finny tribe." In one especially tragic case, a short-sighted naturalist, in spectacles, dodged about in the branches of a wood, while a species of ape underneath, armed with a gun, inflicted upon him dreadful wounds. A veterinary surgeon was stretched on his back, his arms and legs secured to posts, that a horse might cut him up alive for the benefit of an equine audience."

The loving pencil of Landseer and other noted painters, as well as the pens of barons, authors on the subject of animal life, have done much to bring them nearer to man, and to arouse his sympathy in their behalf, and we hail all such efforts as the dawning of a brighter day in store for them. We are encouraged by many cheering signs, to hope with the author of the article before men-

tioned, that the Societies now operating in their behalf, "will, in course of time be extended, till they include all the right-minded and right-hearted of the human race, each of whom will be as vigilant as any official in the prevention and detection of cruelty; that 'a dog's life of it' may yet come to mean universally, a not unpleasant state of existence, that 'slaving like a horse' may be made to denote a wholesome and moderate share of labour." Let us hasten on the day. Let us speak and write and labour for this. Let us have no sympathy with the feeling that causes men to hesitate and demur for fear of being thought morbidly sensitive, or meddlers in other men's matters. Let us not hurry past scenes of cruelty with averted face, and forget all about them the next moment; wherever we see a cruel deed done, let us protest, let us detect, let us bring the offender to justice. There is much to be done for *men*, but the heart that is alive to the miseries of the inferior animals will scarcely be negligent of the higher reforms. Let us work with willing hearts in behalf of the oppressed, and let us teach the children of the coming generation, the lesson so beautifully taught us by the Poet,—

"He prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all!"

Saint John, N. B. VOX HUMANA.

The first stanza of the following song was written by Robert Tannahill—the last was written by Alexander Rogers, of Glasgow, —will any of your numerous readers inform me who was the author of the intermediate verses? W. M.

LEWIE ROY.

Brave Lewie Roy was the flower of our Highlandmen,
Tall as the oak on the lofty Benvoirloch,
Fleet as the light-bounding tenants of Fellan-glen,
Dearer than life to his lovely *Neen Voiuch*.
Lone was his biding, the cave of his hiding,
When forc'd to retire with our gallant Prince Charlie.
Tho' manly and fearless, his bold heart was cheerless,
Away from the Lady he aye lov'd sae dearly.
Charlie, Charlie, Royal Prince Charlie,
Dauntless in dangers wild gallant Prince Charlie;
Caledon, is the lone land of thine ancient Throne,
King of the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie.

Wild was the mountain dell, lonely unseen and drear,
Where Lewie Roy lay concealed sae obscurely;
Dear to his heart, was the cave of the chevalier,
Sweet the repast of his gallant Prince Charlie.
Nae 'ither Throne, than the fog covered mossy stone,
Nae Royal Hall, where to bouze e'en and early.
Through dell and den, wood and glen, far fae the haunts of men,
Brave Lewie Roy aye attended Prince Charlie.
Charlie, Charlie, &c.

When the bold clansmen were rank'd on the battle-field,
Many a hero fell, mangled and gory;
Bondless and bold were the sons of the bossy shield,
But Lewie Roy was aye foremost in glory.
Here on Culloden plain was his ain father slain,
O'er the old warrior lamented he sairly,
Not that he deem'd his life, lost by inglorious strife,
For Lewie Roy could have died for Prince Charlie.
Charlie, Charlie, &c.

But noo far awa frae his Ivy-clad Palace walls,
Charlie must flee, for the foeman's victorious;
Charlie maun flee frae his forefather's Royal Halls,
Flee frae the homes and the tombs of the glorious.
Proudly the victors ride, dashing their vengeance wide,
O'er a poor country, that's bleeding severely,
Brave Lewie Roy is chas'd, through a land wide and waste
Marked as a victim to die for Prince Charlie.
Charlie, Charlie, &c.

Haste! Lewie Roy, seek a shade in the mountain cloud,
Ruin shrieks wildly the hill and the vale in,
Over thy Highland home, ten thousand men of blood
Fill every cottage with sorrow and wailin'.
Brightly the castle high, flames to the azure sky,
Sheds of the shepherds are roofless and dreary:
Mothers and maidens mild weep o'er the houseless wild;
O! the unhappy adherents of Charlie.
Charlie, Charlie, &c.

But woe to the blood-thirsty mandates of Cumberland,
Woe to the blood-thirsty gang that fulfilled them,
Poor Caledonia! bleeding and plunder'd land,
Where shall thy children now shelter and shield them?
Keen prowl the cravens, like merciless ravens,
Their prey the devoted adherents of Charlie.
Brave Lewie Roy is ta'en, cowardly hack'd and slain,
Oh! his *Neen Votuch* will mourn for him sairly.
Charlie, Charlie, &c.

"THE RECREATION FUND."

I.

"Some men have got a fund of wit, and some of information;
And some have money in the funds—cause for congratulation.
There's a fund for relieving "Fan-quis," in a desolate situation;—
But the Fund that I shall sing about, is the "Fund for Recreation."

II.

This Fund arose, they say—when Shanghai was in its splendor,—
When each purse was crammed with cash, and each borrower found a lender;—
And the merchants being cock-a-whoop, with successful speculation,
Determined to indulge in some legitimate Recreation.

III.

Then first they took a money-bag, and filled it full of coin,
And did appoint a Treasurer, that none might it purloin;
And this Treasurer swore a solemn oath,—"As I hope for my salvation,—
I'll watch and ward, and strictly guard the 'Fund for Recreation.'"

IV.

When years rolled on, and each man sought amusement to his mind,
And some went back to England, and some remained behind—
In racquet, and in cricketing, some found a relaxation;
But not a word was said or heard of the Fund for Recreation.

V.

Then up and spoke a Briton bold—I cannot tell his name—
Said he—"To waste this noble Fund, I hold it is a shame;
So ponder well, and let each man, with due premeditation,
Propound a scheme how to apply this Fund for Recreation."

VI.

Some said—"Let's build a theatre," and some, "let's build a steeple;"
And some proposed with partridges the paddy-fields to people,
And some were for a racquet-court, and some for a railway station,
While others wished to mend the roads!! with the "Fund for Recreation."

VII.

So next they called a meeting, and appointed a committee,
And argued well the question, in orations wise and witty;
But while they were engaged in this agreeable occupation,
Somebody asked—"What has *become* of the Fund for Recreation?"

VIII.

They went unto the Treasurer, and unto him did say, "sir—
Where *is* the Fund which you did swear to guard and keep alway, sir?"
And the Treasurer said, with gracious smile, and without hesitation;
"In the cellar of the 'Club' you'll find the 'Fund for Recreation.'"

IX.

They went and searched the cellarage, with faces blithe and merry—
But nothing did they find therein, except a butt of sherry;—
And all their faces underwent portentious elongation,
When the Treasurer said—"You here behold the Fund for Recreation!"

X.

"I swore to keep the money-bag in confidence and trust,"
"And you shall all acknowledge that my conduct has been just:"
"I loaned the same, unto the 'Club,' for better preservation,
"And in this good wine they did invest your 'Fund for Recreation!'"

XI.

And glasses then were handed round, and they did taste the wine,—
('Twas the same as that they serve unto the members when they dine:)
"This wine," said they, "is the very worst to be found in all creation,
And we may all go whistle now, for the Fund for Recreation!"

XII.

Now when the people heard this tale, there was a great sensation,
And nobody was satisfied with the Treasurer's explanation,
And all throughout the "settlement,"* to load with execration,
The wine, and Club, and Treasurers, was the *only* Recreation!

XIII.

Now let us sing, long live the King or Emperor of this nation,
And all his Mandarins *also, if* the leave off peculation:
And let us pray the Club may pay, and some future generation,
Hereafter reap the benefit of the Fund for Recreation.—*Chin-Yow.*

Hantsport, N. S.

THE July number of THE MARITIME MONTHLY, published in St. John, N. B., by a party of gentlemen who are apparently able to create a desirable home-literature, is now lying before us. If interesting sketches, and artistic romance and poetry, with a well selected editorial *melangé* are appreciated by the people of the Maritime Provinces, we shall wonder if this Magazine does not become a lasting and profitable success.—*Commercial Bulletin, Boston.*

THE MARITIME MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July, is an excellent number. We shall endeavour to find room, ere long, for extracts from a bold, and not injudicious article on Canadian Aristrocracy, from the pen of I. Allen Jack. The number is particularly rich in poetry. Among other pieces it contains a pleasant sunshiny sonnet by the editor—some beautiful lines, which we shall give in full next week, by a local poetess; and a rugged, chivalresque ballad by Hunter Duvar. The magazine, under the care of its most able editor, has claims on the intellect of Canada. It is one of the institutions that its native Province should not willingly let die. *American Canadian, Boston, Mass.*

The MARITIME under the editorial management of Mr. H. L. Spencer, is improving every issue, and will soon rank with the first-class monthlies of America.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

---

*That is, the European grants—the Shang-hai of the "*Fan-qui*," as distinguished from the Shang-hai proper, of the "*Foh-Kee.*"

NEWSPAPER NOTES.

If well directed and persistent effort ensures success, QUIP may be considered a permanent institution. He laughs good humoredly at folly—is keen in his perceptions, and sound in his conclusions: the pith of a sermon he embodies in a line. *Quip* is above scurrility, and we question if at heart he is any man's enemy. It is said that he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, is a public benefactor—and the father of an innocent laugh may be regarded in the same light. *Quip* has our best wishes.

The *American Canadian* published in Boston by H. H. Lavers, has peculiar claims upon our people, and we wish it that brilliant success which editorially and mechanically it deserves. In its columns we find the intelligence and opinion of the United States, and the American that of Canada. In a condensed form it supplies the news of the world—its editorials are able and its selections excellent.

THE *Providence Sunday Dispatch*, is one of the most readable of our exchanges. We think the publishers should have launched their craft from a larger port—Boston or New York. Mr. Bagnall one of the editors, was for a time a resident of St. John.

FOR favors received, our thanks are tendered to the *Farmer*, *Reporter*, *Head Quarters*, (Fredericton); *Courier*, *Journal*, (St. Stephen); *Sentinel*, (Woodstock); *Post*, (Sackville); *Times*, (Moncton); *Tribune*, *News*, (St. John); *Sun*, (Truro, N. S.); *Sentinel*, (Amherst, N. S.); *Monitor*, (Bridgetown, N. S.); *Tribune*, (Yarmouth, N. S.); *Progress*, (Summerside, P. E. I.).

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1874. No. 3.

THE POLARIS EXPEDITION.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

PART II.

IN this practical age we are accustomed to determine the value of things by their results. Theories may be very ingenious and plausible, but unless they stand the test of practice or experiment, they command small respect. This is a beautiful and complicated machine, but we ask, will it do the work? This is a most venerable institution, but has it ceased to be effective, or does it still retain its hold upon the hearts and lives of living men? This expedition in search of the springs of the Nile is very heroic, but *cui bono?* These men, who set out to do battle with the ice-floes of the Arctic seas, are very brave and their enterprises very daring, and the amount of human toil and endurance which they have undergone is something wonderful; but after all, what good is to come of their efforts in cleaving ice-fields and sledging along hundreds of miles of foreign desolate shores, where even the wretched Esquimaux cannot exist? Such questions are often put in a narrow, cold, utilitarian spirit that is satisfied with nothing short of results that may be measured and described, and which ignores the higher issues—the intellectual and moral consequences which cannot be weighed in the common balance. But still, while we protest against this contracted, commercial view, we must allow, in all fairness, that fruit must be looked for, as the product of human energy, and that objectless

and resultless enterprises cannot be defended in a world where there is so much work to be done, and the time to do it is so short. The Polaris Expedition, like other matters, must submit to be judged by its results.

But for the misfortunes which overtook that expedition, the array of results would have been much greater than we now know them to be. The greatest of these misfortunes was the death of the heroic leader, Captain Hall. Wanting his inspiring enthusiasm, the expedition could not be carried out to a successful issue. The loss of the greater part of the records of the expedition, and many of the specimens, in the gale of October 15th, 1872, was another irreparable calamity. How painful to the scientific corps to discover that the records of their observations—which had cost them many a weary vigil during the long Arctic night—had been swept away on the ice, and were lost beyond recovery! The whole of Captain Hall's papers were lost in this way, having been placed for safety on the ice when the ship was supposed to be sinking. Only a small part of the meteorological and tidal observations was saved; the pendulum observations were also saved, but the observations of time were lost. The whole of the astronomical and magnetic records unhappily shared the same fate. The loss to science of these valuable records of observations taken in the highest latitude in which white men have ever wintered, is greatly to be deplored.

The most striking and important result of the Polaris expedition was the demonstration which it furnished of the practicability of carrying a vessel, by way of Kennedy Channel, to 82° 16′ N., or within little more than four hundred miles of the Pole. Even this high latitude was attained in a single working season, and almost without any serious hindrances. It is also certain that, at this farthest point, the sea was still navigable; and that, with a stouter ship, and more confidence on the part of those in command, a still higher point could have been reached. Thus the *Polaris* has opened the way to the North Pole, and we may now be assured that a host of eager discoverers will be pressing on in the same route, and that the mysterious Pole will ere long be reached. The true gateway to the Pole has at length been discovered; and the icy barrier, which has for centuries baffled the boldest navigators, has at length been pierced. The honor of this achievement belongs to the brave Captain Hall, and if no other result of his

expedition could be named, this is enough to cover it with renown. Henceforward all attempts to reach the Pole will be by following in the track of the *Polaris*, and all further investigations into the geography of the circum-polar regions will be prosecuted through Kennedy Channel. The Spitzbergen route, on which so many fruitless efforts have been wasted, will now, in all probability, be abandoned. When a vessel so poorly fitted for the conflict with ice-floes as the *Polaris*, achieved so much, a properly equipped expedition, in a favorable season, is almost certain of success.

Another very important result of this expedition is the certainty it has furnished that a strong southerly current is constantly flowing through this polar-gateway, keeping the ice in motion and sweeping it south, so that navigation cannot be arrested for any great length of time. In this fact lies a source of safety for all future Arctic expeditions by the same route. Let us suppose that two stout whaling steamers were despatched in this direction, and manned by crews from the navy and commanded by naval officers, and that one of them were stationed at the entrance of Smith's Sound, while the other pressed on towards the Pole, there would be no great difficulty in maintaining communications between two vessels thus placed, and between the most southern of them and the whalers frequenting the "North Water," so that there would be no possibility of serious danger to the more advanced party, in the improbable event of their vessel being lost. Captain Hall found that the floes met with up Smith's Sound were not of a heavy description, and seldom exceeded five feet in thickness, so that it may be safely inferred they were the growth of one winter. The same was found to be the case in their winter-quarters, in 81° 38'. All the ice seen here appeared to have been formed in one winter. If, then, the most northern of these vessels should reach 84° or 85° N., from such a position parties could easily survey the whole northern coasts of Greenland and Grinnel Land, and also reach the Pole; while in case of any disaster, a safe retreat would always be kept open. The fact that the *Polaris* drifted from a high northern latitude into Baffin's Bay, is a proof of a southerly current, and of a navigable channel, as an ordinary rule.

In addition to all this, the Polaris expedition has dispersed many unfounded assumptions regarding the increasing difficulties

of sustaining human life as we penetrate farther north. The crew of the *Polaris* wintered in 81° 38′ N.; and there the climate was found to be milder than farther south, and animal life was so abundant that considerable supplies of fresh meat could be obtained, especially musk-oxen, by well-organized hunting parties. Thus one of the greatest difficulties, in maintaining men in health and vigor, in these icy regions, is demonstrated not to be insurmountable. If only supplies of fresh provisions can be had, the climate of the Arctic regions is found to be perfectly healthy. Explorations, therefore, in this direction, involve little risk to life or health. The apparent difficulties have thus been diminished greatly by the voyage of the *Polaris*. Now that the possibility of a vessel making her way from Cape Shackleton to 82° 16′ in five days is established, and that at that point there are fewer difficulties to be encountered than farther south, the next few years will, in all probability, witness circum-polar discoveries of vast interest. The prospects of success, in the case of specially equipped and properly manned expeditions, are now vastly increased.

The geographical results of the expedition possess high interest. The Open Polar Sea, laid down by Kane and Hayes, regarding which geographers have been so much divided in opinion, was found to be in reality "a Sound of considerable extent, formed by the somewhat abrupt termination of Kennedy Channel to the northward, and broken by Lady Franklin's Bay on the west, and on the east by a large inlet or fiord, twenty-two miles wide at the opening, and certainly extending far inland to the south-east. Its length was not ascertained, and Mr. Meyer thinks that it may be, in fact, a strait extending till it communicates with the Francis Joseph Sound of the Germania and Hansa Expedition, and with it defining the northern limits of Greenland. This inlet was called the Southern Fiord. North of it, on the same side, is the indentation of the shore called Polaris Bay by Captain Hall, where the *Polaris* wintered in latitude 81° 38′ north. The northern point of this bay was named Cape Lupton. Its southern point is yet without a name. From Cape Lupton the land trends to the north-east, and forms the eastern shore of a new channel from twenty-five to thirty miles wide, opening out of the sound above mentioned, to which Captain Hall gave the name of Robeson's Straits. The western shores of these straits, north of Grinnel's Land, are also nameless. North-east of Cape Lupton, in

latitude 81° 57', is a deep inlet, which Captain Hall called Newman's Bay, naming its northern point Cape Brevoort, and its southern bluff Sumner Headland. From Cape Brevoort, the north-east trend of the land continues to Repulse Harbor, in latitude 82° 9'—the highest northern position reached by land during this expedition. From an elevation of seventeen hundred feet at Repulse Harbor, on the east coast of Robeson's Strait, the land continues north-east to the end of these straits, and thence east and south-east till lost in the distance, its vanishing point bearing south of east from the place of observation. No other land was visible to the north-east, but land was seen on the west coast, extending northward as far as the eye could reach, and apparently terminating in a headland and near latitude 84° north." (Report, p. 293.)

Dr. Bessels, in his evidence before the Commission, throws some additional light on the matter. He said, "On the 7th of August two of our seamen, Robert Kruger and Henry Hobby, went back to Newman's Bay to get some of their clothing, and in going there, they saw the land to the north of the northernmost cape of Grinnel Land, without any name, as plain as it could possibly be. One of them, Henry Hobby, remarked that the northernmost cape of Grinnel Land seemed to be so near him that he used the expression, he could 'spit on it;' and he described the land to the north of the cape as perpendicular cliffs, covered at some places with snow; and this account of the land corresponds exactly with the bearings of the cloud that I had taken some weeks previous to that, to the north-east of where he was. This is above the northernmost cape of Grinnel Land. This land lies above the northernmost point of that unnamed region which lies above Lady Franklin's Bay, as laid down in the chart of Mr. Meyer, and seems to be disconnected from it, and lying off to the north-east, and trending from north-west to the south-east."

The foregoing evidence seems to establish the insularity of Greenland, its extreme northern extension being in 82° 30' N. At this point its shores were steep and precipitous, and free from land ice. Grinnel Land, on the opposite side, appeared to reach somewhat further north, and to terminate in a cape, from which the land trended westward. According to Dr. Bessels, there was a northern land visible at the distance of sixty miles, with a channel between it and Grinnel Land. In the new chart laid

down by the officers of the expedition, this extreme northern land is named "President's Land," and is placed considerably north of 84°. The channel between it and Grinnel Land is named "Navy Opening," and the sea to the north of Robeson's Channel "Lincoln Sea." The most northern cape in Grinnel Land is named "Cape Joseph Henry," and a peak somewhat south of it "Cape Hamilton Fish."

In addition to settling the question of an "Open Polar Sea" at Cape Constitution, the expedition rendered important service by correcting serious errors which occurred in the shore-line of the west coast, as laid down by Dr. Hayes, and also errors in the shore-line of Greenland, as laid down by Dr. Kane. Cape Constitution was found to be nearly fifty miles farther south than the position assigned to it by Kane, and the whole coast-line was placed farther to the eastward. Dr. Bessels considers that Cape Constitution ought to be placed in latitude 80° 25' N. instead of 81° N. He also states that the specimens he brought home prove that Greenland has been connected with America, and that a rupture took place in the direction from north to south. He found also that certain minerals of South Greenland have been deposited as far north as latitude 82°; and that North Greenland has been rising, as he found drift-wood and marine-shells at elevations of seventeen hundred feet above the sea-level,—shells that are now found alive in the adjoining sea. Another important discovery was, that the tides of Polaris Bay were from the north, and probably connected with the Pacific Ocean, while those farther south were from the Atlantic Ocean. From this Dr. Bessels infers that there is an open-sea connection between Robeson's Channel and the Pacific, and that a north-west passage could be made provided the obstructions from the ice are not insurmountable. The same accurate observer saw traces of the Esquimaux as far north as 82°. At this point the remains of a summer encampment of this people were found, consisting of three circles of stones for keeping tents in position, and various Esquimaux implements. Evidently, this extraordinary race must have migrated from the eastward, at a very high latitude, and made their way south along both the eastern and western coasts of Greenland. It is clear the stream of emigration was not from south to north. The total extent of coast-line examined and surveyed by the Polaris Expedition was seven hundred miles; so that its geographical results must be pronounced exceedingly valuable.

All observations taken at the most northern position in which civilized man has ever wintered, must be regarded with much interest. The amount of information furnished by the expedition regarding the zoology and botany of those regions, though not large, is important. Unhappily the collections of natural history were lost on the ice, with the exception of two small cases. The character of the fauna is North American, as indicated by the occurrence of the lemming and musk-ox. Twenty-six of the latter were shot. Only one white bear was seen, but foxes were often observed. Three kinds of seals were met with—the common Greenland seal, the ground seal, and the fetid seal—even as far north as 82° 16′; but no walrus or narwhal to the north of 79°. Musk-oxen were reported by the Esquimaux to be very plentiful on the western side, in Ellismere and Grinnel Lands. Before the winter set in the birds all migrated south, but ptarmigan and a species of snipe re-appeared early in spring, and the usual Arctic species were abundant. It is remarkable that, with the exception of a salmon in a fresh-water lake, no fish were met with. Altogether, nine species of mammals were found, four of which were seals. The number of species of insects is about fifteen, viz.: one beetle, four butterflies, six diptera, one bumble-bee, and several ichneumons, parasites in caterpillars. Two species of spiders and several mites were found. The flora was found to be richer than could be expected, as not less than seventeen phaneragamic plants were collected, besides three mosses, three lichens, and five fresh-water algæ.

The prevailing winds were found to be from the north-east, although there were occasionally tempests from the south-west. Light winds were noticed from all points of the compass. The lowest temperature registered was 48° Fahrenheit. The fall of snow during the two winters passed by the *Polaris* in Smith's Sound was remarkably small. During the summer the entire extent of both low lands and elevations were bare of both snow and ice, except patches here and there in the shade of the rocks. "The soil during this period was covered with a more or less dense vegetation of moss, with which several Arctic plants were interspersed, some of considerable beauty, but entirely without scent, and many small willows scarcely reaching the dignity of shrubs. The rocks noticed were of a schistose or slaty character, and in some instances contained fossil plants, specimens of which

were collected. Distinct evidences of former glaciers were seen in localities now bare of ice, these indications consisting in the occurrence of terminal and lateral moraines." (Report, p. 292.)

The variation of the needle amounted to 96°, being less than at localities visited by Hayes and Kane, farther south. Auroras were frequent but not brilliant, and streamers quite rare. Only once was the aurora a rosy red. The average rise and fall of the tides at their winter-quarters was about five and a half feet.

The records which have been preserved of meteorological observations, especially of the winds, the temperature and the moisture of the atmosphere, as well as the deep-sea temperatures taken, with the corresponding density of water, will form valuable contributions to physical geography. Twenty sets of pendulum observations were also saved, and will be found of importance. As yet, the gain to science, from the labors of the expedition, cannot be fully determined; but the voyage of the *Polaris* will form an epoch in Arctic explorations not merely on account of the solid gains of the expedition, but still more from the possibilities it suggests of glorious spoils for future explorers, in the at present unknown regions around the Pole.

Manifestly, we are on the eve of great discoveries in that vast unknown area of two million five hundred thousand square miles around the North Pole. Every fresh trial indicates that the icy ramparts will not much longer resist the practical efforts of explorers, and that soon another region will be reclaimed from the unknown and added to the domains of human knowledge. The employment of powerful steamers, built immensely strong, with sharp bows armed with iron, and fitted for cleaving the ice-floes by charging them at full speed, or rising above to descend upon them with crushing force, has created a new era in ice-navigation. All-conquering steam is destined to carry the bold explorer to the Pole. Science has taught men how to preserve the crews of vessels in the most perfect health and vigor in the Arctic regions. The immense advantages of the modern over the ancient explorer, in the matter of equipment, as well as in the means of solving scientific problems of great interest, seem to render success a matter of certainty.

Some, perhaps, may be ready to assert that we have little to gain in these grim icy regions, and that it would be wiser to leave the Frost King undisturbed in his own domains. Such a view,

however, cannot be maintained in view of the conclusions and demands of science. Judging by all past experience, the examination of such a large portion of the earth's surface cannot fail to yield results of high scientific, as well as practical interest, and to increase largely the sum of human knowledge. No man could anticipate with exactness the nature of the discoveries likely to be made, although we may feel assured that they will be numerous, and like all new truths, will be found ultimately to have a relation to human well-being. When Columbus turned his prow to the west, and ventured out into the unknown waste of waters, who could have then conjectured the results which were to follow his discovery, or anticipated the America of to-day, with its restless, ambitious population and boundless resources? No one, in fact, can venture to predict the result of any new discovery in the realms of nature. At the Pole and around it, observations may yet be taken, which will give us a more thorough knowledge of our globe, and so influence the progress and happiness of the race. In any case the path of duty is clear. So long as any portion of his earthly domains is unexplored, man's instincts will lead him to use all possible means to penetrate the unknown, and never to sit down contended while a foot of territory on the surface of the globe is unvisited. Past experience tells him that the results which are least expected, and entirely beyond human anticipation, are those which explorations in new regions will bring to light. The five millions of square miles around the Poles, yet unexplored, may yield secrets which will vastly aid man in extending his acquaintance with the mighty forces of nature. The very effort to grapple with the difficulties of exploration, in these icy regions, will help to develope human faculty, and to give scope to that spirit of daring enterprise which has already produced so many heroes, and raised our thoughts above the dull drudgeries of our every-day experience.

Even now there are within the scope of our vision, probable results more than sufficient to warrant renewed efforts in Arctic explorations. No science attracts more attention at present than anthropology, and in connection with no other are there more obscurities and difficulties awaiting solution. The study of the lower races of man may be expected to throw much light on the whole history of the human family. In particular, a knowledge of that extraordinary race, the Esquimaux, who have their home

within the Arctic circle, may be expected to yield important results. Important questions connected with the migrations of man within the Arctic zone are yet unsolved, and are closely connected with the geography of the undiscovered portions of the Arctic regions. The Polaris Expedition has made it certain that even as far north as 81° 30', there either are or have been human inhabitants, and even north of the explored portions of Greenland. Indications on the eastern side of Greenland point to the same conclusion. The investigation of the habits of such a people, who have been for generations cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world, would possess the highest scientific interest. From what centres this singular race originally wandered; what are their religious ideas and what their language; their weapons and method of hunting; their superstitions, songs and traditions—all these inquiries present subjects of high interest for investigation, and their study would tend to advance the science of man. A human interest thus attaches to Arctic explorations. The inhabitants of these icy solitudes are our brothers, and we want to know something of their joys and sorrows, and of the circumstances under which the "struggle for life" goes on, where wood and metals are unknown, and the inhabitants are dependent on bone and stone for weapons and utensils. If we want to know how man fought the battle of life in the Stone Age, we may find light thrown on the subject, by an acquaintance with the isolated tribes of Esquimaux, who are living examples of a stage in progress which the rest of the race have left far behind them.

The geographical and hydrographical discoveries which are to be made, within the unknown region, also possess a deep interest. To complete the circuit of Greenland and determine the nature and extent of the land along its northern extremity, and to explore the land to the westward, as well as the great Polar Archipelago, whose existence seems to be dimly indicated, is a task worthy of the boldest explorers. Then the hydrography of these unknown seas will have a close bearing on the question of ocean currents and consequently on general navigation. Pendulum observations made at the Pole are still necessary to complete our knowledge of the earth's figure. Researches into the phenomena of magnetism and atmospheric electricity, in the vicinity of the Pole will probably yield important scientific results; while the meteorologi-

cal discoveries will be of vast interest, such as mortal eye has never before observed. The first bold explorers who reach the Pole, "will see the sun revolving with a uniform altitude, from the day it comes north of the equator in March, until it returns in September, its altitude being equal to its declination."

Geology too, will profit by Arctic exploration. This science wants more light thrown on ice-action, in connection with the glacial period of the earth's history, and to learn more of the height, extent and range of the glaciers. Besides, now that the existence of a true palæozoic coal formation has been determined, geologists are eager to know more of its composition and extent. The discovery of coal on the coast of Greenland, in large quantities, and in seams easily worked, is one of great importance. In these inhospitable regions too, rare and precious metals have been discovered already, and many more may be brought to light. The Swedish Arctic expeditions found meteoric iron extending for a distance of two hundred miles.

In conclusion, I shall only add that the zoologist and the botanist have numerous and important questions to solve in connection with Arctic exploration: and must regard their respective sciences incomplete, till a more perfect acquaintance with the animals and plants of those regions has been obtained. Indeed so intimately connected are all the sciences that it would be difficult to name any department which would not be enriched by the discoveries of a thoroughly equipped expedition to the Polar regions.

I cannot close without reference to the discovery of coal at Disco Island, on the Greenland coast—a matter of vast importance in prosecuting Arctic explorations *via* Baffin's Bay. D. S. Braine, Commander of the U. S. Steamer *Juniata*, which was despatched in search of the *Polaris*, in his Report to the Secretary of the Navy refers to the coal in Greenland in the following terms: "The position of the coal mine is latitude 60° 45' N.; longitude 52° 20' W."—(on the north-east coast of Disco Island). "The mines are a short distance back from the beach, and about one hundred feet above the level of the sea." "The coal is easily obtained; the tools used were pick-axes, chisel-bars, and shovels, the mining being done by nine of our men; the coal carried in bags to the beach. As the mining advanced into the mine, the coal assumed a brighter and blacker hue, indicating the presence

of bitumen, and some lumps were sprinkled with small particles of resin, the veins growing thicker as the mining proceeded. The coal proved frail in its structure, not bearing much handling, and was obtained in lumps. It was experimented with for fifteen hours, steaming in the *Little Juniata*, using salt water. It ignites easily, burns freely, and forms very little clinkers. The fine coal burns very nearly as well as the lump. A regular pressure of steam was kept up, twenty pounds to the square inch, with the furnace doors open part of the time, and at no time was the saturation above $\frac{2}{3}$. By weight, I judge it requires about one fourth more of this coal to be consumed, in any given time, to produce a mechanical effect equal to the best Welsh coal. This coal is bituminous in its nature. It produces very little smoke, of a brownish colour, and requires but little labor in stoking. While in this locality, several veins were found which indicated good coal and large quantities of it. So easily was the coal mined that our men, nine in number, would have removed and carried to the beach at least one hundred tons, in eight days, with the tools we used." "The anchorage and holding ground off the mines worked by us is good, with a depth of from ten to twenty fathoms; and I deem it perfectly feasible to mine the coals at this point successfully and in large quantities, of quality as stated above." It is not stated how these coal seams occur, but it is probable they belong to the palæozoic coal formation.

The series of articles on Arctic explorations is now closed. The readers of THE MARITIME MONTHLY will, perhaps, pardon me for stating that the peculiarity of my position here has led me to take a deep interest in those enterprises conducted by gallant American explorers. St. John's, N. F., has been the starting-point of their expeditions, when leaving the confines of civilization, they turned their prows towards the shores of Greenland. On the 21st of June, 1853, I saw the gallant Kane waving his farewell from the deck of the *Advance*, as he took his departure from our harbor for the North Pole, and I was among the number who wished him God-speed on the occasion. On the 24th of July, 1871, the *Polaris* left our harbor to follow in his track; and on the day before her departure I had a pleasant chat on board with her enthusiastic commander, Captain Hall, who explained to me his plans and expressed his confident hopes of success. Alas! only four months afterwards he was laid in an Arctic grave, in the land

he had conquered from the realms of the unknown! Early in May, 1873, the startling news reached us that the *Tigress*, one of our sealing steamers, had brought into port a portion of the crew of the *Polaris*, rescued from the ice off the coast of Labrador. I was one of the first to visit the party, and gather from their lips the particulars of their marvellous voyage of two thousand miles on an ice-floe, and to tell their startling story to the world. Our interest in the *Polaris* was sustained here by the visits of the S. S. *Juniata* and *Tigress* sent in search of her. In this way I have been led to occupy so many pages of THE MARITIME MONTHLY with the adventures of these brave men. My task is now completed, with what success the readers of THE MARITIME may determine.

ENON.

WHEN Enon died, I cried, "Oh heart for thee
Nor flower shall bloom nor sun e'er shine again:"
When Enon died, I cried, "As falls the rain
Shall fall my tears through all the years to be!"
But as he faded in men's thoughts, in mine
The recollections of the past grew gray:
Does it disturb that long, long sleep of thine,
That thou art thus forgotten, Enon, say?
I see the white-sailed ships go down the Bay,
Of warning lights I catch the ruddy gleam,—
Upon my pillow wearily I lay
My aching head, and through the night I dream
Of ships dismasted, that the ocean plough,
Lost and forgotten, Enon, as art thou!

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

THE ADVENTURES OF ABEN-HAMET;

OR,

THE LAST ABENCERRAGE.

[Translated from the French by W. F. Hatheway.]

CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN TO THE HOME OF HIS ANCESTORS.

WHEN Boabdil, the last king of Granada, was obliged to abandon the kingdom of his father, he stood for a short time upon the summit of a neighboring mountain. From this elevated spot one could perceive the sea, upon which the unfortunate monarch was about to embark for Africa, the city of Granada and the wide extending valley and the river Xenil, with the white tents of Ferdinand and Isabella gleaming upon its banks. At the right of this beautiful country, with its groves of cypress trees, which yet marked here and there the tombs of the Mussulmen, Boabdil burst into tears. His mother, the Sultana Aixa, who, with the nobles that formerly composed his court, was accompanying him in his exile, said to him: "Bewail now, like a woman, a kingdom that you knew not how to defend like a man." They descended the mountain, and Granada disappeared from their eyes.

The Moors of Spain, who joined in the fate of their king, scattered themselves over Africa. The Zegri and Gomeles took seat in the kingdom of Fez, from which they had drawn their origin; other tribes remained upon the coast from Oran to Algiers, and the Abencerrages settled in the environs of Tunis. They founded, in sight of the ruins of Carthage, a colony which is yet distinguished among the Moors of Africa for the elegance of its manners and the mildness of its laws. These families carried into their new country the remembrance of their ancient land. The *Paradise of Granada* was always fresh in their memory, and often would mothers repeat its name to their tender offspring. The romances of their country were sung to them from the cradle up to manhood. They prayed five days in the mosques with faces turned toward Granada. They beseeched Allah to restore to his chosen people that land of happiness. In vain did the African land offer the exile its fruits, its waters, its verdure, and its shining sun—distant far from the *vermilion towers* of Granada,

no fruits seemed agreeable, no waters limpid, nor appeared the verdure fresh, nor the sun worthy of regard.

If you pointed out to one of them the plains of Bagrada, he would shake his head, sadly crying "Granada." More than all the others did the Abencerrages retain the tender and faithful remembrance of their country. They had left with great sorrow the theatre of their glory, and those banks which they had made resound so often with their battle-cry "Honor and Love." No longer being able to level the lance in the desert nor to wear the casque in a colony of laborers, they consecrated themselves to the study of herbs, a profession much esteemed amongst the Arabs, even as much as that of arms. Thus this race of warriors who formerly used to inflict wounds, were now occupied in the art of curing them. In that, art had retained something of its first genius, for the warriors oftentimes dressed the wounds of those whom they had just routed. The cabin of this family, a family which once had palaces, was not placed in the village with the other exiles at the foot of the mountain; it was built amongst the very ruins of Carthage, upon the border of the sea.

To the cabin walls were attached shields made of lion skins, which bore, imprinted on an azure field, two figures of savages destroying a city with an immense club. Around this device was written "It is but little matter;"—this, the arms and device of the Abencerrages.

Lances adorned with blue and white pennons and helmets inlaid with white satin, were arranged above the shields. Suspended here and there were seen saddles, richly jewelled, golden stirrups, and long swords with sheaths embroidered by the hands of princesses. Upon the tables at the foot of these trophies of glory, were placed trophies of a pacific life, plants gathered upon the summit of Mount Atlas, and in the deserts of Sahara, a few even that had been brought from the plains of Granada.

Twenty-four years had fled since the taking of Granada. In this short space of time, fourteen Abencerrages had perished; a few by the influence of a new climate, others by the accidents of a wandering life, but the greater number perished by regret, which slowly undermines the forces of man. One scion alone was the hope of this famous house. Aben-Hamet bore the name of that Abencerrage who was accused by the Zegri of having seduced the Sultana Alfaima; in him were combined the beauty, valor, courtesy

and generosity of his ancestors, linked with that mild air and light expression of sadness which unhappiness, nobly supported, bestows upon our race.

He was only twenty-two years of age when he lost his father. He resolved then to make a pilgrimage to the land of his ancestors in order to satisfy the craving of his heart, and to accomplish a design that he carefully concealed from his mother. He embarked at the port of Tunis; a favorable wind took him to Carthagena; he disembarked and soon took the route for Granada, announcing himself as an Arab doctor, who came to gather herbs amongst the rocks of the Sierra Nevada.

A quiet mule slowly bore him into that land in which in former times the Abencerrages were accustomed to travel upon fiery coursers; a guide marched ahead, conducting two other mules adorned with bells and woollen stuffs of various colours.

Aben-Hamet traversed the great plains and palmy woods of the kingdom of Marcia; by the age of the palms, he judged that they must have been planted by his fathers, and his heart was penetrated with sorrow. Here stood forth a tower in which watched the sentinel in the time of the Moorish and Christian wars, there was shown a ruin whose architecture declared a Moorish origin; another subject of grief for the Abencerrage. He dismounted and under pretence of looking for herbs, concealed himself a moment in these ruins in order to give full vent to his heavy sorrow.

Granada is built at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, upon two high hills, which are separated by a deep valley; two rivers, the Xenil and Darro, one of which rolls with golden spangles and the other with silver sands, lave the base of these hills, uniting and winding afterwards through the midst of a most luxuriant plain called "La Vega." This plain, which Granada overlooks, is covered with vines, figs, pomegranates and oranges, and is surrounded with mountains of a wonderful form and color. An enchanted sky, a pure and delicious air, carry to the soul a languor from which the traveller, desirous of journeying on, can hardly defend himself. One feels that in this country the tender passions would have quickly silenced the heroic ones, if love, to be real, had not always need of being accompanied by glory.

When Aben-Hamet first perceived the pinnacles of the chief edifices of Granada, his heart beat with so much violence that he was obliged to halt. He crossed his arms upon his chest, and

with eyes fixed upon the sacred city, he remained dumb and motionless. The guide stopped in his turn, and as all the more elevated sentiments are easily understood by a Spaniard, he appeared touched, and divined that the Moor saw again his ancient home. The Abencerrage at last broke silence, "Guide," cried he, "be thou happy! conceal not from me the truth, for quiet reigned on the waves the day of thy birth.—What towers are these that shine like stars above a forest green?"

"The Alhambra," replied the guide.

"And this castle upon the other hill?" said the Abencerrage.

"That is the Generalife," answered the Spaniard: "there is by that castle a garden planted with myrtles, where they say that an Abencerrage seduced the Sultana Alfaima. More distant, you see the Albaizyn, and nearer to us the Vermilion Towers." Each word pierced Aben-Hamet's heart. How cruel it was to have recourse to strangers to learn about the monuments of his fathers, and to hear from them the history of his family and his friends!

The guide putting an end to the thoughts of Aben-Hamet, cried out, "Let us move forward, worthy Moor; let us move on, God has willed it! take courage. Is not Francis I., to-day even a prisoner in our Madrid? God has willed it!" He took off his hat, made the sign of the cross, and moved on. The Abencerrage, pressing forward his mule exclaimed "It was written," and they descended towards Granada.

They arrived soon at a place that was environed on all sides with houses of Moorish style. A "Kan" had been opened at this spot for the Moors of Africa, whom the trade in silks drew in crowds to Granada.

Thither did the guide conduct Aben-Hamet.

CHAPTER II.

DONA BLANCA DE SANTA FE.

THE Abencerrage had arrived at Granada, but too much agitated to seek repose. Tormented by thoughts of his country, he started forth in the middle of the night to wander in the streets. Perhaps that high edifice whose walls he could see through the shadows, was at one time the home of the Abencerrages, perhaps it was upon this solitary place that those feasts were held, those feasts which had raised the fame of Granada to the clouds. Aben-

Hamet reflected then upon the vicissitudes of fortune, the fall of empires, and finally upon that city Granada, surprised by its enemies in the midst of pleasure, and suddenly changing its flowery garlands for heavy chains of slavery. All these thoughts were pressing Aben-Hamet's heart. Full of grief and regret, he wished above all to execute the project which had led him to Granada; day surprised him. The Abencerrage had wandered too far.

Whilst endeavoring to find again his route, Aben-Hamet heard a door open. He saw a young girl go out, clothed like those Gothic queens sculptured on the monuments of our ancient abbeys; a black mantle was cast over her head, a duenna accompanied her step; a page carried before her a church-book, while two servants, brilliant with their colors, followed at some distance the fair unknown.

Aben-Hamet thought he saw an angel, or the youngest of the Houris. The Spanish girl, not less surprised, was looking at the Abencerrage, whose turban, dress, and arms rendered more commanding his noble figure.

Recovered from her first astonishment, with a grace and liberty peculiar to the women of that country, she made a sign to the stranger to approach. "Sir Moor," said she; "you appear to have lately come to Granada; have you lost your way?" "Sultana of the flowers," answered Aben-Hamet; "delight of man's eyes, O Christian slave, more beautiful than the virgins of Georgia, thou hast divined it! I am a stranger in this city, lost in the midst of these palaces. I cannot find the Kan of the Moors. May Mahomet touch thy heart and reward thy hospitality." "The Moors are renowned for their gallantry," replied the Spanish girl with a sweet smile, "but I am neither Sultana of the flowers, nor slave, nor contented with being recommended to Mahomet. Follow me, Sir Moor; I will conduct you to the Kan." She led him to the door of the Kan, pointed it out to him, passed behind a palace and disappeared.

The land of his ancestors no longer fills alone and entire Aben-Hamet's heart. Granada had ceased to be for him deserted, abandoned, solitary; in vain does he wish to occupy himself only with the pilgrimage to the land of his fathers; in vain does he gather plants upon the banks of the Darro and Xenil; the flower that he seeks is the beautiful Christian.

One day he was gathering herbs in the valley of the Darro. The

river was rushing along through the middle of the valley, presenting in its course, noisy cascades, broken arches, and the remains of a Moorish bridge. Aben-Hamet was neither so unfortunate nor so happy as to enjoy thoroughly the charms of solitude. He wandered with distraction and indifference over those enchanted banks. Walking at hap-hazard, he followed a leafy alley that circled the side of the Albaizyn. A country house surrounded by a grove of orange trees soon appeared before his eyes. Whilst approaching the grove, he heard the sound of a voice and of a guitar.

"That is my Houri," said Aben-Hamet.

He listens with beating heart to the name of the Abencerrage several times repeated; his heart beats still more quickly; he cannot resist; he throws himself through a bunch of myrtles and falls in the midst of a troop of young girls who fly terrified. The Spanish girl who has just sung and still holds the guitar cries out, "It is the gallant Moor;" and she recalls her companions. "Favorite of fairies" said the Abencerrage, "I sought thee as the Arab seeks a spring in the heat of noon; I heard the sound of thy guitar, thou wert celebrating the heroes of my country; I knew thee by the beauty of thy voice; I bring to thy feet the heart of Aben-Hamet." "And I," replied Dona Blanca, "it was whilst thinking of you that I sung again the tale of the Abencerrage. Since I saw you, I imagined that those noble Moors must resemble you."

A light blush was visible on her brow; Aben-Hamet felt ready to fall at the feet of the young Christian, to declare to her that he was the last Abencerrage, but prudence restrained him; he feared that his name, too famous in Granada, might cause the government some uneasiness. The Moorish war had hardly terminated, and the presence of an Abencerrage at this moment would inspire the Spaniards with just fears.

Dona Blanca was descended from a family which took its origin from the Cid of Bivar and Chimène, daughter of Count Gomez of Gormas. The posterity of the conqueror of "Valence la Belle," fell by the ingratitude of the Court of Castile into extreme poverty. It was thought for many years that it had entirely become extinct; but about the time of the taking of Granada, one last descendant of the house of Bivar,—the grandfather of Blanca—made himself known, much less by his titles than by his shining valor.

After the expulsion of the infidels, Ferdinand gave to the Cid's descendant, the riches of several Moorish families, and created him Duke of Santa Fe.

The new Duke settled in Granada, and died quite young, leaving only one son, already married—Don Rodriguez, father of Blanca.

Dona Teresa de Xeres—wife of Don Rodriguez gave birth to a son, who, like all his ancestors received the name of Rodriguez, but in order to distinguish him from his father they called him Don Carlos.

Don Carlos was only fourteen years old when he followed Cortes to Mexico; he had braved all the dangers; he had been witness to all the horror of that adventure; he had assisted the fall of the last king of a world but little known up to that time. Three years after that catastrophe Don Carlos returned to Europe.

The aspect of a new world; long voyages over waters hitherto untried; the spectacle of revolutions and vicissitudes of life had disturbed the religious and melancholy mind of Don Carlos; he joined the order of Calatiava; and, despite the prayers of Don Rodriguez, renouncing marriage, he bequeathed all his wealth to his sister.

Blanca de Bivar, only sister of Don Carlos, and much younger than he, was the idol of her father; she had lost her mother, and was just entering her eighteenth year, when Aben-Hamet appeared at Granada.

Heaven had bestowed all its favors upon this enchanting girl; her voice was ravishing; her dance lighter than the zephyr; with the charms of a French woman, she had all the passion of a Spaniard, and her natural coquetry took nothing away from the constancy, the strength and elevation of her heart.

"Father," said Blanca; "here is the Moor of whom I spoke to you: (Don Rodriguez had hastened towards his daughter when he heard the cries,) "he heard me singing and remembered the voice; he entered the garden to thank me for having shown him his way."

The Duke de Santa Fè received the Abencerrage with the grave yet unaffected politeness of the Spaniard. We do not see amongst this people, any of those servile airs, any of those turns of expression, which tell the abjection of the mind and the degradation of the soul. The speech of the great lord and the peasant is the same; the habits, the compliments are all the same.

It was Don Rodriguez's birth-day, and Blanca was giving to her father a "tertullia" or feast in this charming solitude.

The Duke invited Aben-Hamet to sit down amongst the young girls, who were amusing themselves with the turban and robe of the stranger. He spoke such pure Castilian that one might have taken him for a Spaniard, if he had not always used "thou" instead of "you."

This word had an expression so soft from his mouth, that Blanca felt a secret fear whenever he used it towards any of her companions.

After the "refruco," they beseeched Blanca to execute one of those dances in which the Gitanas excel. One of the young girls commenced to play upon a guitar, the air of the dance. The daughter of Don Rodriguez took off her veil, and attached to her white hands the ebony castanets. Her black hair fell upon her alabaster neck; her mouth and eyes smiled in unison. Suddenly she makes the ebony sound, strikes three times the measure, and joining her voice to the music of the guitar, she darts forth like a swallow. What variations of step! What elegance in her attitudes! Sometimes she starts as if wearied with pleasure, then retires weighed down with grief. The harmony of her steps, of her songs, and of the music of the guitar was perfect.

This music and dance fixed forever the destiny of the last Abencerrage; they would have been enough to disturb a heart less ill than his. They returned in the evening to Granada.

Don Rodriguez, charmed by the noble and polished manners of Aben-Hamet, did not wish to separate from him until he had promised to come often to amuse Blanca with his Eastern stories. The Moor overjoyed, accepted the invitation.

(To be concluded next month.)

AN IDYL.

"Common objects . . . . ." Rev. J. G. Wood.

Cleon with Ida walked, one summer day,
To seek for Common Objects, and essay
To read the book of Nature,—never read
Because without a *finis*,—and to tread
With youth's light springy footstep, firm and quick,
The flowery paths of Science and to pick

Some shell up on the shores of poesie,—
He a brave youth, a gentle maiden she,
And both in heart, as well as years, were young.

Lightly across his stalwart shoulders hung
A formidable box of painted tin
To safely put his Common Objects in,—
She a slight basket bore, with plaques inlaid
Tastefully, by some dusky Huron maid,
Done with the dyed quills of the porcupine,
Its slender ear-rings, like the ivy's bine,
Looped to her round arm by a riband band,—
And so the pair strayed onward, hand in hand.

* * * * * * *

The springing turf, of freshest emerald green,
Bent and rose up again beneath the tread,
A carpet, glowing in the sunlight's sheen,
Patterned with flowers and berries growing red.

In lee of thymy mounds and fences' bars
Stout hairy grasses grew up Midas-eared,
With dew-drops gleaming on their awns, like stars,—
Gems braided in some Eastern satrap's beard.

From hidden pasture-fields, behind the woods,
Came to the ear the lowing of the kine,
And crow of cocks from distant farm roods,
And coo of pigeons from their roost of pine.

Beside the brook where level meadow beds
Grew greenest green, the lambkins made their play,
And, suddenly, among the clover heads
The timorous leveret would up and away.

The squirrels on outlying orchard trees
Made themselves merry with forbidden fruits,
And humming-birds no bigger than the bees
Gleamed in and out among the runners' roots.

The busy woodpecker beat pit-a-pat
And bored his auger in the beechen bole;
The whiskered mouse within his doorway sat
And wiped his moustache at the entrance hole.

Upon the standing stumps of long-felled pines
Grew yellow lichens with red coral tops,
And round the base were knit in verdant twines
Embroidered ferns and luscious bramble drops.

Beside the columned sugar-maple grove
The small gnats, numerous as drops of rain,
With flying feet in mazy dances wove
Roger de Coverly and ladies' chain.

A song of great content the hodman bee,
With his head hidden in the foxglove bells,
Kept humming as he worked industriously
Mixing cement for plastering his cells.

The boozy hornets on the currant bine
Were gaily tapping the transparent casks,
Or with long syphons sucking up the wine
From out the long-necked melilotus flasks.

The airy butterflies with painted wings
Flitted like pleasant thoughts, from flower to flower
All rainbow-hued, as of all summer things
Most suited to the most effulgent hour.

And thus o'er many a bud, on seraph's plume,
A gorgeous butterfly there hovering hung,
As hovering hangs above this mortal tomb
Psyche the soul, Psyche the ever young.

Gay ladybirds in spotted leopard skins
Were out a-hunting for the aphide dew,
And gauzy vein-winged flies like pretty djins
Pinched the sweet violets on their eyes of blue.

The knight-crusader beetle armed in mail
Wore his red cross;—and ants of low degree,
Mere workers, lowest in the social scale,
Trudged past and felt themselves as good as he.

The silky caterpillar, ribbed like hose
And colored like the leaves they laid along,
Clomb up the stems of mossy-coated rose
And clasped with many hands the blossoms' thong.

Or fed with outstretched, lithe necks like giraffes,
  Or sucked the summer air chameleon-wise,
Or bit the beauteous buds, or took long quaffs
  From chalices of many delicate dyes.

While others stood upon the garter grass
  And measured off striped ribbons, inch and ell,
Or lowered themselves with ropes,—gay swinging, as
  Swings in an Ethiop's ear a colored shell.

Sudden a flash of light! with flirt and whirr
  In sunlight centre of the little river
Leaped the red trout, and set the weeds astir
  Like small boats rocking on the ripples' quiver.

And when the great trout leaped, with splash and shiff,
  A panic to the water-things was borne,
And pirate-spiders hid themselves as if
  A Triton had upheaved and blown his horn.

Back and athwart the holt of osier willow
  Where the pool's eddy swirls dark and brown,
The glancing dragon-flies with whoop! and hillo!
  Chevied each other gaily up and down.

When out of passing zephyr-clouds there sprung
  The fitful bits and snatches of a breeze,
A gossip,—in the Hamadryad tongue—
  Grew audible among the talking trees:

Telling how late the season was, although
  The buds had ripenéd in genial weather,
With other interesting things to know,
  And little anecdotes of fur and feather,—

How Robin Red had brought his young wife home—
  How odd were Chick A. Dee's old-fashioned ways,—
How Tommy Tit was rather given to roam,—
  And how Dame Wren had sat for many days;

With all the passing rumors, acts, and vows,
  The current journals of the watchful leaves,
The record of the life beneath the boughs
  And pendant houses underneath their eaves;

While in the pauses of the Dryads' talk
Broke in the small birds' whistles, glad and shrill
But mocking,—for along the leafy walk
Our pair strayed, seeking Common Objects still.

Gazing to find them in each other's eyes
With long, long, lingering looks of burning love,
Oblivious that anear in manifold guise
Were beauteous things, beneath, around, above.

So as they strayed the tuneful linnet sung:
"O love! sweet love! that makes the bright eyes blind;
O love! sweet love! that when the world was young,—
Forged the soft links that will may not unbind;

"O love! sweet love! that in a world of love
Makes brightness dark and out of darkness joy,—
Laud be to Love the Blind! to Love the Dove!
Evoë—voë—voë—voë—voë."

At length, when Hamadryads ceased to whisper
And eve made twilight underneath the trees,
And birds were still, save some belated lisper,
And all o'erhead was gold as orient seas—

A South Pacific calm o'er all the skies—
With earth all glistening as the yellow sand,
The daylight darkened in their deepening eyes
And still our students strayed on, hand in hand.

* * * * * * * * *

Orion's belt was bright ere they returned
And clear the silvery planet, Venus, burned,
When said the Madam—"Well, my children dear!
On this a day as sweet as in the year,
No doubt you have returned with treasures laden?"
The youth replied, with one glance at the maiden—
"Nay, *belle mere*, we strayed past the belvidere
To seek for COMMON OBJECTS,—but found none,
Though on, and on, and on our footsteps pressed
Till the red banner of the setting sun
By fold on fold was furled up in the west."

HUNTER DUVAR.

THE VALLEY AND RIVER PLATTE.

BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCHIBOUGUAC, N. B.

No. III.

A Dog Town on the Prairie—The Dog—His habits and the company he keeps—Hunting Dogs under difficulties—Where he is (not) buried—The murderous "red brother" not courageous—The Duties of the Squaw.

WE have every few days been favored with the sight of an animal on whom much has been written, but of whom little has really been known till within a few years: we mean the prairie dog. This little animal is quite a character in his way, and deserves a much fuller description than we will probably be able to give. He never obtained notoriety on account of his bulk or appearance. His color is a sober and respectable red; his body of the "chunky" order, and his size approaching to that of an ordinary pup some five or six weeks old. The tail is bushy, ears short and pointed, head neat and shapely, and legs disproportionately short when compared with the body. This latter detracts seriously from his dignity when he attempts any display in the pedestrian line. His walk is a peculiar roll, something akin to that of the duck; and when he indulges in a vigorous gallop his head and tail seem to rotate around a common centre, giving him an extremely ludicrous appearance. This, it will be understood, is when he is either approaching or going from you. Taking him altogether, as he sits on the top of his domicile barking and watching, he is a plain looking animal, with just enough of a knowing look to redeem him from mediocrity. It is on his habits that his fame rests. He is socially inclined, and that he may indulge this amiable propensity to the fullest extent, he inhabits cities exclusively. No isolation for him. When he steps forth from his home, which is sufficiently private to hide his domestic affairs from the prying public, he is in the midst of the life and bustle of the city, and may either at once proceed to business or join in any of the many recreations which make up the sum of dog life. The location of this city seems to be a matter of some calculation. That it may be dry, it must be elevated or have a sufficient slope to afford good drainage. He has no idea of digging and scooping out, with much labor, a

spacious chamber in which he may be drowned. A more important consideration even than his habitation is, how he may be fed, and this the considerate little animal has not left to chance. He is not a carnivorous animal like his canine namesake, and must therefore, perforce, see that there is a sufficiency of grass and herbage in the immediate vicinity of the city. Where the town is very large, he has even then to travel a long distance. Whether he is in the habit of carrying home a supply for family use or not, we are not prepared to say; but think it more than probable that he does, as the young, about the time of weaning, must have something substantial. That they cannot procure food for themselves is evident, as everything close at hand is cropped close to the ground, and their tender limbs will not carry them to a distance. The same attention does not appear to be given to a supply of water; in fact, we doubt if it enters into his calculations at all. We have seen towns situated so far from water as almost to preclude the idea that they ever visited it. Can they exist without it, or does their subterranean abode communicate in some way with this grand necessary of life? After a good deal of close observation we confess to being unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on this point. We don't understand how, in this climate of extreme dryness, he can exist without it, and we are still more puzzled to account for the manner in which he obtains his supply. If we admit that he goes to the rivers, we must certainly give him credit for being a better traveller than his appearance would seem to indicate. We know that if he considers himself to be in any danger, and that exertion is required to extricate him, his rate of speed is quite respectable; but we should judge it could not be long continued. Let us now see what a prairie dog town is. We, of course, know that, though he may make a choice of location and surroundings, he cannot erect veritable houses. He can, however, do the next best thing—that is, he can dig them out, and in this case his walls are only limited by the possessions of his neighbor. There are from twenty to thirty of these burrows to an acre, and though we had no means of determining their exact extent, we know that they ramify the ground in every direction. We cannot, with any safety, ride through these towns at a pace faster than a walk, as we do not know the moment the ground may give way beneath us. The clay which is removed in forming this cavity is piled around the

entrance, forming an eminence from which his dogship can see all that transpires around him. The tops of these mounds soon become dry and parched, and turn a whitish color. By these white spots we can discern a dog town from afar, and form an estimate as to its extent. These mounds are variable in size, denoting the extent of the owner's domicile, and affording us a correct index to his social standing. The larger the heap excavated, of course the larger the excavation. It is useful as a rain shed, keeping the entrance dry, and is also the place where gossiping, in a doggish way, is indulged in, where news is retailed and public business discussed. During a fine evening, when the labors of the day are ended, the whole family appear to gather at this, the family hearth. The young ones frisk and play around the base and over the summit, ever and anon darting with almost lightning speed into the cavity, speedily to return and enact the same scenes over again. The old ones look soberly and seriously at this *abandon* of puppy mirth, seeming by their presence to give encouragement to the timid; and we can see by an occasional run at some young shaver, who has become too rude or boisterous, or may be both, that if young prairie dogs "delight to bark and bite," the old ones do not always approve of it. A prairie dog's "house is his castle," sacred from all intrusion by the prying members of the community or those who would detail his domestic affairs for the amusement of the public. They certainly seem to visit each other and hold communion around the family dump, but we could not find that the stranger was invited to or did enter the family sanctuary. If such a thing was allowable, the time of danger would see the privilege taken advantage of. No amount of danger will, however, justify such intrusion. He will pass dozens of places of refuge—the homes of others—without once swerving from the straight path which leads to his own. It matters not that this path leads close by you; it is all the same, and his look of terror, and the haste he is in, shows that he is well aware of the danger he is encountering. The little fellow has well earned our respect for the courage which he exhibits on behalf of principle. It may be that he pushes this exclusiveness to the verge of uncongeniality, but it nevertheless shows a high order of doggish civilization. What distinguishes the savage more from the civilized man than his disregard for the rights of property and the sanctity of home? Property held in common

may be made to work in a small community, but the exigencies of a larger one will speedily set this aside and a division will follow, in which the rights of individuals will be rigidly respected. That the dog recognizes this grand principle, and acts upon it, the details which we have already given abundantly prove. Whether this distinction and division extends to the real estate which surrounds the town we are not prepared to say, but our observations would seem to indicate that it does not.

If a dog is known by the company he keeps, an inhabitant of this town will suffer seriously if tried by the recognized standard of the present day. His boon companions, the joint tenants of his inner sanctuary, and may be the sharers of his hospitality, are the rattlesnake and a small variety of the owl tribe. That he associates with them and dwells in harmony with them, at the same time excluding his own flesh and blood, will not generally be accepted as proof of a very discriminating taste. We know, however, that the serpent once ranked high in the scale of created things, at once the friend, the companion, and the adviser of man. That he gave bad advice was the cause at once of his degradation and expulsion from the companionship of the being whose ruin he caused. This malicious advice which he gave under the guise of friendship had turned into his mortal enemy the only being whom he had cause to fear. We find then that the degradation of the serpent may be considered as a purely local affair. We have no reason to believe that his altered relations with man extend to the inferior animals. After a diligent and exhaustive examination of many volumes I have failed to find where he has been the cause of any calamity or even harm to dogs. It is plain then that whatever their relations once were they are so still. The serpent is pointed out to us—in a volume to whose teachings I am afraid we give too little heed—as the embodiment of wisdom. Who knows but that he is the favored oracle and high priest as well as defender of this small family of small animals. His note of warning may be to them the signal, by the obeying of which many dangers may be avoided, its imminence being indicated by the intensity of the rattle. No. 1 may mean "Look out for skunks," No. 2 "Indians, hungry and lean, are bearing down upon you," and No. 3 "To the innermost recesses of your abode if you do not want to be dug out by merciless wolves and cayotes." As to the owl, we are somewhat puzzled what status to assign him. We have somewhere read

about his being an adjunct to some heathen temple, but that won't fit here. He is far from ornamental, and his hours are such as no well-behaved dog should countenance. His music is singularly deficient in variety, and we don't think his most ardent admirer can say much for him on the score of melody. His mousing abilities are useless where there are none of these small pests, though he may be of use in destroying lizards, which are numerous. Probably the head of the household, thinking his doggish retinue incomplete, determines he *will* have an owl, and having accomplished this, leaves fools like us to puzzle our brains as to the why and wherefore.

We have tried to kill prairie dogs. Who that has crossed the plains has not? We thought he would be quite a satisfactory adjunct to our supper table. The everlasting greasy and indigestible bacon would be varied for once. We have so often been informed by hunters as to his delicious flavor, that the bare thought of dining from his plump quarters fills our soul with delight. We spend an entire evening running bullets, wisely concluding that if there is any good in prairie dogs it will be in enough of them. Our way next morning for two hours leads through the heart of a town. It don't now seem quite as easy to shoot prairie dogs as before we tried. The animal is wary. Seated on a thousand eminences are a thousand watchmen ever ready to give the alarm. The bare plain offers no cover by which we can approach. The little wretch is not disposed to give us any advantage, for as we get nearly within gunshot he quits his erect position and proceeds slowly to the entrance of his burrow, barking shrilly as he goes. He appears to be the father of the family, all the rest having sought cover long ago. When we get within range we can see nothing except his head and tail, the latter quivering and shaking with every bark. Doubts of ultimate success begin to steal over us. We are not the man who eleven and a half times in succession—twelve times we mean—spoiled the squirrel's sight, (not the same squirrel), by lodging the ball in his eye, and as we are not, it leaves the advantage decidedly in favor of the dogs. We fire, and have the satisfaction of seeing a cloud of dust arise from the heap, rather closer to the dog than he appears to fancy, for it is the last we will see of him. Never mind, there are ten thousand more dogs in sight, every one as erect as a Mahone soldier. The fore paws do not touch the ground when he is on

guard or resting himself, but occupy much the same position as the hands of a credulous old lady at the conclusion of some wonderful narrative, the finale of which is totally unexpected. We keep on firing with much the same measure of success. The old maxim, "try again," has been deeply impressed on us in our youthful days, and in this instance we are determined it will only be limited by our stock of bullets. About the time our patience is well-nigh exhausted we have the satisfaction of seeing that we have planted the ball just where we wanted to. We run up to the hole to fish him out, for no matter how instantaneous may be his death he invariably rolls down. We cannot see him. We adjust the focus by shortening our line of vision as far as practicable. A "bat" in the face, by which we see more of the starry heavens at a glance than we had believed possible, is the result. We had aroused the inevitable owl by darkening his abode, on the same principle that the sun shining in the sleeper's face will awaken him. Misfortunes never come singly. Having brushed the tears from our eyes and the dust and feathers from our face, we prepare to "go" for that dog—figuratively of course. We reach down and can just feel the soft white fur with our finger ends. Between squeezing our body in and stretching our fingers out we imagine we will be able to take delivery of the defunct "canine." The sweat starts at every pore, the gravel and small rocks tumble down thick and fast; we have just about secured him, when—ugh, it makes our flesh creep to think of it—the sonorous ring of a huge rattlesnake right under our hand speedily dispels our hankering after fresh meat. We need hardly say that we withdraw the hand, and that the dog is secured by some other agency, but we are unable to bring forth the reptile by force or persuasion.

To finish, we will say something in regard to the extent of these towns. We have seen them of all sizes from the unpretending village of a dozen houses or thereabouts, to the important corporate town or large and stately city. We have not seen any very large collection of these diminutive animals in the valley proper, the extent of the town covering something like forty or fifty acres. On the Cut-off—a short cut from the Platte across the rolling prairie to Danver City—ninety to one hundred miles from the Rocky Mountains and about forty miles from the river was the largest which we have ever seen. Certainly not less than ten thousand acres were covered by this monster city. If we average

the burrows at twenty to the acre, and we are satisfied this will be much below the mark, then allow from four to five inhabitants to each, we will have nearly if not quite a million of these industrious and orderly little animals congregated together. Unlike the buffalo, the prairie dog promises long to continue one of the institutions of these western wilds. It is not easy to exterminate him provided we had the desire to do so. His subterranean abode secures him immunity from the attacks of the greater number of his animal foes, and also the great destroyer man. In a general way he is not greatly annoyed by the latter, unless driven thereto by lack of fresh provisions or imaginative stories in regard to the unheard-of delicacy of his flesh. After one trial, his safety on this count of the indictment will be secured, as we for one most emphatically deny that he is in any way allied to the capons and ortolans, over the bare thoughts of which gourmands smack their lips so fondly. Admitting that he was everything that the most epicurian taste could desire, we think the time consumed in firing away his weight in lead—about the quantity required to secure him on an average—is paying the "full price" for him. The land which he occupies is for the most part too dry for agricultural purposes, so that he is likely to be long undisturbed by the farmer. He is, besides, something of a general favorite. The manner in which he manages his public business and the attention bestowed on the internal affairs of the community secures for him respect: while his harmless disposition, his fondness for and care of the members of his family circle, and his preference for city to that of rural life have caused him to become an object of intense curiosity. That there must be certain well defined laws for the government of these dog communities is what may very safely be assumed; but when we come to think out or enquire into the details we are bewildered, and finally get lost in a maze of irreconcilable and intangible theories. Instinct takes the place of reason in animals, but when it ministers to the wants of and exercises a careful supervision over the safety of the individual and his young and helpless progeny it invariably ceases. Taking this as a basis, we will be obliged to give the dog credit for something more. He must maintain some strong power for the prevention and suppression of rowdyism and the protection of property, for we are not willing to admit that dogs are more civilized than our fellow-men. In this case thieves will have to be punished, and the dog who attempts

to "jump" his neighbor's real estate given to understand that he must either behave himself or leave the "diggins." The more dense the population the more crime. Then there must be some regulations by which general cleanliness is secured, and the inhabitants guarded against surprise. It is simply impossible that the orderly and cleanly state of these towns is owing to accident, neither can it be urged that the inherent disposition of the dog is such that individual interests never conflict with those of the community. If the animals had no fixed abode the case would be entirely different, as every thing being held in common there would be nothing to fight about. We have been greatly puzzled to account for the manner in which the dead are disposed of. None are lying around nor do we see any signs of a burying place. We suppose prairie dogs to be mortal, and if their lease of life is not longer than that of the domestic animals, the number who annually bid adieu to the plains must be enormous. What becomes of the dead is a question easier put than answered. We have never seen any one who could give what we considered to be a satisfactory explanation on this point. Some say that when they grow old they are killed and eaten by the younger, but this theory we at once reject as absurd and untenable. So far as can be ascertained, the animal does not consume flesh of any kind, and even if he did, we have no reason to suppose he would dine off his father or mother. We do not see any bones lying around anywhere in the vicinity, as we certainly would if he were a flesh consumer. Bones are almost indestructible in this dry climate, and from their absence we also infer that the dead must be buried in some manner. We believe that they are disposed of in some of the innermost recesses of his underground domicile, or if this is not so, that none have died yet. The reader can form his opinion from these data, and any conclusion to which he comes will be satisfactory to us. We have done with the dog. He has barked at us as soon as we came in sight and long after he ceased to see us, and we have written everything we could think of concerning him, so we are about square.

We have now to say something of the Indian of the Platte valley. In many ways he is deserving of attention. He exhibits many new features of laziness and ferocity which make him specially interesting. That he is ugly in feature we have already shown, but that his lower limbs are ugly and ill-shaped was a fact which we think we did not mention. We have the very best chance to

study the muscular developements of the red brother without the intervention of any aggravating drapery. That "Nature when unadorned is still adorned the most" will not hold good here whatever the poets may say to the contrary. That any part of the human body may be prepossessing in appearance, a first requisite is that it must be clean. Such is not the case. "Lo" has an intense antipathy to the application of water to any part of his person. We don't believe he ever washed in his life. If he did there are no visible traces of the operation now. Much as we are in favor of the free and unlimited use of water as a purifier, we would not now advise its unrestricted application to the adult population, as we think the operation would involve much risk of human life, unless a very small patch was *uncovered* at a time. That the operation would be beneficial to the young fry there cannot be a doubt. In case of rapid growth they must absolutely be hide-bound. The head is, if possible, more filthy than the body, and it and every portion of clothing-ware swarm with vermin. This picture is repulsive enough and we could wish for the sake of the Indian that it contained less truth. As a general thing, it cannot be said of the red man that he is ill-formed. Such a thing is guarded against by mechanical appliances during the youthful period, and are much more to be praised for their effectiveness in the end than for any alleviation of the present woes of the unhappy patient. The trunk of these people is well formed, straight and not wanting in the dimensions that are necessary to secure both strength and endurance. It is after the season of youth that we have to look for the malformation of the lower limbs. The red brother is indolent. He dearly loves to squat by the hour on his haunches, or sit cross-legged after the manner of a tailor. Putting aside any injury or distortion of the limbs which may accrue from it, we cannot look with favor on this position. The associations connected with it are anything but pleasant. When the red brother puts himself in this position, he falls into a strain of meditation as naturally as the person who reclines on a bed will sleep. If a season of meditation is to him, as the Scripture says, "a season of profit," we know it is just the contrary to somebody else. The three grand objects for which he lives are so vividly recalled that they seem tangible, and seizing his tomahawk he jumps up with a whoop and a yell to revel in blood drawn with strict impartiality from the innocent and helpless infant, and the aged and decrepid

of both sexes; to gloat over gory scalps torn from the writhing forms of the wounded and defenceless, or to assist at the most favored of all Indian pastimes and recreations—the torture of some unfortunate prisoner. Such thoughts are extremely pleasant to him, as an imaginary man may be slain or scalped without any danger, to which the red "brave" is by no means insensible. The term "brave" as applied to an Indian is a misnomer. We never knew or read of a brave one though we admit there *may* have been such. A brave man, will, in the hour of peril, expose himself fearlessly to danger. Who ever knew of the Indian doing such a thing? His deeds of valor are uniformly performed behind some sheltering tree or rock, or, in the stillness of the night, on sleeping and defenceless victims of often misplaced confidence. The party of travellers are waylaid in some wild and lonely mountain gorge and securely shot from behind natural breastworks, then scalped at leisure; the settler whose bread he had probably eaten the previous day, is stunned, scalped and burned while still alive in his house, his wife and daughters being carried off to a fate far worse than death. A party of armed men are never attacked unless by surprise or with overwhelming odds in his favor, what he considers prudent being about twenty to one and even then he will hesitate long before endangering his precious skin. He has been known to hang on the rear of a party whom he outnumbered thirty to one for a fortnight, and then not being able to take them at a disadvantage did not dare to attack them. We would give him credit for perseverance if not for courage did we not know that none of the exertion was his. His trusty pony has carried him throughout, it being on his back he spends the greater portion of his life, except when asleep or squatting around the camp-fire. We can imagine as he sits thus how pleasant are his thoughts. The field of humanity to be gathered is large and fully matured, the reapers (figurative language) few. He is at his favorite work. At every blow his good and trusty tomahawk is buried to the heft in quivering flesh. The shriek of agony which escapes from the mother as she sees her children butchered thrills and tingles on his nerves, leaving him in a state of frenzied and maddening delight; and the groans of the dying are as sweet music to his soul. He is in the third heaven of ecstatic bliss. The good man firmly believes that all created things with the exception of himself and his immediate relations were made to be butchered and

scalped for his amusement, and cannot understand the strange antipathy which they exhibit to be thus operated upon. Even this, however, gives this light amusement a zest which it would not otherwise possess. Much as he loves his ease he believes in pursuit, if not too prolonged, before he obtains possession. Although primitive in his habits, the red brother is not averse to the owning of this world's goods, provided they can be acquired without a great deal of exertion. What he may acquire in his murderous forays, in this respect, is always an important item in his calculations. From the "white brother," besides his scalp, wife and daughters, he gets blankets, provisions, cooking utensils and fire-arms, and his wild brother contributes ponies, buffalo-robes and an unlimited supply of breech-cloths.

From these predilections we pass on by an easy transition to his domestic habits. We do not expect much refinement and will therefore not be greatly disappointed. His usage of his helpmeet will be our first consideration. The word helpmeet will not do; will substitute slave, and this, without explanation, would give a faint idea of her manifold and conglomerate duties. Woman is supposed to fulfil the end for which she was made, if she attends strictly to her domestic duties. Her sphere of usefulness among the Indians is by no means so contracted. She has the glorious privilege of not only cutting the wood, but also of carrying it. As they generally encamp by timber, this labor is not so severe as might be expected, but is still very considerable. When the "buck" brings the game into camp his labor ceases. He has not the remotest idea of helping in any way. Such a thing as helping to dress, hang, or dry the meat would be far beneath the dignity of a great warrior and hunter. It would be akin to setting our staunch farmers or expert tradesmen to wash the dishes or nurse the baby. We can thus at once see that for the Indian to degrade himself in this way would be out of the question, even were she sick and weary or the burdens of maternity heavy upon her. It is well for her that the cooking is neither very artistic nor cleanly, and the sewing slight in quantity and rough in quality. With much of either to do, her position would be unbearable. When the husband is too lazy to hunt, or game is scarce, her lot is a hard one. She has then, in addition to her other duties, to dig all manner of edible roots—an arduous task, as they are small and the ground is hard; catch grasshoppers and crickets, the latter of

which are here large, plump, and consequently fat, and all the nameless insects and reptiles which go to make up an Indian's larder in hard times. We have seen them engaged in catching these and beating the tall grass for seeds, so there can be no doubt in the matter. The red brother shifts domicile often, and this is a fruitful source of female woes. He is often driven thereto by necessity—following the many kinds of game—and oftener from mere love of change. All this labor falls on the squaw—the tearing down of the "tepee," the piling of the material and the family goods on the rough sled-cars, the driving of the ponies and the carrying of numerous goods which are too precious to be trusted to this risky and uncertain means of transit, the whole, of course, crowned by the inevitable papoose, who amidst all this babel, preserves a serenity which is as heavenly as it is inexplicable. During this confusion, the head of the house sits tranquilly smoking his pipe, never condescending to bestow so much as a word of encouragement on the hard-working "mahala," or mounting his pony, proceeds leisurely in advance. Our observation to the effect that he should help the poor over-worked squaw was looked upon as the offspring of a mind pitiably uncultivated and effeminate beyond belief. He was indignant at our attempt to degrade him, and eyed us with a look of withering and ineffable scorn. We really feel as humiliated as if we had been caught purloining our neighbor's sheep, and make up our mind from this time forth not to interfere with what does not concern us. The erection of the "tepee" is proceeded with without any help from him, and we can see by the short snappish commands that the red brother is in a hurry for his supper. Nothing under these circumstances would be more natural than to lend a hand towards its completion; at least, so we think. The poor squaw; we heartily pity her hard lot, low in the scale of humanity as she seems. A loveless, degraded and hopeless life she must lead tied down to this human brute. The stamp of degradation is indelibly stamped on her features, the lines of care and hopeless sorrow are on her brow, and her every motion betrays the fact that hardship and exposure, unsoftened by one word of praise or love, have left her a prematurely old and decrepit woman. It appears to us that there is nothing under the canopy of heaven which we would rather not be than a Sioux or Cheyenne squaw, except—except her brute of an Indian husband.

We have now to consider the Indian of these parts in regard to camp accommodations and worldly goods, and in this respect he will compare favorably with the nomad of any other part of the American continent. As they are continually at war with each other, they live in villages for greater security. In one Cheyenne village on the Platte we counted forty-four spacious "tepees," each tenanted by from two to four families, accommodating from five to six hundred old and young. These "tepees" are uniformly of a conical form, and the material is scraped buffalo hide, stretched on poles, which come together and are securely fastened at the top. This material is excellent—being impervious to wind and rain, it affords tolerable protection from the chilly and biting winds of the plain. The chief, or head officer of one of these villages has a spacious "tepee" for his individual accommodation. Many of them are large, say thirty or more feet in diameter, giving an amount of house-room sufficient, as a general thing, to make any savage miserable. Let us push aside the leathern door and enter. After becoming accustomed to the gloom and smoke —this latter causing us to shed more bitter and unavailing tears than the death of our much lamented grandmother—we look around, and in truth must say there was less to see than we expected. The first thing that takes our attention is a marvellous quantity of dried buffalo meat—hung, strung, wound and twisted in every imaginable way and in every possible corner and space. Evidently the owner of this "tepee" is a second Nimrod, and furnishes tangible evidence of his prowess. Our line of vision is next intercepted by two antiquated squaws, who are concocting some infernal compound—so we judge by the awful smell which fairly seems to annihilate our olfactory nerves—over the fire in an earthen pot of home manufacture. We don't know if it is anything in the edible line, but hope not, and patiently await further developments; meanwhile, we may occupy our time profitably by criticising these ancient dames. The apparel is so scanty that we pass it by as not worthy of a remark. We almost feel like laying down our pen in utter despair of being able to do the subject justice. There did not seem to be a pound of flesh on the entire body. The sharp, angular projections which appeared opposite the prominent bones were almost painful to behold. The skin, loose, baggy, and leathery-looking, was furrowed after the manner of a badly ploughed

field, or a hillside after a heavy shower of rain. Wrinkles are to a certain extent becoming to old age, when strict cleanliness is observed, but when they become the wholesale repositories of abominable filth, the effect is at once changed. When to filth of body we add filth of face—the skin hanging in huge folds from jaws and chin, a nose attenuated and bird-like, every bone in the face defined as minutely as those of a skeleton, and all the original native ugliness, we have a picture to which Macbeth's witches would pale by comparison. Although the face has become small as that of a child, all the original growth of hair is retained, and this, coarse, tangled and dirty, falling and hanging down on every side, gives one the idea of a baboon looking down from the foliage of a cocoanut tree, a Senegal monkey peering through a bag of oakum, or some being strange and weird eyeing us from a jungle. It was perfectly awful to see these spectral figures move about, the movement of every joint, vertebræ and rib being as distinct as if the body were transparent, while the legs and feet recalled to our mind all the horrid associations which were connected with our first sight of a skeleton. We begin to think that these ancients have discovered the fabled "elixir of life" and that they may possibly be concocting it now. We feel interested, having the desire common to the greater part of mankind, that of prolonging our life to the utmost, till a casual glance at the old ladies, brings to our mind the horrid pre-eminence which we may attain in ugliness. Life is sweet, but we see it may almost be purchased too dearly. Our doubts as to the contents of the pot are soon set at rest. We see a young antelope, about the weight of a large hare, dropped into it in the same state as when captured. Taking this kid as a basis, and Euclid as a pattern, we can deduce a theory from which no link is wanting as to the cause of this atrocious odor. For if a young antelope, having hide, hair, hoofs, and entrails intact, be thrown into a pot in which is another antelope in the same state or something equally dirty, then will the sum of the odor be almost equal to the atrocious abomination which we now experience, etc., etc. The perfumed state of the air within the Indian domicile, causes us to be as brief as possible in our examination of his moveables. His cooking utensils and vessels for holding liquids, claim a few remarks. The material is earthenware, the designer and manufacturer a native of the American wilds; may be of this village. Staffordshire need

not have any fear of being shorn of her laurels by competition from these parts. We were greatly mystified by the cracked looking affair which we first saw. From its great thickness we knew it could not be metal, and our knowledge of the properties of wood forbid that assumption, unless, indeed, the Indian had some manner of preparing it, which made it as indifferent to the fire as he himself seemed to all the harmless amusements of this world. The dirt and grease on the inside, and soot on the outside, come between us and our investigations; besides, our curiosity may bring down on us the wrath of the ancient scare-crows, as we are well aware the ladies are not in the habit of looking with much favor on those who pry into their domestic affairs. In this case we cannot tell whether we are offending or not, the old ladies countenances not affording much of an index to their thoughts. We might as well expect a cellar-hatch to afford indications of the quantity of vegetables and miscellaneous stores in the recesses beneath. A grin, in which every feature in ugliness is called forth, seems to be the only variation of feature which they command. Our knowledge of Indian customs is so limited that we cannot assign to this its proper value. It seems, like the frontier-man's slang, to have an unlimited range of meaning. All the different shades of pleasure, vexation or pain which we see pictured by smiles, frowns or twitching of the muscles of the face, and with which we are tolerably familiar, are now of no use to us. The key to the grinning emotions we have not yet acquired, so we have determined to be wary. In regard to the pot, accident has furnished us with the information which much investigation might not have yielded. By good luck we espy a broken one in the corner, and the affair is as simple as the habits of the primitive artist. A frame of wicker-work, the shape of the pot or dish required, was first formed, and this was daubed and plastered over with the mud common to the valley, then dried and baked, and—this was all. We judge by the appearance of this culinary vessel that it must have all the uncertainty of existence which the most visionary of the prophets and all human experience assigns to man. If our stock of edibles were reduced to a single meal, this is the last vessel to whose charge we would wish to entrust it, as the uncertainty must needs be fearfully trying to the hungry spirit. Many of those who are in "circumstances" have an iron pot, but we did not see any household that possessed the second one. There was not much more to see in the inside. Around the hut

were raised seats, covered with buffalo robes, and this we could see was also the Indian bed. A few guns were slung from loops at the sides, and this completed all we saw. We saw no fancy work—nothing tasty like what we may see among our own Indians, in the way of moccasins or fancy boxes. Every part of the surroundings indicates the savage—wild, untutored and irreclaimable. Going outside, we see a number of Indians sitting around the fire, for they will have one if the thermometer stands 100° in the shade. The blanket which he considers much too good to sleep in, does duty as a wrapper, or more properly cloak. If hot, it is considered just the thing for coolness; and if cold, it serves for everything except boots.

As we view them squatting around the fire, the blanket tucked tightly under their ears and flowing in slanting lines to the ground, and the hair tied tightly above the head, or we should say on the top of it, and this surmounted by a green bough, we cannot help likening them to their own "tepees." Their shape is much the same, and one is capable of shewing about as much emotion as the other, if we judge by their looks. Little conversation seems to be indulged in, what there is, consisting of monosyllables eked out in matters requiring explanation by assenting gutterals or emphatic grunts. The Indian is saving of his language. He seems to consider a word once used as gone forever, and as for his joke, in all our varied experience we never heard of such a thing nor have we seen, as far as our recollection extends, one of them smile. Under these circumstances what can we expect but a temper intractable, gloomy and ferocious as—a Sioux Indian.

(To be continued.)

THREE ROSES.

I.

A RARE red rose, so large, so full, so sweet,
The type, the essence, of that night in June;
With sunset's passion in its crimson leaves,
Centred with glory of the summer moon.
We plucked it 'neath the stars, my love and I,
Our parting was so sad we found a tear
Upon its perfect beauty!—Ah! my rose—
Who'd think it of you now—so dry and sere?

II.

There was a rose—another; and it grew
Apart from others on a thorny tree:
I sought to gather it, but at my touch,
The quivering blossom shook aloof from me;
And one by one, upon the silent air,
The fair, faint-tinted leaves came falt'ring down:
I caught them, falling,—and I keep them yet;
My shy sweet rose-leaves and their yellow crown.

III.

No thorns or buds of green this rose enshrine:
No close leaves blush above its golden heart;
Its stainless purity unveils its truth,
As of the breast it sleeps on 'twere a part.
As it lies, shadowed by a coffin-lid,
I scarcely see to lift it, thro' my tears:—
My last-plucked rose! Ah! dearer than the first,
Growing more dear thro' the slow-passing years.

IV.

I have seen flowers, since. Fragrant and fair
They seem to others, but not so to me;
My withered roses! half so sad, so dear,
So dowered with wealth of memory none can be:—
O vanished years!—O weary years to come!—
May Heaven forget me when I shall forget
All your ne'er-dying breath recalls to me:
First love—fond memory—and wild regret!

Saint John. T.

NOTES OF A RUN THROUGH ITALY IN 1857.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

ROME.

"THE world," says Cowper, "upon which we close our eyes at night is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning." Never had the full exemplification of such state-

ment struck our vision so forcibly, as it did on the glorious morning of Palm Sunday—the 5th of April, 1857—when for the first time we opened our waking eyes upon Rome—the city of the seven hills—the Capitoline, Palatine, Aventine, Esquiline, Cœlian, Quirinal, Virinal.

"To the Poet, a pearl is a tear of the sea; to the Orientals, a drop of dew solidified; to the ladies"—well it is much like what Rome is to the classic pilgrim—a gem, in which the spirit of power, wealth, art, fame, and even of history itself has become solidified, and glistens with immortal brilliancy—in this respect, a pearl above all price.

From Romulus to Alaric, what mighty monuments had courage, conquest, and genius, congregated here—from Alaric to Pio Nino, how ruthlessly have time, the elements, and dissensions destroyed them. But their memories will remain imperishable forever.

On that hill of the Capitol, stood the terror of kings—the citadel of the world, enriched with the tributes and the spoils of nations; once worn by the deafening tread of proudest triumphs; thronged alike with the vanquished and the victor; now grown rude again with brambled ruins. Theatres, statues, obelisks, palaces, built with a view to remain as everlasting monuments of Rome's proud massive grandeur, and seemingly so, from their appearance, to the astounded eyes which then gazed upon them, now lie scattered around in mouldering decay; and where the haughty priest or patrician stood, the broken column or crumbling arch shelter the wild weeds for the buffalo or goat.

Still if history had not transmitted the fame and greatness of their founders, the mighty ruins which remain, would proclaim them.

The names of Constantine, of Alexander, of Domitian, would be left us in the public baths; of Titus, of Severus in the coliseum and triumphal arches; of Hadrian and Augustus in their Mausoleums.

The pillars of the Forum might be more deeply obliterated or buried than they are now; but, the eloquence of Brutus or Cicero would give grace and living beauty to their fluted shafts.

Virgil and Horace will make Rome live forever in their immortal song; Tacitus and Lucretius in their sublime description; Cæsar and Aurelian in their world-wide conquest. For statesmen, warriors, poets, orators, architects, and artists—for all that in

humanity makes man great, the world yet turns for a model to Rome; while the cross which Constantine,—that Royal preacher,—saw in the Heavens, commencing with Rome, has gradually through the dim obscurity of Pagan superstition, pentrated to the vision, and unfolded its immortal hopes to the world of nations.

Says Gibbon, "Forty years before the birth of Christ, the Mantuan bard, as if inspired by the celestial muse of Isaiah, had celebrated with all the pomp of oriental metaphor, the return of the virgin, the fall of the serpent, the approaching birth of a godlike child, the offspring of the great Jupiter, who should expiate the guilt of human kind, and govern the peaceful universe with the virtues of his father; the rise and appearance of a heavenly race, a primitive nation throughout the world; and the gradual restoration of the innocence and felicity of the golden age. The poet was, perhaps, unconscious of the secret sense and object of these sublime predictions, which have been so unworthily applied to the infant son of a consul or a triumvir; but if a more splendid, and indeed specious interpretation of the fourth eclogue contributed to the conversion of the first Christian emperor, Virgil may deserve to be ranked among the most successful missionaries of the gospel."

Little would the early Christian dream, as he read the heart-stirring gospel of St. John, recording in its sublime pathos and primitive simplicity the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, in words such as these—"On the next day much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna; Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord"—little would he dream, as he thus read of the humble entry of his master riding into Jerusalem upon an ass, that Rome, the then great Pagan city of the world, should be first to celebrate, and continue for ages to celebrate with more than the pomp of a Roman triumph, that lowly, though public entry of his Lord.

The *Santa Samana* had commenced for the first time, to us, at Rome; and it was with quivering anticipations we looked forward to the grand ceremonies of the day. The city was unusually thronged. The grand conclave of Cardinal Princes, Cardinal Bishops, Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, and other dignitaries of the Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church, were congregated to an unprecedented number at that time in the Holy City.

Royalty from several nations; nobility from nearly all; sons of the Church and devotees from the four quarters of the globe and most of its scattering islands, led on by the Vicar of Christ on earth, the wearer of the *Triplex Corona*, were there to celebrate the anniversary of Christ's entry into Jerusalem to-day, in a building which, when we first gazed at it upward, beneath its massive dome, seemed almost to realize that graphic description of "a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." Through good fortune, and lucky influence, we had secured a position quite near to the *Baldachina* itself, where His Holiness would officiate, and almost directly beneath the choir.

After subdued and awe-stricken glances around at the vast structure of St. Peter's, within which, in our haste, we found ourselves surrounded, the clear, grand, soul-inspiring melodies of music, seeming to burst from heaven and float above, around, beneath and within you in celestial rapture, hold the soul and senses enthralled while it lasts. Then the grand display of magnificent robes and vestments, crowns, cardinal hats and mitres; the gorgeous uniforms of marshals, ambassadors, generals, and all branches of nearly every military and naval service under the sun; the glistening bayonets of ten thousand soldiers; the sea of innumerable upturned faces stretching almost as far as the eye can reach; all these, combined with the might and majesty of Michael Angelo's St. Peter's, before, above, around and beneath, strike the senses dumb with admiration.

His Holiness was the grand centre, around which this sublime masterpiece of Christian scenery and magnificent display was working. As he ascended the altar so highly elevated, beneath its huge but beautiful pillars as to be seen from all parts of the church, every eye was bent upon him—the concentrated gaze of over fifty thousand faces. He met them with a most benignant smile. No look of the most beautiful woman could be more winning. Then, with voice as clear as ever silver bell, while he proceeded to sing or chant the Mass, all those hundred thousand ears were spell-bound, and no other sound amid that mighty multitude was audible until the last notes of his musical voice died away in cadences which held their lingering sweetness to the close.

Then, between the long files of serried ranks of sun-burnt soldiers, glistening with steel, or armored helmet and cuirass, the

pious Pope is borne in lofty chair of state upon human shoulders, dispensing his blessings, and the palm baptized, to eager, anxious, pressing crowds on bended knee. His triple tiara, with its brilliant jewels, shines not more lustrous than his piercing glance, which seems to read the very souls of all around, while beaming with such sweet benignity upon them. Great, grand, and glorious, is the gorgeous procession of princely priests and potentates which follow in his train. All the nations upon earth seem to have their representives beside him.

Slowly, and for long, amid the pealing music of Heaven-born hosannas, the brilliant cortege winds, till the last and lowest orders allowed in those chosen ranks, defile before you, and clear and high again from the lofty altar, the Papal benediction throws its soothing solace into pious hearts and closes a ceremony of such grand religious splendor, as can nowhere else be witnessed. Spell-bound we stand rivited to the spot, watching the vast multitude retire.

Visitors, first approaching the Grand Falls of Niagara, usually confess their anticipations have been disappointed; and it is not till sufficient time for contemplation has elapsed that their true grandeur and vast sublimity is revealed. It is somewhat similar with St. Peter's. The beautiful symmetry and artistic proportions conceal its vastness, until you have walked and walked around, and measured its enormous size, as well with your feet as your eye.

Oh St. Peter's! sublime conception of Angelo; cause of the Reformation; at once the grandest and most beautiful creation of man; a life without thy realities woven into its beholding, is a life without a full conception of what man's highest genius and power can accomplish. It is like the gaze of a woman whom one loves,—her beauty never tires or fatigues.

Seen alone without the grandeur of the pageant which has just adorned it—the church itself, is sufficient to enkindle emotions of the highest and most enthusiastic admiration; but in this combined blending, these sentiments feel no limits to their sway; while the contrast after its mighty space has become deserted, adds still further to the elevation of our thoughts.

Opening from the main portion of the Church on either side are several enormous chapels; themselves structures of vast extent and beauty, but dwarfed beside their *alma mater*. To the left of the Baldachina, a hugh stairway leads to the Sistine Chapel, and

still further on, to the Vatican; a vast museum of the world's choicest collection of literature and art; a portion of it being reserved for the residence of the Pope. Let us enter the Vatican.

Amid the spacious halls which opening seem to lose themselves in immeasurable distance, among the first and most striking groups of statuary, we behold the wonderful Laocoön.

> "On turning to the Vatican, go see
> Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—
> A father's love and mortal's agony
> With an immortal's patience blending:—Vain
> The struggle; vain, against the coiling strain
> And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
> The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain
> Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
> Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

A contrast to the unspeakable agony of this group stands near by—the Apollo Belvidere, "Lord of the unerring bow"—like God and light and poesy arrayed in human shape. Canova's Perseus and the boxers, Crengas and Damoxenus; the Belvidere Antinous, Meleager with the boar's head, and other *chef d' œuvres* of statuary art, embellish the compartment.

We enter the Stanze of Raphæl—four large chambers adjoining —representing in painting the *Incendio del Borgo;* the Justification of Leo 3rd before Charlemagne; the Coronation of Charlemagne by Leo; the Victory of Leo 4th over the Saracens; the Battle of Constantine and Maxentius; Constantine's Donation of Rome to the Pope; and other subjects illustrative of Poetry, Philosophy, Theology and Jurisprudence. The Loggia are a triple portico adjoining this floor, covered with stuccoes and arabesques, by *Giovanni da Undine*, from designs of Raphæl. The *Pinacotheca*, or gallery of paintings, contains only about fifty of such productions; but fifty of the most celebrated paintings of the world—the best works of Raphæl, Domenichino, Carravagio, Guido, Titian, Corregio, and others—as, The Transfiguration, The Sacrament of St. Jerome, The Entombment of Christ, Madonnas, Christ sitting on the Rainbow, and a splendid Murrillo, lately added by the present Pope. The value of these paintings can scarcely be told, and their world-wide fame extends wherever art is known. Of the Library it would be useless to speak, as its description, or even inspection, would require more time than at our disposal. Years might be spent in the survey of

the grand wonders here collected, and their interest remain inexhausted. More than a mere recital of their chiefest attractions would become tedious to the object of this paper, and require volumes to convey any adequate description. For such we must refer to the numerous authors who have taken such task upon themselves. Every succeeding day that we had visited this colossal world of wonders unfolded new attractions, and excited more ardent feelings of admiration. From its outward aspect, St. Peter's is so well known by photographic delineations, that description is almost unnecessary. It is not until the enormous size and extent of the buildings are realized, that their wonderful effects strike one with fullest power.

When we think of their covering four acres of ground; that when we have ascended into the ball surmounting the great dome "to which Diana's marvel was a cell,"—we are some four hundred and thirty feet from the ground, we can perhaps better conceive of the vastness, which is hidden by their exact and beautiful proportions, than by looking at them.

> "But thou of temples old, or altars new,
> Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
> Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
> Since Zion's desolation, when that He
> Forsook his former city, what could be,
> Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
> Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
> Power, glory, strength, and beauty all are aisled
> In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

We attended the services on Good Friday and Easter Sunday at St. Peter's.

Upon the latter occasion the throng was still greater, and the scenic effect, if possible, more imposing, than upon the previous Sunday; and when at the conclusion, the Pope appeared upon the balcony of the Church, and pronounced his grand benediction, "*Urbe et Orbe*," upon the assembled multitude in the grand *plaza* before him, it was calculated there were over one hundred thousand persons present.

The grand illumination of St. Peter's usually takes place on the evening of Easter Sunday; but on account of the non-arrival of the Dowager Empress of Russia, it was postponed till the evening of the 18th, when it came off with its usual brilliant and wonderful display. On a given signal at a fixed hour, the magnificent

outline of the whole structure, from the cross at the top to the column at its base, bursts with radiating light, seemingly instantaneous. The effect is magical, and unsurpassed in beauty, lasting sufficient time to enable you to drive to the different stand-points where the best and most varying views may be obtained.

Among the immense number of churches in Rome, upwards of three hundred to a population of about two hundred thousand, the Pantheon ranks next to St. Peter's in interest. Formerly a Pagan Temple of ancient Rome, it is now the only building of that era remaining to such modern use, and now stands—

> "Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,—
> Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,
> From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time."

Next to St. Peter's in size, and probably surpassing it in richness of material and gorgeous decoration, is the great church of St. Paul, without the walls of the city. Its lofty rows of immense granite pillars, polished to the smoothness of a mirror, and almost as brilliant, while detracting from the appearance of its size, give it a relief which becomes a fascination to the eye.

The church of *S. Maria degli Angeli* was built of part of the Baths of Diocletian. Eight of the sixteen immense columns in this church are antique, of Egyptian granite, of *one piece*—forty-five feet high and sixteen in circumference; four of the Corinthian, and four of the composite order of architecture.

But in point of beauty and magnificent decoration, the church of *S. Maria della Vittoria* far surpasses all others in Rome—consequently in the world. It seems more the workmanship of angels than of men—like some bright gem of architecture transported from heaven to earth.

But from the churches we will turn to the Coliseum, begun by Vespasian A. D. 72; dedicated by Titus A. D. 80.

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls—the world."

Of this mighty majesty of ruin, perhaps Gibbon's graphic description of its original splendor may be appropriate. Says the great historian:

"It was a building of an elliptic figure, five hundred and sixty-four feet in length, and four hundred and sixty-seven in breadth,

founded on fourscore arches, and rising, with four successive orders of architecture to the height of one hundred and forty feet. The outside of the edifice was encrusted with marble, and decorated with statues. The slopes of the vast concave, which formed the inside, were filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of seats, of marble likewise, covered with cushions, and capable of receiving with ease about eighty thousand spectators. Sixty-four *vomitaries* (for by that name the doors were aptly distinguished) poured forth the immense multitude; and the entrances, passages and staircases, were contrived with such exquisite skill, that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian, or the plebeian order, arrived at his destined place without trouble or confusion. Nothing was omitted which, in any respect, could be subservient to the convenience or pleasure of the spectators. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy, occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains, and profusely impregnated by the grateful scent of aromatics. In the centre of the edifice, the *arena*, or stage, was strewed with the finest sand, and successively assumed the most different forms. At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth, like the garden of the Hesperides, and was afterwards broken into the rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterraneous pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water; and what had just before appeared a level plain, might suddenly be converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels, and replenished with the monsters of the deep. In the decoration of these scenes, the Roman emperors displayed their wealth and liberality; and we read, on various occasions, that the whole furniture of the amphitheatre consisted either of silver, of gold, or of amber. The nets designed as a defence against the wild beasts were of gold wire; the porticos were gilded, and the *belt* or circle which divided the several ranks of spectators was studded with a precious mosaic of beautiful stones."

The vast arena enclosed by the Coliseum was originally designed for the combat of gladiators, and of wild beasts. But the persecution of the early Christians with such terrible ferocity, and in such numbers, led them to be regarded as the proper prey for the ferocious animals let loose upon them there; and thousands of martyred souls have sanctified with their blood, this sacred spot, and made it a place of departure from earth to Heaven. The

vast ruins, though despoiled for centuries, still continue to excite the wonder and admiration of the world.

> "A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
> Walls, palaces, half-cities have been reared;
> Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
> And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
> Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?"

From the Coliseum to the Capitol is not far; situated on its proud eminence near the Tarpeian Rock, it gives perhaps the most commanding view of Rome, from whence its ancient ruins can be seen. Below,—the arch of Septimus Severus, and the broken columns of the *Forum Romanum.* Straight to the left, still proudly defying time, rise the arches of Titus and Constantine, in front of the Coliseum; and on the right, the Palatine Hill, with the immense ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars. Stern, but life-like in front of the building, stands the antique equestrian statue of one of the Roman Emperors, guarding its venerable portals; and within, the Museum contains numberless art treasures, of which perhaps the celebrated Dying Gladiator, forms the chief.

The numerous palaces of Rome are noted for their splendor, and the liberality with which their treasures of statuary and painting are thrown open by their owners, on weekly, or other occasions, to public inspection.

Among the chief of these, may be mentioned *The Plazzo Colonna*, The Doria, *The Barberini*, *The Spada*, *The Corsini*, and without the walls—*The Villa Pamfili.*—Doria.

This latter was occupied by Garibaldi in 1849, who maintained it against the attack of the French for some time, but it subsequently fell into their hands, after sustaining considerable injury from the bombardment. The grounds and gardens around it are most extensive and beautiful, and the view from the *Casino* is, without doubt, one of the best in Rome.

The galleries of the Doria Palace probably contain the richest private collection of paintings and other works of art in Rome. The Prince Doria married an English lady, a daughter of the late Earl of Shrewsbury (the Talbot family), and is munificent towards the public in his exposition of the priceless treasures of his princely mansion. The paintings, to the number of five hundred, are distributed over thirteen rooms or galleries, fitting receptacles in the august splendor they present to the magnificent specimens of

art therein displayed. While it would be tedious to enumerate, it might not be unfitting to mention some of the renowned celebrities in the world of painting to be found therein, and we single out—A Village Feast, by *Teniers;* Portrait of the Queen of Aragon, *Leonardo di Vinci;* Portrait of Lucretia Borgia, *Paul Veronese;* Madonna, by *Guido;* The Flight into Egypt, by *Claude,* with celebrated specimens of the works of Angelo, Reubens, Vandyke, Poussin, and a host of masters.

With almost equal rank is the display of the *Palazzo Colonna,* in the *Piazza di S. S. Apostoli.* The Great Hall in this palace is considered one of the finest in the world; and the masterpieces of *Salvator Rosa, Titian, Guido, Caracci, Albani,* and other artists which adorn it, add an imposing air to its grandeur.

Among other artistic marvels, the *Barberini* Palace contains the world-renowned *Cenci,* by Guido, whose touching story may be read in the following description:

"In the picture gallery of this (Barberini) Palace hangs a portrait of a young Roman girl, painted by Guido; whose 'south look of sweet, sorrowful eyes,' and 'touch of prison paleness,' reproduced in chromo, are so frequently seen in parlor and shop windows.

"*Francesco Cenci,* the head of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of Rome, was a man of violent temper, and intolerably cruel in his household. Two of his sons were assassinated at his instigation. At length his family, unable to endure his cruelties and tyrannies longer, appealed to Pope Clement VIII. for protection. The petitions miscarried, and remained, of course, unanswered.

"On the night of the 15th September, 1598, Francesco was murdered. He was found with an enormous nail driven into each of his eyes, indicating that at least two persons were engaged in his assassination. One of them was finally captured, and, upon examination, charged the wife, a son, and the daughter, Beatrice, with having prompted the deed. They had, he testified, put the victim to sleep by a narcotic draught, and had then introduced him and his accomplice into Francesco's chamber. They were arrested and imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo, where they were subjected to the tortures of the rack to force a confession. The mother and brother made a confession, preferring death to this lingering agony. But Beatrice continued firm in her decla-

rations of innocence. At last a new mode of torture was devised, which would make it necessary to cut off her hair—described as being 'the most silken, the longest, and most marvellous in color ever seen.' At this she turned pale. 'Touch not my head,' she cried; 'let me die without mutilation.' And to save her tresses she confessed; but her beauty, the courage and firmness she had shown, and a belief in her innocence, won the sympathy of all Rome, and the Pope was besieged with petitions to pardon her. But other similar murders occurring induced him to refuse, and they were therefore all publicly executed on the piazza of the bridge of St. Angelo, September 9th, 1599.

"The portrait by Guido is said to have been painted just before her execution, and her story has furnished food for many a romance, and has often been represented on the stage. She is still generally supposed to have been innocent of any connection with the crime, and the picture has a strange fascination for every one recalling this passage of history."

The artist life in Rome is one of its distinctive features. Here, through all the public galleries, you can see the easel and the student before the most distinguished paintings, which are thus generally marked out as such for the visitor or stranger.

See that slim youth, with long dishevelled hair, and beard untouched by razor, his pale face, lustrous eye, and fixed attention, gazing sometimes with a gleam of hope, oftener with a touch of mute despair, at the masterpiece before him, as he looks from thence down to his own fresh copy; watch the anxious touch and re-touch of his pallet and his brush, and then the look, as if of calculation, "how many *scudi* will it fetch"—or if working his arduous way to fame alone, "what will they say of this?" regard the varied emotions of his face almost transparent from his soul, and you behold a type of thousands working away amid toil and penury, in studio or in attic, bound, hand, eye, and heart, to the profession and worship of the painter's art.

They among them who have climbed fame's rugged steeps are few, but distinguished in their elevation; secure in their contemplation of the wolf at others' doors, and radiant with a hope that after-generations, shall hand their names to posterity, and talk of them, as they now talk of the masters gone before.

Among others, we visited the studios of Mr. Gibson, the English, and Mr. Rogers, the American sculptors. The former showed us

the statue of his tinted Venus, combining as did the Greeks of old, the twin sister arts of statuary and of coloring; while the latter displayed with justifiable pride, the glories of his "Ruth and Nydia"—so admired in modern art.

During the winter months, as well from the fascinating influence of its associations and displays as from the heavenly temperature of its climate, Rome takes rank as one of the gayest capitals of Europe, whose wealth and fashion largely centre there. The Russian Prince, the English Duke, the German Baron, the French Count, and other more strangely titled members of society, create a temporary tone for its nomad existence, as gay, as brilliant, and as variegated as the colors of a Scottish chieftain.

The Roman nobility are proud, indolent and poor; but their palaces are grand and spacious, and from the rental of these, or a portion of them, during the winter season, they contrive to live frugally at home, and appear in their usual state abroad.

The English barouche, with its rich and emblazoned heraldry, its proud, high-stepping steeds, bear their well-bred beauties with much the same grace and languor, if not the same frequency as in Belgravia. The scarlet huntsmen muster on their thorough-breds at the *Campagna*, if not in the same numbers, with the same zest and daring as at Tychley or at Quorn; and the hounds run as swiftly and as sure-scented as at any hunt in England.

A presentation to the Pope is as delectable to the novice as an introduction at St. James; and the world, with its varieties, reproduce themselves in the Holy City in the same varied enticements of the Theatre, the Opera, or the Ball, as they do at St. Petersburg, London, Vienna or Paris.

"Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

At Rome, too, the words of the Scripture are more than verified in the saying, "The poor ye have always with you." Ragged poverty, importunate beggary, soul-harrowing distress, run, or creep, side by side with voluptuous luxury, proud wealth, and brilliant pleasure. So time rolls on and brings us to the period when we must bid farewell, a probable eternal farewell, to the possible Eternal City; and let us hope that the same eflux will bear us all further and further onward in our journeyings till we reach a higher and a holier habitation in that city "whose builder and maker is—God."

(To be concluded next month.)

MY HOPE.

BY MARY BARRY.

I knelt by a grave last night,
'Twas a grave in a jungle deep,
I knelt dry-eyed, with a steady sight,
One cannot always weep!

There were weeds of tropic growth,
Rank weeds and tangled grass,
Many a summer had ripened both,
Over my dead, alas!

Not a stone, not a name nor date,
Do you deem me recreant thus?
Stranger eyes may weep for our fate,—
Can a stranger weep with us?

And this grave was all my own,
I am blameless though I hide,
'Twas the lowly grave of a Hope full grown,
The grave of a Hope that died!

Of a Hope that had been to me,
Beauty and strength in one;
You can only guess what the night must be,
From the glory of the sun!

Dark, dark, but the grave is dry,
I shiver, I do not weep,
What would it matter though I should cry?
It is dead, it is not asleep.

But could I dream that the years,
Would give back my Hope new born,
I could kneel and water it with my tears,
Till the Resurrection morn!

JOSIAH GARTH.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE day of trial for high treason, of the captured rebels, arrived. It was a bitter cold day, and the manacled prisoners shivered, with scarcely enough clothing to cover their nakedness, when they appeared in court. The court-house of Toronto was at that time small, dirty and dingy. It was densely packed by friends and foes, and instead of the usual constables with long staves, were militia men with burnished arms. A murmur of many voices, discussing all the probabilities of the sentence of each, with now and then angry altercations, filled the room, with all the sounds of the gamut. The indignant cries of "order," by the factotum of the hall of justice, only procured temporary and partial silence. Day by day the same weary routine was gone through. At last a noted day in the calendar arrived. Levi was placed in the dock, and the usual interrogations of "Guilty" or "Not Guilty" were put to him. The reply was "Not Guilty." Some men become soured, dogged and obstinate by incarceration, especially if unjustly imprisoned. They feel that, as a usual thing, the character of a "jail-bird" is gone out for aye, and put on a defiant air against the world. They clothe themselves with a "what-do-I-care" panoply. They become defiant Arabs, courting ostracism from respectable society, and believing every hand to be against them, they respond with hostility active and uncompromising against their kind, being led by the false rule, "From one, learn all." Not so with Levi; this episode—unpleasant as it happened to be—was another electric shock, so to speak, and woke him up to a sense of his relationship to humanity, in a rude, but useful way. He was not of a rancorous or revengeful spirit, and had no ill-feeling against any one; he felt that circumstances, more than persons, were against him. He did not perceive in what way he could prove his innocency. At the same time, he felt keenly his isolation from his friends, and not being allowed to communicate with them, they were not supposed to know anything in regard to his unfortunate position. Sometimes, in his despondency, ungenerous

thoughts would come up, when no one appeared to testify on his behalf; but those were not the days of expresses and telegraphs. He looked around the court-room eagerly, hoping to see a known face, but in the surging mass of human beings, no friend appeared. The first witnesses for the prosecution were those who arrested him, and although he was not found with arms in his hands, yet he was captured in freedom in the enemy's stronghold, and seemed to be making no effort to reach the loyal lines. So spake the Crown counsel and his witnesses. A fair-haired youth was called to the stand. He was none other than the rescued villain who had escaped from the watery grave, and from Molly's wrath. For revenge he was prepared to risk his own life within the clutches of the law, hoping, in his changed appearance, the boldness of the act, and the excitement of the times, to escape recognition. So changed was he for the better, that Levi did not know his former companion on the tree, and indulged in wonder as to what his evidence could be. The suspense was of short duration. He swore to knowing the defendant, and to hearing him plotting treason in a cabin near the Humber, where he happened to be storm-stayed. He identified the prisoner at the bar, and could know him anywhere. He gave the names of his entertainers, and their residence, with apparent relish. The coolness, the audacity, and the cunning of the rascal and convict, were astounding. When he described the country, the house, and its inmates, Levi saw in the man before him his former comrade. Why such "malice aforethought" could enter into the bosom of a man whom he had never injured, and to whom he had rendered such signal service, was a mystery. The witness was preparing to leave the box, when a woman's cry was heard from the crowd, "Arrest that man; he is an escaped murderer!" All eyes were turned in the direction from whence this startling announcement came, when a tall strapping woman stepped in amongst the members of the bar, who were arranged round a low table covered with baize, and placed in front of the Judge's stand. The Chief Justice ordered the last witness to be arrested. When he was brought back his countenance was pale as ashes, and he shook as if he had a fit of ague. The defiant air had gone, and the doomed wretch knew he was face to face with his avenger, Molly.

This woman of splendid physique, standing in the midst of the lawyers, was a model which would have put into ecstasy a Powers

or a Hosmer. Dressed in homespun plaid, neat and becoming, without a solitary attempt at ornamentation, besprinkled with tenacious mud, she stood forgetful of timidity and reserve. Her bonnet had been thrown back on her shoulders, in the rush forward, and was hanging by the strings. The hair was thrown back in almost artistic disorder, from a brow which in its frown foretold a gathering storm. Every muscle of the neck, showed individual outline, as the head was thrown back. The redness of the cheeks came and went like the "merry dancers" of the aurora borealis, on a wintery night. The flash and glitter of the eyes told of a spirit within, strained to its utmost tension. The left arm was stretched down by the side, motionless and rigid as marble. The right was extended towards her would-be persecutor, the threatening attitude of which, showed the will of its owner, would be to grind to powder the perjured witness. One foot was slightly flexed in front, yet firmness of standing was seen in the rigid poise of a dilated frame. The culprit quailed before the withering look, and concentrated scorn of this enraged and much-wronged Nemesis. The stillness during this pantomime became oppressive before a word was spoken.

"Mr. Judge," said she, "excuse my boldness in coming before you, but I'm the woman, and my uncle and aunt are the parties who are accused of hatching treason, with the prisoner, Levi Junks. But I hav'nt been sworn,—Judge, where is the book?"

She took a Bible up, reverently, which was lying on the table, and clasped it over her heart with both hands, and without waiting for the stereotyped form of oath, which she had never heard, said in solemn tones, which sent through saint and sinner in the room, a thrill of intense emotion; "God is my witness, as I shall answer at the Last Day, I shall tell the whole truth without fear, and in His love I rest my approval from the Judge of all." The clerk was about to interfere, and put the oath in the usual formula, but the Chief Justice said, "Let her alone, the oath has been administered."

"Mr. Judge, I'm a plain woman, excuse my lameness of speech, but I heard *this* man swear falsely. I could not hold my peace. I have just came to the court, and only heard last night that Levi was arrested for a rebel, and I walked since two o'clock this morning, to give my evidence for his loyalty." She described in plain and forcible language the scene on the swollen river—the rescue

of lover and convict—the nursing of the latter for weeks—his conduct afterwards—the thrashing he received at her hands—his confession and threats. The auditors, from the court downward, felt that honest testimony had been given. In the cross-examination, the Crown Council asked:—

"The prisoner is your lover, I believe?"

"Yes. I have no wish to conceal it."

"Of course, you take a deep interest in his fate?"

"Certainly."

"Are you prepared to sacrifice a good deal for him?"

"Everything, but honor and truth."

"How do you know the prisoner did not join the rebels, of his own free will?"

"Because it would be a libel on his whole life, and I know how loyal he was by word, and speech, and conduct, up to the night of the 6th December, and that was, it seems, the night of his capture."

"Were you sent for, to give evidence in his behalf?"

"No. A neighbor who saw him captured, brought the news to us, last night, and that is how I heard."

"Is your uncle loyal to the Crown?"

"Yes. And always has been."

"How does the court know you are a loyal woman?"

"Because I say so, who never told a lie, to my knowledge; and how dare you hint I am not."

"Have you had any communication with the prisoner?"

"None, whatever. I have told you as much already."

"Did he know you would appear on his behalf?"

"Not that I know of."

"Beware now."

"*You* 'beware now' too."

"I may be able to prove some of these statements incorrect."

"You may be able to prove a lie, that's your business, I'm told."

"You can sit down."

"Not till Mr. Judge tells me. Your Honorable Worship, every drop of blood in the veins of Levi Junks is filled with pure love for the Queen; God bless her."

Molly, so defiant and confident, now that her testimony was given, felt her fatigue and mental exhaustion in a sort of reflex way, and sank into a seat, with welling eyes which refused to flow before. Tears never were her arguments.

"Are there any more witnesses for the prisoner," asked the Chief Justice. "None."

"Gentlemen of the jury, it is not necessary for me to define again, what constitutes conspiracy against the Crown, and treason against the State, but——"

"Yer Honor, will ye let me speak?" cried a rough gutteral voice from the crowd, and sure enough, our old acquaintance, Alec, pushed himself forward.

"What have you got to say?" sternly asked the Judge.

"I took that laddie prisoner."

"Where?"

"In the woods of Vaughan."

"Were you with the rebels?"

"Nae, my sarty, but miles awa'."

"Were you with the loyal volunteers?"

"I wisna wi' onybody, but watchin' as an ootpost, for to catch the Yankee rebels."

"How do *we* know this statement to be true?"

"Because if you gang to the wuds wi' me, I'll show you the log we sat on, an' the beech tree that I whittled on its back a gallows for somebody to hing on, meetaforically, as ye wid say, havin' naething to do."

"Were you armed, and if so, with what?"

"I wis that, an' wi' a muckle shot gun."

"Where did the prisoner say he was going?"

"To Toronto, to ficht for the Government."

"Where did you both go to after this?"

"I took him in charge, an' afore we kent it, the rebels got baith o' us, an' locked him up."

"Why did they not lock you up?"

"They thocht I wisna very wise—a kin' o' dottled, or daft, ye ken, an' just lat me run roun'."

"Are *you* not a rebel?"

"Me! yer jokin'—if I wis, I widna tell, and if I wisna, I shouldna tell, for I'm no' on my trial, an' by the thing they ca' the Heebeas Corpoos, and the ither thing they ca' the Peetition o' Richts, I'm no' obleeged to tell ye; but, if onybody wid say onything no' gentle aboot oor Sovreen Lady, I'd thraw his neck and thraple for him, war nor the rape will ony o' thae chaps. This *Levite* is no' guilty, for mind, fules and bairns always tell the

truth. Them is the reasons annexed, forbidden an' required, as oor minister wud say."

The evidence of these two witnesses influenced the Chief Justice and jury so much that Levi was liberated on his own recognizance to keep the peace, for three years. We will draw a veil over the after-scene, except to record, that Alec Riach whispered in Levi's ear, as they were leaving the court-room; "Ye see they forgot to sweer me, and so I only twisted the trooth aboot mysel'—just a veenial sin."

All the way home, Molly was far from communicative. She was evidently satisfied at the result of the trial, but when Levi poured out his thanks for her timely efforts on his behalf, he got almost "crusty" replies. Molly felt that she had been more forward than was meet and womanly, and in that perverse way so human, partially blamed her lover for her acts. Had it not been for him, the public declaration of her love would not have been necessary. The heart said "all right."—The head responded "you made a spectacle of yourself." It mattered not, that loyalist and rebel equally applauded—I was about to write—her *manly* testimony. She was not satisfied, and kept Levi at a distance. She turned herself into an iceberg, with a chilling atmosphere around her, and with the same results as in classic ages, "The quarrels of lovers are the renewals of love."

* * * * * * * * * *

After the expedition to Scotland, where we only marched up the hill, and then marched down again, I was detailed to join the detachment that was to attack the rebels in their last foothold on Navy Island, and reached the main-land in front of it on Christmas day. This island is so situated on the Niagara river that it could be easily reinforced both from Canada and the United States. In the meantime, seeing that no operations of a formidable kind were likely to take place, I received leave of absence for a few days to visit my home. A horse had been sent for my use, and was very acceptable. Towards dark, as I was nearing home, a blinding snow-storm set in. There was no frost, and great flakes of stellated snow came down, dancing in waltzes and reels about my head, and at the same time wetting me to the skin. I overtook a man on foot plodding through the mud and slush wearily and slowly. He did not seem to notice me. I was cold, and only about a mile from a hearty welcome and home. My heart warmed

toward the storm-besieged traveller. I invited him to take my seat. At first he did not look up, nor reply, but at last he thanked me, and said he was too exhausted to mount my horse. I helped him up, but his face, whiskers and hair were so impacted with snow, I only saw a red patch for a face. I told him my home was near, and I would be glad to shelter him for the night. This proposal seemed to be reluctantly accepted, but with a "thank you," when we drove into the yard. When we reached the fire, and had the snow shaken from our garments, I saw that my fellow-traveller was middle-aged, short of stature, and, from his speech, educated. He ate heartily, and seemed reserved. My father watched him narrowly for some time, just as he would have scanned a felon. After a sharp scrutiny, which the guest noticed, he seemed satisfied, and, in an unostentatious way, showed considerable kindness to the stranger, making up for past coldness and suspicion, by prodigal hospitality. The weary man asked to retire early. My father took him to his bedroom. They remained a long time in earnest conversation, and were heard distinctly in my room. I wondered what could engage their attention for such a length of time, seeing they were apparently strangers to one another. Morning came, and with it additional mystery. Both my father and the traveller had disappeared. I went to the stable, and found that two horses were absent. My mother was reticent, and gave evasive answers to my enquiries. It was years afterwards before I found out the secrets of that night. When my father went to the bedroom with the tired sojourner, he shut the door, and turning sharply around on the man, slapped him on the shoulder, and, to his astonishment, said: "You are my prisoner; I know you, Dr. Routh; you are a fugitive from justice."

The doctor said, "You are correct; I am he, and so tired of life have I become, that I am careless of my fate. Do as you like, I will make no resistance. I have suffered a dozen deaths already from hunger and exposure; give me a night's rest, then let me die."

"Do you give me your word of honor, doctor, that you will not try to escape. I am a loyal man, and must do my duty."

"I give you my promise."

Next morning, before break of day, they left home on two horses. After they had travelled about twelve miles, my father said to the doctor, "You are a rebel, and a price is set upon your

head. I am a Tory, and God forbid! I should deliver you up for the price of blood! Your rebellion is more from mistaken views of liberty, than from treason against our Queen. Do you remember when you resided in the county of Norfolk, that you visited and attended a family, by the name of Garth, through a protracted fever—that the head of this family got his leg broke, at the same time when the poor man was sorely needed to look after his sick? Do you recollect making a present of necessaries to keep them from starvation, and medicines to keep death from the door? I am that Garth. Those were the days of my sorest trials. I am now in comfortable circumstances, and in consideration for your friendly services I am prepared to stretch my loyalty a point, and show you a way of escape. Take this horse with you, and this rude map of the country roads, which I have made for you; follow its directions, and deliver this letter to the party indicated on it by name. You will find a guide to Niagara River. Never speak an ill word of your Queen and country. Good-bye. I'll have remorse over the act of this morning. Go, before I repent."

Dr. Routh escaped and was thankful, for I had the facts ratified by himself, many years afterwards, when he became an able Minister of the Crown, and a trusty loyal man. The escapes of many of these men were wonderful, and had it not been for the sympathy felt for them by all classes, and all shades of politics, very few of them could have escaped. The execution of several of the minor conspiritors was bad policy, and to the credit of the British Government, be it said, it gave peremptory orders to stay public executions for this cause. In after years a general amnesty was granted, and many of the chief actors became prominent members of Government, and of Parliament, wiser and moderate in their political views.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE VOYAGE OF MAGELLAN.

BY CAPT. N. W. BECKWITH.

THE glory of being the first to circumnavigate the globe, settling forever the *quæstio vexata* of its sphericity, of finding the western passage to India, and of leading discovery into

the vast island systems of the Pacific Ocean, is the meed of this second Columbus.

He was by birth a Portuguese, but by adoption a Spaniard, and his name is differently given by the writers of the two nations—Fernando Magalhæns by the former; by the latter, Hernando Magalhanes. Every school-boy geographer knows of the famous Straits that bear his name, and every southern-voyaging sailor sees nightly those beautiful nebulæ that are called Magellan's clouds, whence the Anglicised form is as "familiar in their mouths as household words." He was born in Oporto in 1481, and entered the Portuguese navy about the time of Columbus' triumphant return from the discovery of America (what a misnomer!)—the fame of that achievement, it may well be presumed, deciding him in his choice of a profession.

He served with distinction under the renowned Albuquerque, under whom he made rapid proficiency in seamanship; and diligently, it appears, employed his spare hours in acquiring scientific knowledge and geographical information. Rapid promotion was naturally the result, and we find him at about the age of seventeen occupying the post of a sort of sub-lieutenant—probably corresponding nearly to the grade of ensign of to-day.

In this capacity he aided in the famous seige and sack of Malacca, and, it has been said, the first cause of his leaving the service of his own country and entering that of Spain, was in consequence of being denied his rated share of the enormous booty captured by that celebrated "Portuguese Mars," as the old chroniclers name Albuquerque.

This can hardly be correct, since it is certain that many years after, when he had matured the plan of his great undertaking, he made the first offer to his own sovereign, Emmanuel, who rejected it and him, it would seem without due examination, and with contempt, real or feigned for the proposals; apparently adopting as a precedent the line of conduct observed by his predecessor towards his prototype and predecessor, Columbus.

It may be, that the King's enquiries were coldly and suspiciously met by the navigatior, who, according to Herrera, had profited by the experience of Columbus at the court of Portugal, bearing in mind how John II., after obtaining his confidence, and gathering from him the gist of his project, had, while he pretended to encourage him, secretly dispatched an expedition to attempt the

voyage, and rob him of his honors; Magalhanes therefore carefully concealed the vital points of his theory, though disclosing enough to invest the enterprise with a sufficient appearance of probability.

But, doubtless, the astute Monarch discerned that something was withheld; and refused to countenance the scheme in the expectation of compelling a fuller trust than was accorded him; or, annoyed at the implied want of confidence—though how he could expect anything else is by no means clear—decided to dismiss the projector, in downright earnest, and without any waste of ceremony.

That he had faith in the scheme itself, and that he regretted his hasty decision, from whatever motive made, is abundantly evident from the fact that he afterwards used every inducement to win him back from the service of Spain; failing in which, with a meanness of soul not easily paralleled even among princes and potentates, he occupied himself in propagating at the latter court rumors derogatory to the character and abilities of Magalhanes, and in every possible manner threw obstacles in the way of the expedition, of which he soon obtained command from the more liberal and far-seeing Monarch of Spain.

Though Herrera tells of a "fairly painted globe," which the adventurer brought with him to Spain, and on which he had delineated the known lands and seas, and his intended route; but carefully left out any indication of the position himself assigned to the passage assumed to exist through the western continent,—no records have been preserved of the grounds upon which he based his theory. It has been supposed that the shape of South America, trending away to the west, as Africa does to the east, suggested to him, by analogy, that the former had probably a southern boundary also, washed by an open sea, leading into the ocean beyond, which had already been discovered from the Isthmus of Darien, by the ill-fated Vasco Nunez de Balboa, in 1513. And already the coasts of the Gulf of Mexico, and of South America had been explored by eager seekers for an outlet to India, as far south as the mouth of the Rio de la Plata,—named "*El mar dulce*," by an explorer of ability, Juan Diaz de Solis, who while engaged on a similar enterprise had penetrated this great estuary for some distance, believing it to be the much sought for Strait, but was captured and devoured, with five of his crew, by the cannibal

natives,—in 1515. Only for this untoward event, that captain might have anticipated the discoveries of Magalhanes.

Thus it appears that the field of research had been already reduced to a comparatively narrow arena, south of the line; and the question touching the "existence of a passage through the American continent, to Cathay and the Indies," having been decided in the negative, with respect to the vast portion lying between the discoveries of Cabot the younger, on the north as far as latitude 67° 30', and those of the ill-fated De Solis down to the entrance of the La Plata, on the south; the general tide of opinion among geographers and navigators was setting strongly in favor of prosecuting explorations in the direction of a north-west passage—an idea perhaps older, by several centuries, than is generally believed, dating, it may be, as far back as the day when Leif Erickson led the way from Iceland to "Vinland" and "Markland," as the New England and Nova Scotia of to-day were named by him.

Late in 1517, Magalhanes, accompanied by his faithful co-laborer and friend, Ruy Falero, a Portuguese astronomer, arrived at Valladolid, where the Emperor, Charles V., then held Court. This wise though ambitious potentate entertained him and his proposals in a manner characteristically different from that of the narrow-souled ruler of Portugal. Honors were conferred on him; he and his associate were lodged at Court, and the preparation of an expedition was early set about.

Over all the seas and lands that he might discover, Magalhanes was created, in anticipation, "Adelantado" of all profits that might accrue to the Crown, he was assured the very liberal share of one-twentieth, and also, conjointly with his companion, the astronomer, was granted certain mercantile privileges, beginning with the fruits of the voyage of discovery itself, at the rate of one-fifth of whatever should be realized, and a ten years' monopoly of the route they should explore. And further, the royal speculator covenanted to furnish five good vessels, agreeing to victual and provide them with a crew of two hundred and forty men for the period of two years.

On the first of August, 1519, our discoverer left Seville, and on the twenty-first of the following month sailed on his eventful voyage of circumnavigation, from the little port of San Lucar, with a well-equipped squadron of five ships, two hundred and

thirty-seven men, and an admiral's commission, after having taken a specially framed oath of allegiance, which covered in particular all contingencies of the adventure in hand, and is probably one of the earliest instances of "naturalization" on record.

His command consisted of the *Trinidad* and *Concepcion*, of one hundred and twenty tons each; the *Santiago* and *San Antonio*, each of ninety; and the afterwards renowned *Vittoria*, of only sixty tons.

Touching at Teneriffe for wood and water, holding along the Coast of Africa, and passing the Cape de Verd Islands early in October, he crossed the line in about seventy days after his departure. On the thirteenth of the following December, he anchored in a port, now unknown, on the Coast of Brazil, in 23° 30′ south latitude, to which he gave the name of "St. Lucia," where he discovered a large river, and friendly natives, of whom Pigafetta, the historian of the voyage, who accompanied the expedition, says, that when the boats put out from the ships, "they set up a great shout, conceiving them to be young sea-monsters, the offspring of the latter."

Taking in further supplies here, he left on the twenty-seventh, and steered to the southward; and on the eleventh of January, 1520, reached Cabo de Santa Maria, at what is now known as Bahia Falsa, a few leagues eastward of the Rio de la Plata, and touched near where De Solis had been murdered, five years before, while searching for that passage that Magalhanes was destined to discover.*

Profiting by their knowledge of this affair, the stay of the Spaniards here was short, and their intercourse with the people guarded; nevertheless, as it seemed part of their admiral's wise policy to improve every opportunity of procuring fresh provisions, they managed to make a further addition to their stock without

* There is a popular belief that Magellan sought up the La Plata for the passage to the South Sea, which has been adopted by several writers. Parton says: "The broad mouth of the La Plata lured him in at length, but doomed him to disappointment," etc. There is no authority whatever for this, but the contrary is well established; that the La Plata was well known to be a river, and its mouth, in a measure, even explored, five years previously. Indeed, the parallel assumption with respect to De Solis, that "he voyaged up the current for weeks" in expectation of an outlet to the Indies, is equally untenable, for "the current" itself, its appearance, taste, etc., must have proved to him that his discovery was no strait, or passage from sea to sea, but simply a vast river, affording in itself ample inducement to continue his explorations, whence his persistence therein, until the lamentable issue. N. W. B.

coming to any rupture with the Indians. Weighing anchor again, keeping well in with the coast, and making frequent touches in search of a suitable harbor in which to winter, they at length, on Easter eve, entered a port which they named "San Julian," where they spent the five ensuing months.

Here, being put on allowance, the people became discontented; and, according to Herrera, "on account of the great cold, begged the Admiral, that since the country was found to extend itself towards the antarctic, without showing a hope of finding the cape of this land, nor any Strait; and as the winter was setting in severe, and some men died for want, that he would increase the allowance, or turn back; alleging that it was not the king's intention that they should seek out what was impossible, and that it was enough to have got where none had ever before been; besides that, going farther towards the Pole, some furious wind might drive them where they could not get away, but all perish."

"Magalhanes, who was a ready man, and presently hit on a remedy for whatever incident occurred, said that he was very ready to die, or to fulfil what he had promised. He said that the king had ordered him the voyage which was to be performed; and that, at all events, he was to sail till he found the end of that land, or some Strait, which they could not fail of doing; and though wintering seemed to be attended with difficulties, there could be none, when the spring set in, to proceed forward, discovering the coasts of the continent under the Antarctic Pole, being assured that they must come to a place where one day lasted three months: that he was astonished that men, and Spaniards, could have so much sluggishness; and that for his part he was determined to die rather than shamefully to return back."

These encouraging words, and the brave example of their leader, put an end, for a time, to the insubordination which afterward assumed such gigantic proportions. While wintering here, exploring parties were sent out from time to time, to examine the inlets of the coast to the southward, and finally the *Santiago* was detached for this service, which vessel on the third of May discovered the River Santa Cruz.

Finding no western outlet, she returned to sea, and proceeded still further south, but after making a few leagues, was driven ashore in a sudden gale, and wrecked. The overland travel of her crew back, to rejoin the squadron at Port San Julian, led to an

acquaintance with the natives, of whose gigantic size honest Pigafetta has placed on record such marvellous accounts. These have long been held as altogether unworthy of credence, or at least unreasonably exaggerated, but during the last quarter of a century some events have transpired, which together with the testimony of Byron's expedition of 1764–66, and that of Wallis and Carteret, of two years later, tend to show that these stories, though doubtless a good deal heightened, are by no means unfounded.

Since the discovery of gold in California, wealth seeking voyagers have landed, or been cast on these inhospitable shores, and their concurrent testimony is, that the "clumsy hoofed" tribe which Magalhanes discovered, really averages very much above the tallest stature of ordinary humanity. Byron, by actual measurement, ascertained that many of them were over seven feet, some seven and a half, and Carteret complains of the underrating statements made by Wallis after admitting that he had neglected *his* opportunity of acquiring a correct knowledge of the stature of the gigantic savages, simply because of the prevailing spirit of disbelief in Great Britain, which had no better foundation than a silly national vanity that felt it distasteful to contemplate the idea of any people existing in the world bigger than Scotch Highlanders and English Grenadiers. Certainly any of the *gallant* Wallis' stories ought to be taken *cum grano salis*, after his marvellous record of his performance of the character of Eneas to the "infelix Dido" of the amorous Queen Oberea; and his description of her majesty, who was very tall, it appears, and "who took me by the arm, and whenever we came to a plash of water or dirt, she lifted me over with as little trouble as it would have cost me to have lifted over a child." And, after all, he admits having himself measured one Patagonian of six feet, seven inches.

Capt. Bourne, of New Bedford, who was made prisoner by these sons of Anak, on the first of May, 1849,—and who escaped from them on the seventh of August, of the same year,—says that he had no standard of measurement except his own height, which is five feet ten, but that he could easily stand under the arms of most of them, and there were none of the males who were not at least a head taller than himself, and judged their average to be at least a foot greater than ours. "They exhibit," he says, "enormous strength whenever they are sufficiently aroused to shake off their constitutional laziness, and exert it." Lesser points, too,

of his account, tally exactly with what has been recorded by the earliest visitors,—such as dress, manners, customs, etc., Capt. Bourne's statement that they use the hind hoof (with a portion of the skin attached to it;) of the *Guanaco*, to make shoes, during the cold season, shows that the epithet of "*Pata-gones*," has a more literal signification than was suspected.*

Capt. Ashleigh, of the *Balance* whale-ship, who visited Coy Inlet, which is situated between Port Santa Cruz, and the entrance of the Straits of Magalhanes, in November, 1863, measured the height of a Patagonian *giant*, whom he endeavored to induce to accompany him home, but without success, "and found him eight feet, four inches in height, standing with naked feet upon an oar-blade on the sands," says the captain commendably exact, "but he was the tallest, by nearly a head, of a party of eleven, and certainly the tallest of all seen by any of the crew of the *Balance* during her stay of a week in this region." And all were remarkably well proportioned.

The tallest specimens of our own race are sometimes nearly eight feet high, while our average stature is fixed at five feet eight inches; if now, we assume the Patagonian average to be six feet eight inches, which seems warranted, and suppose extraordinary specimens attaining to corresponding difference of altitude among them, we shall imagine coloss of *nine feet!*† It may be possible that the account given by the credulous old chronicler of the voyage concerning the first Indian he saw "who was so great that a middle-sized Castiliano reached no higher than his waist," was not so marvellously stretched beyond the bounds of probability after all.

Some time later, the gathering discontent of the crew manifested itself in open mutiny, in which the majority of captains and officers were perfidious and vile enough to engage—feeling themselves degraded, as Spanish gentlemen, to serve under a Portuguese commander, forsooth—miserable excuse. To quell this outbreak, the admiral was compelled to resort to the most desperate measures, and well was it, in this exigency, that the admirable foresight of the Emperor had invested the leader of his expedition with full, unhampered powers to meet such an emer-

* Narrative of Three months captivity among the Giants of Patagonia.——— London, 185—.

† Here's a hint to the collectors for the next new museum.

gency; and equally well that Magalhanes was not a man to hesitate about accepting the responsibility of the actions he was compelled to perform. The worst of the mutineering captains, who shut himself up in his ship, and backed by his crew, openly defied all authority, and whom it was therefore impossible to arrest, the admiral got rid of summarily; it is said, by sending a a messenger with a letter to him, and orders to despatch him while reading it—which terrible commission was successfully executed, to the great consternation of the crew of mutineers and disheartening of the other leaders. Two others, being brought to trial, were hanged, and a fourth, with his accomplice, a priest, was "marooned;"* a very effective mode of punishment much in use in later times. These measures, promptly followed up, soon taught the rebellious wretches whom they had for a leader, and saved his imperilled authority.

Little was done here after this, beyond taking formal possession of the country for the Crown of Spain, and seizing, by strategem, a couple of the gigantic natives to carry home as a present to the Emperor. Two more they afterward endeavored to capture by force, with the intention of exchanging them for two of the females (for the laudable purpose of introducing the "giant breed" into Spain), as the latter were not allowed to visit the new comers by their jealous protectors; but the plan failed, and one of the crew was killed in endeavoring to carry it out. The captives, in their struggles, called on their god "*Setebos*," from Pigafetta's account of which Shakspeare perhaps borrowed the demon whom he makes the familiar of the "foul witch Sycorax."

(To be continued.)

*Marooning was simply putting ashore on any wild, desert coast, or island, the obnoxious individual, and leaving him. There have been cases even in the present day.

A RINGLET.

Golden, glossy ringlet,
Dainty curl of grace,
Wavering in the sunlight
Of a happy face!
Cans't thou shade the splendor,
Dim the lovely light
Of the truth and beauty
Mirrored in thy sight?

Soft, unconscious ringlet,
Nestling close and warm
To a cheek all glowing
With its rosy charm:
Tell me dainty love-curl
What her blushes say?
When thou hidest gently
All their bloom away.

Careless, wavy ringlet,
Art thou full of glee?
When her dewy breathings
Touch thee tenderly;
When her smiles so near thee,
Lavishly are given,
Art thou not enraptured
With that glimpse of heaven!

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

London, England, August, 1874.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

VII.

THE privateer *Tallahassee* made a long visit to Nassau under the name of the "Camellia." She was a rather handsome steam-propeller, and a Yankee man-of-war laid "off and on" New Providence, waiting for this vessel to go out; but, naturally, she preferred remaining where she was. I dined on board of the *Tallahassee* on Washington's birthday. A U. S. gunboat lying at anchor near by, manned two barges, which pulled round and round the Confederate so styled *Camellia*. The day was comparatively calm, and the *star spangled banner* hung gracefully and languidly about the stern-sheets of the Yankee launches. The American vessels in port made a fine display of bunting in honor of the day. The Southern officers manifested considerable chagrin at the taunting way in which these Yankees were manœuvring

about their ship; but, like wise men, they said nothing. The *stars and bars*, a Palmetto flag, floated among the numerous Confederate steamers in port, but not in respect for this day, although, from what I could perceive, the Southerners appeared to look upon the event with a kind of secret veneration, yet they would not publicly make known their regard before the rejoicing Yankees.

At a supper party one night, on board of the steamship *Fox*, commanded by a Captain Brown (a noble-hearted fellow), I was introduced to a gentleman who represented himself as having been a lieutenant on board of the late Confederate war-ship *Alabama* during her fatal action with the lively little corvette *Kearsage*. I noticed by one or two expressions from this party, that he was not altogether an admirer of Captain Raphæl Semmes. He remarked that—"When the chapel bells on the coast of France were calling their flocks together for the Sabbath morning's worship, we steamed out of port to meet the *Kearsage*, and cleared for action. I reckon the churches had empty seats that morning, for the shores and beaches were covered with spectators. Several of our shot struck the enemy's sides, but appeared to do no damage. Semmes watched this nervously with his opera-glass, gnashing his teeth. 'By G—d,' said he, 'she is encased in iron from stem to stern.' We had a great many killed and wounded. Semmes showed considerable excitement, and I had my face half knocked off, as I dodged a shot that tumbled over a couple of dozen poor fellows. Finally, we commenced to sink, and I rushed below for something I wanted to save, and then I met Semmes, who drank a whole bottle of brandy before he left the cabin. I was picked up by an English yacht." It is said, and generally believed, that the *Kearsage* only had chains strung along in tiers over the sides amidships, in order to protect her boilers, wherein those of the *Alabama* were rendered secure by a large quantity of coal stored in her port and larboard bunkers.

I met a celebrated banjo player at Nassau named McCarthy. He claimed to be the author of the words to that gay and animated song styled "Dixie's Land"—the song that cheered countless thousands to victory, death and defeat.

The currency of Nassau was gold and silver. This was generally banked in $50 and $100 packages, and marked with the initials of the depositor. The bank on receiving and paying out the

silver—as a rule, neither counted nor weighed it. Should the last receiver, even after taking it away, find one or more parcels short, it was the custom for the party who first put up the amount, to make good the deficiency without questions. There were no "hard up" borrowers in Nassau, merchants were never seen waiting—hat in hand—at the door of the bankers' *sanctum*.

Very many Bahama negroes have a fashion of "fingering" small things, "pooketing," or in other language, appropriating to their own use the property of others. Like *Rob Roy*, I suppose they think that if opportunity offers for a "lift" they should not let the prize slip through their hands,

> "For why? Because the good old rule,
> Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

I once missed my gauging-rod, and suspecting one of our employés of having stolen it, challenged the supposed thief concerning it, quite sharply. "Jeffrey," said I, "what makes you fellows such confounded prigs?" "What! Massa?" "Why thieves, I mean." "Now Massa Johnny, you kind ob hurt my feelens, I no nodden 'bout dat stick. You say nigger great tief! I say no—no sah—! Nigger sometimes tief little, but white man tief big! he tief befo' you eyes and you don't see um." Next day I found the rod. It had been replaced in its old quarters.

There are several good Hotels in Nassau. The "Royal Victoria" is very superior. It is built of stone and is quite spacious. It stands on a beautiful hill, surrounded by orange and other fruit trees.

The negro soldiers of Nassau attract considerable attention. Every morning about five o'clock, they form for the purpose of marching to the bathing grounds. Like statues, they would stand awaiting the order to move forward. Their well-made leggins, strong English shoes, blue zouave breeches, scarlet coats, and white caps, contrasting with their intensely black, and sometimes scarred faces, gave them a decidedly foreign and somewhat fierce appearance. At the sound of their plaintive fifes, and rattle of their well-played drums, away they would march—tramp, tramp, with their long white towels carelessly flung over their shoulders, fluttering in the early breezes.

During my first residence at Nassau in 1861, I had experienced

a severe attack of what the natives styled "break bone" fever, but through this latter sojourn my health was excellent. It is true I had been confined to my room for a week by a bilious attack, but this I did not by any means attribute to the climate. Now and then the yellow fever would pluck off a victim, yet it so seldom occurred, that the mass of foreigners who resided at Nassau would not really admit that it was "Yellow Jack." However, the doctors were the best judges of the species of this malady, but business with them was so dull that little was said concerning this horrible disease. As for myself, I considered that I was proof against the poisonous breath of this monster. Massa Captain told me that I must be acclimated *by this time*, which meant that I was beyond the grasp of the loathsome enemy. Being informed of this, and from such a source, I flattered myself that I was safe *au pis aller*.

The summer of 1864 will long be remembered by all who resided in New Providence, and were so fortunate as to survive it. This horrifying scourge—yellow fever—broke out in dreadful force amongst us. The Death Angel spread her fearful wings over the island. Her pestilential darts struck down a vast number of human beings. I imagine that I can see dozens of my old friends who alas! are now gone. On shore the mortality was dreadful. Among the shipping it was even worse. Vessels lay swinging to their anchors without captains, officers, or crews. Boat-loads of poor emaciated sailors were hurried to the Marine Hospitals, to-day as it were, and to-morrow their coffins were sent after them. Not a pound of ice was to be had in the island. Heated brains and parched tongues burned. In direful agony, men, women and children appealed to God for ice—ice. Heaven forbid that I should again witness such scenes of suffering and death. The atmosphere was putrid. Of nights I would stroll through the deserted streets, seeking, if possible, to partake of one monthful of cool air. Many times did I pronounce a blessing on the chilly fogs of my native Bay of Fundy. I said the streets were deserted. I was wrong. Negro men hurriedly came and went, bearing on their broad shoulders large coffins, small coffins, little coffins. My old violin was locked up these times. The dying wanted no merry tones to lighten their hearts as their spirits moved swiftly onward toward the dark way. Business was almost entirely suspended for three months. Groups of men stood at every corner conversing in low tones. Fear was stamped

on their countenances. One of my room-mates died at seven o'clock in the morning, and was buried an hour and a half afterwards. His bed-clothes and wearing apparel were all burned.

Donald Kailbrose again arrived at Nassau. For over a week I did not see him. I had been strictly cautioned by Massa Captain not to venture out in the night air. I supposed that Donald had been attending to his duties on board ship, and as his steamer lay about two miles up the Sound I had not visited him. I did not wish to expose myself unnecessarily. In fact I was not at all well. By mere accident I learned that my friend was dangerously sick, and confined to his bed in a house some considerable distance from where I resided. That evening I visited him. He was prostrated with yellow fever. It appears that he had come on shore to the house of his washer-woman, when he was struck down by the merciless arm of this destroyer, and compelled to remain where I found him. He had been here three days. He accused me rather harshly of having neglected him, remarking that "Now as I was in a prosperous way, I had no more desire of his society." I assured my stricken friend that he blamed me wrongfully: I told him as I grasped his feverish hand, that I would *never* forget his noble kindness and self-sacrifice in my behalf. The poor fellow shed tears. He pressed my hand as firmly as his ebbing strength would allow. I became Donald's nurse. On the second night of my attendance—after the mid hour, he commenced in a feeble voice to speak of his mother and relatives in the Highlands of Scotland. I felt pleased to hear him make mention of his near and dear ones (although they were far away), for he had never spoken to me of his family connections before.

This discourse was interrupted by a hurried visit from the doctor, who informed me that another of my room-mates had died, and that Strongfellow was "down" and under the care of Massa Captain. The disciple of Esculapius remained but a few minutes. He told me on leaving that Donald was dying. Shortly after this I inquired of my friend if he felt easier. "Oh, I am getting along nicely, old chap," he spoke; "we will have a good time together yet." I answered that I hoped so. I felt that it was my duty to hint to Donald that his end was fast approaching, but what was I to say. He was a Roman Catholic. I was at a loss to find out in what way I could make known to him the fearful fact that his young life was rapidly and surely passing from beneath the roof

of the thatch-covered cottage in which we dwelt. There was no one to pray for him; but sinner as I was, I breathed a *hope* for the future happiness of his soul. It is said that "the prayers of the wicked avail nothing." This may be so; but if it be so, then who among this world's creatures shall pray the prayers of the righteous? At last my cowardly heart mustered a little courage, and sitting on the side of my expiring friend's couch, I gazed into his burning, glistening eyes. They were large, manly eyes—eyes that in their health and vigor could sparkle forth kindly glances, or cast out bitter, piercing frowns. But not so now; their beauty had left this world. They were preparing for new scenes; they were closing on the fading objects of this life to open, I trust, among the verdant hills of Heaven. I was just in the act of handing him a draught of water, when I perceived that he had turned away from me, as if desirous of changing his attitude. "Donald!" I whispered, shaking his arm gently. He answered not; he moved not. His spirit had quietly drifted into the dark stream that flows forever to the mysterious ocean. He was buried before noon the following day.

Death found him in a foreign land,
Where thatch and red woods grow;
'Mong sandy hills and coral shores,
Where strong trade-breezes blow.

We laid him in a lowly spot,
Close by the restless sea;
Sweet be thy sleep, my early friend,
Beneath the mangrove tree.

And now, adieu! young Scot farewell,
Thy memory fills mine eye;
The shady river's borne thee past—
Donald, good-bye! good-bye!

Here I met several of my own countrymen, (St. John boys) who were penniless, sick, and miserable indeed. I did what I could for their comfort. Massa Captain gave them employment for a time. One young fellow (a wild chap) who had been an old school-chum of mine, was about the hardest up youth I had ever met. His wardrobe—when I first discovered him, consisted of only a pair of pants and half a shirt. If my memory serves me right, he possessed no *sombrero*, at all. His bare feet were swollen and blistered from the sun's fiery rays. I took him to our office, and

being in a philanthropic mood, presented him with one of Massa Captain's spare coats, also a pair of that gentleman's shoes, and a Panama hat belonging to Strongfellow. Massa Captain advised me to start a second-hand clothing shop: "Then" said he "you will perhaps let my things alone: I would thank you to bestow your own coats on your ragged acquaintances." The next day, I met this "wild chap," strutting about "large as life" with a meerschaum pipe in his mouth, and a feather in his hat, quite a dandy, *pro tempore*.

Yellow fever now raged throughout the island, causing fearful havoc among the foreigners who resided there. It did not attack the natives. Massa Captain and I one morning repaired to our hotel for breakfast, for although we roomed separately and in different parts of the city, we generally dined together at the Karnack hotel. As we entered the great dining hall, Jutsey, the head waitress informed us that four men had just died in rooms off the front piazza, and that a lady was breathing her last up stairs. "Well, Johnny," said Massa Captain, "this is becoming a city of corpses. I want no food this morning." "Nor I either," I rejoined. "Now boy," he continued, "you had better go to New York till this is over; I fear that you are not sufficiently acclimated yet, others have been cut off that have lived here for three years."

For the first time, among all these scenes of sickness and death, I experienced a little fright—just a little—for my own safety. Massa Captain had made the acquaintance of yellow fever years previously, and consequently was not at all likely to take it again, at least not dangerously . . . . A steamship belonging to a young friend of mine was about to proceed to New York, and he gladly reserved a berth for me in his state-room on board.

Directly across the street, facing my domicile, stood a castle-like structure of stout masonry. It was surrounded by a high wall of stone-work, which was penetrated by two strong iron gates. The tops of this enclosure were covered, or perhaps I may say adorned, with broken glass bottles, which were firmly cemented thereon. The gates were closed and locked every night at eight o'clock. At this hour, the lord of the mansion would invariably depart therefrom, wending his way no one knew whither, excepting himself and his little stub-tailed dog, "a terrier tough and lean" that followed him as regularly as did the long tails of his black frock coat. There is nothing more lonely to many than an evening in

the streets of Nassau. As the sun lowers at the end of day, so falls the darkness. No gaslights meet the eye, except, perhaps, in Havana. White ladies are never out of their houses at this time. They sit within their jalousied piazzas, night after night, rocking, and endeavoring to pass away the dull hours. Mayhaps the notes of a piano interrupt the common silence. I will not attempt to describe how West Indians enjoy themselves at this time, for I know not.

Within these walls dwelt a young lady; yes, four of them. They were all considered pretty, or what is commonly termed "good-looking." Now, how strange it is that men will keep their eyes on good-looking women. Why do they do it? I do not know. I suppose it is because men have an eye for the beautiful; just that, and nothing more. How it amuses me in my daily walks through life, to observe some blithesome damsel tripping gaily along; and how it amuses me to see some ministerial-looking old gentleman carefully observing this fair one. For why does his eyes follow her footsteps? Because he cannot help it. To those whom God hath blessed with clear vision—close not your organs of sight on the beauties of nature, for pretty girls should be looked at, just as much as pretty flowers.

I will call this young lady Isabella. She was of graceful form, and her eyes, which were intensely blue, were large and loving. Silken hair in abundance flowed languidly about her perfect shoulders. She wore one of the most affectionate countenances that I had ever seen. Her sisters were likewise very beautiful. During evenings, after they had performed pleasant airs on the piano, they would betake themselves to the piazza fronting their residence. The windows of my room were constantly open, and here I had often sat and played a tune or two, or rather a dozen tunes or so, on my old violin, just for my own amusement; but my landlady had informed me that my continual scraping was excruciating torture to her, but then she was always a victim of the headache or toothache, and consequently enjoyed nothing, unless it was some pain-killer or proceeds of a recent discovery in the form of a balm, warranted to cure every evil, heir to human flesh. My room window was about thirty feet distant from the balcony of my fair friends over the way. These girls were as bashful as they were pretty. I became acquainted with them—in what manner I now forget, but be it known that they had in

their service a little black chubby *fille de chambre*, who was more frequently in the street than in her mistresses' home. This maid of darkness had performed several little errands or commissions for me, in the form of getting a washer-woman, etc., for which, of course, I had rewarded her with a silver coin or two. Her mistresses, to be sure, heard of this, and in the end I had the good fortune to be placed on friendly terms with her fair employers. These girls were full of life; they were noble, modest creatures, that no man could look upon else than to respect them; yes, and even love them. Their papa was a portly and somewhat dignified old gentleman, who would allow no male to visit his home unless he were an English naval or army officer. He was a very "high cut" gentleman. I liked him not.

Having decided to go to New York for a short season, I made the fact known among my young friends, and one night about twenty of them visited my room for the purpose of bidding me good bye. I uncorked a dozen of claret in commemoration of the event. Every bottle was emptied. It was most excellent wine. My jolly company declared that it was delicious. They were all what is commonly styled "steady young men." One month from this night, nearly the half of this entire party slept in their graves. The yellow fever had gathered them unto his great charnel-house.

I was all in readiness to embark the following morning, and retired for the night at a little over the mid hour. I was alone. My room-mates had died. I dozed half wakefully for an hour. A noise awoke me. It sounded like the hasty tramp of some frightened mortal, hurriedly stepping about the room. Then a knocking sound was heard, then all was again quiet. I arose and lighted my lamp; underneath my bed I found a soldier-crab, who had entered my apartments. I kicked him out. I was soon fast asleep. After a time I awoke feeling very chilly. Throwing a goodly blanket about my shoulders, I again sought the realms of sweet repose. About one o'clock in the morning, I opened my eyes with difficulty. I was in a burning fever. I sprang to the floor and dressed myself. I well knew what ailed me. Rushing into the dark, quiet street, I vigorously rapped at the door of a saloon keeper with whom I was acquainted. I told him that I was attacked with yellow fever. He would not believe it, telling me I was only frightened. He locked the door and shut me out. I fell fainting on the dusty road. How I found my way back to

my room I know not, but suffice it to say, I succeeded in reaching the dismal abode. My head began to ache in a splitting manner. My back was filled with sharp dragging pains. I felt that I was rapidly sinking. Death seemed to be waiting for its third victim from my quarters. I could not rise. Not a human being was near me. A singular thought rushed into my head. I grasped my revolver that hung near my couch, and fired every cartridge into the wall of my room. A window was quickly raised from the opposite side of the street, and like an angel of mercy, Isabella enquired what occasioned the noise. I had just strength enough left to say to her "for God sake send some person to me." Quick as a flash she alarmed the neighborhood, and her papa—Heaven prosper him,—built a fire with his own hands, and heated water for me. Fortunately, I understood how to treat yellow fever. So I despatched a friend for a doctor and another for Massa Captain, while I gave orders for a strong, hot mustard bath, and ere the doctor or Massa Captain had arrived, I was insensible.

For nine days I was nothing better than a raving maniac. I was told that these dear girls exerted their utmost strength in endeavoring to make me comfortable. I was not aware of this. I was not myself. I cursed and swore like a trooper. I anathematized Massa Captain most effectually. I struck my nurse, and did everything that was disorderly and wicked. One night I awoke in a devilish mood. I sprang like an enraged tiger to the floor. "I am going home," I screamed. "I won't stay here," and off like a deer I jumped for the window. But I was caught by two powerful negro men who had me in charge. I threw them off as if they had been children. Massa Captain, who was a man of no mean strength and activity, grappled with me, and I bit a mouthful out of his shirt-sleeve, but the three of them overpowered me and dashed me into bed again. For an instant I came to. Massa Captain was in tears, and so was I, but I was weeping on account of my defeat. Two doctors gazed sternly into my eyes. They had been called in. They pronounced my case hopeless. The tears fell thick and fast from Massa Captain. Stupid and crazed as I was, I wondered what this strong man was crying about.

(To be concluded next month.)

Scrapiana.

HAUNTED.

I.

The moonbeams, sleeping on the sea,
  Climb, in their dreams, the river's bank;
No zephyr plains melodiously
  Among the sedges wede and dank,
  Nor stirs the osier willows lank:
Above, beneath, and all around
  A solemn stillness seems to brood,
As though it were enchanted ground
In which all life was turned to stone,
  Where might no living thing intrude,
  But unto me no solitude
It brings. Ah! me, I'm not alone.

II.

A shade stands by me where I sit,
  It lays a pleading hand on mine,
I cannot but remember it,
  So mournfully its sad eyes shine—
  Around its brow is wreathed a twine
Of flowers that died ere scarce they bloomed,
  And on its face the marks I see
Of hopes that long have lain entombed—
Of hopes whose star no longer gleams—
  It speaketh not, but still to me
  Its sad eyes turn reproachfully—
The spirit of my boyhood's dreams.

III.

Another spirit, dark and drear,
  Comes stalking to me from the gloom,
And whispers sadly in my ear
  Prophetic words of fate and doom:
  How stars that now the paths illume
Shall fade, and die, and be no more,
  And Hope's fruit, losing all its grace,
Fall, rotten to the inmost core,
In that now fast approaching time;
  And, falling back into its place,
  It looks at me with solemn face—
The sad ghost of my manhood's prime.

IV.

Another phantom draws anear,
  More terrible than those gone past—
It fills me with a shrinking fear—
  It chilleth like a whirlwind's blast—
  It cometh nearer, nearer, fast,
With arms on breast supinely crossed,
  A hapless phantom, all unblest,
That, grieving still for all 't has lost,

Yet sneereth at the better part—
  I shudder as its hand is pressed,
  So icy cold, against my breast—
The phantom of a hard'ning heart.

v.

Another spectre towers o'er all—
  One fleshless hand outstretched to me,
The other pointing to'ards a pall
  Of mist that rises o'er the sea,
  From which the moonbeams, waking, flee—'
"It is the end," it whispereth,
  "The end to which thou needs must bow!
All, all in vain thy life, thy death!
All, all in vain thy weary strife!"
  It draweth near, and nearer now,
  I feel its touch upon my brow—
The spectre of a wasted life. T. B. R.

THE MOMENT OF TEMPTATION.

What a queer world this is! or rather what queer people there are in it, and what queer lives these queer people live. Everything seems to be linked together. This is joined to that, and that to something else. And so it goes on through the world, till beginnings and endings meet and are blended in one infinite whole. And is not every individual life a fitting type of this whole? Do you remember what Dickens said in reference to the first day that Pip spent at Mrs. Havisham's? I do not remember the exact words, but I think the idea was something like this:

A man's life is made up of so many minute particles; and the annihilation of one of these would bring instant destruction to the airy fabric of his life.

And is it not so? Let one circumstance, no matter how trivial, be taken out of your life, and where would you be?—what would be the result? Perhaps it may have been but a single day or moment, the decision of which has changed the whole tenor of your after-life. In an instant the page of your history was turned; and another hand took up the pen. It may have written fair, round characters in letters of gold, or it may be in stiff, sharp lines of crimson heart's blood: it matters not. It is done. The writing is indelible on every page of your life-record.

Do you remember the time when you stood with life's ways all before you? 'Twas yours to choose your own peculiar avocation, to take for better or for worse, for life or for *death*, your beautiful bride—your life object. Was it well chosen? Did you love it above all things? Have you suffered for your love? *He knows*

nothing who has not suffered! How can a man love truly, devotedly, enduringly, unless he has been tried in the great fire of experience—"whose name is also sorrow"—and found out what his life is; and who is worthy to receive it. A man must suffer, and grow strong, if his heart is kindled with a love of the ideal. And I would to God that every man and woman, too, felt this more keenly!

I believe, in the life of every individual, there comes, with the putting away of childish things, a longing for that higher manhood, the type of which is found alone in Christ. This feeling takes possession of his soul; and he, looking away from himself into the busy, bustling world with an eager, restless, hungry soul, longing for the future of his hopes—the goal of his ambition—turns from the picture therein presented; and from his inmost soul cries out to God in one long wail of piercing agony.

Alas! his life has been imaginary. His brain has been revolving on a pivot, which existed in his fancy alone. The ideal is unattainable, the real is not enough, and feeling,

> "——this thirst and hunger of the soul,
> We cannot still—this longing, this wild impulse,
> And struggle after something we have not,
> And cannot have; the effort to be strong,
> And like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile
> While fatal wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks."

he becomes impetuous, daring, sinful; and grasping the nearest support to his sinking hopes, he drains the first fountain no matter whether its waters are living or poisonous; and with a hurried desperation goes down to ruin. O! this awakening—this coming from the sweet dreams of youth to the bare realities of manhood! At one spring we launch from the ideal to the real, from the soft June midnight to the raw November morning. Thackeray has said:—

"The delusion is better than the truth sometimes, and fine dreams than dismal wakings."

In some instances this is verily true. A thoughtful, sensitive youth nourishes his affection for the good and beautiful, until after years of blissfully ignorant training, he finds the delicate plant has reached a height whence its tendrils droop for support; and instantly he sets to work to discover an object suitable for his love to entwine. In his mind's inner chamber there hangs a portrait

of *his* ideal woman, fair to look upon, lovely in its origin, purity and beauty. Out into the world he gazes for its original, and thinks when she is found his Heaven is near. He seeks with earnest glance, and like Relas cries,—"Where O where! I love thee, tho' I know thee not."

At length, a glorious vision is presented to his view; and this he thinks without reflection is, "His likeness, his fit help, his other-self, his wish exactly to his heart's desire." And before he has studied her character, or knows her mind, he has opened his heart to receive her; but he finds there is a place there—a lonely, quiet place—into which she may not enter. At first he is startled, then he turns away from the dreaded reality, and shutting his eyes to the fact which is distinctly rising before him, he walks hastily into his "Holy of Holies;" drags forth his heart's best treasure; and presents it as an humble offering to the beloved of his bosom—no; to the one he supposes he loves but for whom in reality he cares nothing. His heart throbs hard, his eyes kindle, his cheek is flushed, his hands are cold and tremulous and the burning temples are laced with the blue and corded veins, as he awaits its reception. But, alas! the flush dies away from the eager features and a tired wistfulness—a pitiful sorrow—steals into the face, a sigh escapes the parted lips; one hot tear falls from the sadly drooping eye-lid, and a sharp pain pierces through his heart. And why? His gold is counted but dross, his pearls are trodden under the feet of his divinity, she does not appreciate their true value—their real worth. Well, was it the girl's fault? Think a moment, and you will see where the trouble lies. You were mistaken. If you will you may take back your gems, and by faithful waiting some day find one worthy to receive them. One who will come into your heart's most lonely recesses and guard your precious treasures. It has been observerd that "any ordinary person may work but it takes a hero to wait;" and there are few (?) heroes in our world to-day, at least this one is not heroic and does not wait, or if necessity compels him to, there is no heroism in the act. His faith once shaken refuses to trust again; his confidence once misplaced refuses to confide; and with a bitter smile, "a smile a thousand times more bitter than tears," he turns away from all his cherished dreams; and shuts down all those youthful aspirations with this sentence on his lips,—

"*There is no reality.*"

Then the dark, hard look sweeps over the tired face; and in his soul he shudders, for "the dread reality has fallen upon him." O, brother mine, I pity your self delusion!

This is the moment, when a man looks out into the world and finds but emptiness, in which there is no real joy. This is the moment of temptation, when the powers of darkness seize upon the human heart, striving to obliterate all marks of the Heavenly impress. On one side stand the dark spirits of despair. Their black wings sweep his face. Their hot breath fans his burning cheek; and low and sweet are their tempting voices, dark and deep are their subtle meanings. On the other side stands his guardian angel. He feels the flutter of her snowy pinions. He hears the clear accents of her heavenly tones. He sees the pure radiance streaming from her brow. O, Heavens! what a moment in a lifetime! Is the spark of life to turn to darkness? or is it to be re-kindled until its blaze of brilliancy shall illuminate the gloom of his soul? For a moment he stands motionless. Before him are the two great ways—the Right, with all its blessedness; the Wrong, with all its dreadful guilt, its blighting sin, its hottest hell. He sees fully the awfulness of sin and the glorious dignity of right. Then, is it possible for him, by one strong effort, to put away the evil, and hold fast the good. But let him delay or hesitate one instant, and the scene changes. He looks at the picture as presented by fiends—before 'twas illuminated with angelic brightness—and behold! the golden radiance has faded from the good, the blackest black from the evil. He considers, reasons, or rather listens to the voice of temptation for a little longer, and then, with a blind determination, turns from the gentle pleading sister—his guardian angel—and seizing the cup containing the deadly drug, drains it to its latest drop. And then,—

"O weary heart, with sin and care oppressed!"

your life is sad and desolate indeed. And it has been made thus by your submission to the horrible oppression of sin. You have given up your own will, the power of which you have allowed to be taken from you, while you resisted not. Useless is it now to look back upon the moment of your fall, and worse than useless "to live your life's desolate story" without one backward glance. There come moments when you must look back, and you do so seeing this your sin in all its staring horror more terrible than

before; and you long for a saving power to explain the mystery of your own tried heart; and by the power of His will compel your weary feet to walk in the way of life.

O, if such would—could—only come to Him—

> "Whose feet have toiled along our pathway rough,
> Whose lips drawn human breath,"

and reaching up through all the gloom and doubt and darkness, willingly, trustingly, patiently lay their hand in His. Then might they hope to find food for the longing soul, peace for the throbbing heart, rest for the "restless,"—sweet Heaven at last.

CECIL.

HORACE—CARM. I.—BOOK I.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

MÆCENAS, sprung from race of regal fame,
My patron and my proudly valued joy,
There are some heroes whom it doth delight
To have Olympic dust in racing course
Collected,—whom the goal, by glowing wheels
Well shunn'd, and green-ennobling palms, exalt
As petty lords of earth to gods above.
There is another whom it pleases well,
If him to raise to honors great, a crowd
Of fickle Romans loudly strive. A third
There is to whom it brings great joy if he,
Whate'er is swept from Libyan-threshing floors,
Have hoarded up within his own store-house.
The farmer, who with hoe delights to cleave
His father's fields, thou canst from his content
Ne'er move, by bribes as great as wealth Attalic,
To plough the Myrtoan sea in Cyrian ship,
So fearful of the surging waves is he.
The merchant, while he fears the south-west wind
With waves Icarian struggling, praises ease
And rural scenes around his native town;
But he, untaught to suffer want, his ships,
Just shattered, soon repairs. There is one yet
Who quaffs the bowls of Massic old, nor scorns
To waste in part the livelong day, as now
He lies beneath the arbute green, now near
The gently flowing source of sacred streams.
And many more there are whom war, much feared
By mothers, and camps and sound of trumpets blent
With clarion notes, delight. His gentle wife
Forgetting oft, the hunter stays beneath
The frigid sky, if by his faithful dog
A deer is seen, or if a Marsian boar
The well-wrought net has torn. But me it more
Delight will give, if ivy-crowns—rewards
Of learned brows—raise me to converse with
The gods above. Cool shades and dances light
Of nymphs and satyrs, me exalt above

The vulgar throng, Euterpe not the flute
Restraining, and Polyhymnia not the lyre
Of Lesbian fame; but shouldst thou me among
The lyric poets rank, the lofty stars
I'll proudly touch with my uplifted head.

A REMARKABLE POEM.

WE ask our readers to give more than a passing glance at the Poem in this number by Hunter Duvar, Esq., on "Common Things," which contains some of the finest description to be found in the language. We call attention to it for its own merits, and also for the purpose of gaining the good will of the subscribers to the MARITIME MONTHLY in favour of the forthcoming volume from the same gifted pen, entitled "John A'Var." John A'Var is supposed to have been a troubadour who sang, to his lute, his songs before the several courts of Europe in the days of chivalry. One or two of the songs of this troubadour have already appeared in the pages of the MARITIME MONTHLY, and have gained the approbation of the most discriminating critics. It is proposed by some friends of the author to have this poem published by subscription. It will be printed in the best style on fine tinted paper; some one hundred and forty or fifty pages: and nicely bound; price, one dollar. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, the Editor of the MARITIME MONTHLY, I. Allen Jack, Esq., and Rev. James Bennet. Five hundred subscribers are wanted to insure its publication. The author is a man of singular genius, who seems to have had a very wide and various culture and experience, at present residing on a woodland farm in Prince Edward Island, where he cultivates corn, potatoes, and poetry. We have read another long poem of Mr. Duvar's in satiric vein, which will be also, we trust, soon brought to light. It is in the *ottava rima* stanza, and is entitled "Atlantis." We believe that these poems will create a sensation in the literary world, and that the author is destined to become famous. Every man who wishes to see justice done to our native literature, should at once subscribe to aid in the publication of John A'Var, whose lute will surely cheer and gladden the latter part of the nineteenth century. The specimen pages accompanying this number of the MARITIME MONTHLY show that it is the intention to send forth the poem in a very handsome form, suitable to the drawing-room table, or "my lady's chamber."

IT should be borne in mind by writers for the Press that "Brevity is the soul of wit." Weed, prune, winnow, sift, and do this with a merciless hand. One superfluous word obscures the point and mars the beauty of what might otherwise have been a faultless paragraph. If you have anything to say, say it and let your readers or listeners pass on. Men have no time to waste with a babbler.

A REMEMBRANCE OF EDINBURGH.

Some time ago, having an opportunity to visit the old country, I, like a sensible man, immediately availed myself of it. It is not necessary that I should dilate upon the miseries and pleasures of an ocean voyage, suffice it to say that, early in July 1872, I arrived at Liverpool, in about as good a state of preservation as ever mortal man could wish to enjoy, and having replenished my wardrobe, and enjoyed a hearty dinner of English roast beef at the Adelphia Hotel, I started by the night express for Auld Reekie. To a person used to travelling in the comfortable, and in many instances magnificent rail-cars of the United States, the sensation of being locked up in a little four by eight compartment, with the deuce knows who for your companion, is not, to say the least, very agreeable. However, I reached the modern Athens in good time for breakfast. I immediately, to use a nautical term, turned in, and did not present myself to the public gaze till sometime past mid-day. Having lighted the inevitable cigar, I took a stroll down Princes street, wandered for a short time through the gardens, inspected with an admiring eye the noble outlines of Sir Walter Scott's monument, but, with a wholesome fear of fatigue, declined to mount the two hundred and odd steps which lead to the summit. By this time darkness had set in, so I thought the wisest thing I could do would be to retrace my steps to mine inn, which I accordingly did.

The next morning, bright and early, I was out, and by seven o'clock was well up the mountain towards Arthur's Seat. The view, when I reached the top, amply repaid me for the exertion I had used in gaining my position. Beneath me, lay spread, like some glorious and beautiful panorama, that city which has ever been my delight. The old town, with its houses, many of them twelve and fourteen stories in height, rising gradually towards the

Castle, which, with its imposing front, seemed to bid defiance to time itself, formed a marked contrast to the new town, which, with well laid out blocks of mansions and splendidly kept squares, put me in mind of Philadelphia more than any place I had ever seen. Away in the distance lay the Frith of Forth, glistening in the morning sun like countless brilliants, and the white sails of the numerous vessels passing and re-passing on its surface shone like the snowy plumage of the white gull. The town of Leith and the village of Portobello are distinctly visible, and far away, winding like a silver thread, till it was lost in the distance, lay the road to Roslyn Chapel and Hawthornden. I stood lost in admiration of the beautiful scene, when suddenly, right at my side, I heard an enquiry, in accents far from melodious, if "I didna want a wee bottle of soda water." I was disgusted; all my glorious dreams were dispelled on the instant; I turned and fled ingloriously, and soon came panting and breathless to the foot of the mountain. Here I was entertained by the sight of a regiment of Lancers parading in front of the park adjoining the Palace of Holyrood, and, I may say, I enjoyed their manœuvres and the music of their mounted brass band, for a half an hour, about as well as anything I had met with for some time. Seeing the Palace, suddenly impressed me with the idea that it was *seeable*. I enquired at the gate, and was informed that on the payment of one shilling current coin of the realm, I might have the extreme pleasure of gazing on the wonders of the Palace of Holyrood. I immediately produced the necessary, was provided with a ticket, marched inside and given up to the tender mercies of a guide. And such a guide! What he didn't know about Holyrood was never heard of. I never heard a man's tongue go at such a rate in my life; he fairly took away my breath. This mild specimen of a human fiend marched me through several apartments, till I got as far as Queen Mary's Chamber, when fortunately his services were required by some other unhappy sight-seers.

I do not wish to damage this man's character, but if ever I thought any being a first class humbug it was that guide. I could have seen him consigned to the remotest shades of Erebus without a twinge of sorrow. I could even have heard of his sudden demise without any enormous quantity of sorrow. Glad I was indeed to be left alone in the room, rendered almost sacred by the remembrance that in times past it was graced by the presence of the

loveliest women of her day. Can any one read her sad, sad story without feeling sorrow for her early death, and horror and anger at her persecutors. Here on the spot where she saw her favorite Rizzio torn from her side and ruthlessly murdered before her eyes, I felt a wish that I could have been there, that the strength of one arm might have been devoted to her service, or one blow struck in her behalf. All the old Highland blood burned in my veins at the very thought of the horrible deed, which has cast a blot upon Scottish history that can never be effaced. In the midst of remembrances such as these, came feelings of a more carnal nature. I discovered partly by the aid of my watch, but much better by that of my appetite that I was in want of some slight refreshment. I turned aside from Holyrood and marched towards home, taking John Knox's house on the way.

I remained nearly a week in Edinburgh, and exhausted the sights in and around the fine old town. The Castle, with the Crown jewels, Mons Meg, and other antiquities, was a source of great delight. Nelson's Monument, converted into a station for the time ball; the National Folly, a partly finished monument, on Calton Hill; Burns' Tomb; the Heriot Hospital, all came in for their share of attention, and when the time came for me to leave Edinburgh I felt like parting with an old and tried friend. It is the one city in which I would be content to live, in which I would feel happy to die. The place, above all others, where I would be sick or well, in wealth or poverty, perfectly able to say, I am happy. And as I left the city, and looked back on its many spires and monuments shining and glittering under the rays of the setting sun, I felt that truly where the heart is, home is, and my thoughts will many a time and oft take me back to Fair Dunedin.

EL PROUTA.

TREASURED—AND YET—

I sought to brim a cup already flowing,
How could I wonder that the drops fell down?
Since rarest roses are within her clasping,
Why murmur that she scorns a daisy crown?

And shall I, careful, catch the drops in falling,
Or treasure flowers her dainty hands threw by?
E'en tho' the one be all my vineyard's yielding,
The other plucked beneath a burning sky.

Perhaps, one day, her cup of pleasure emptied,
Her rose-wealth fallen all in withered showers,
Then may I gladly pour my heart's libation,
And crown her bright head with my sweet wild-flowers.

But, if she *twice* shall scorn my true love's offering,
Her heart again no answering love-beat thrill,
Then shall the vineyard lie unwatched, untended,
The wild-flowers bloom and wither on the hill.

ST. JOHN, N. B. T.

THE RETURN OF ORPHEUS.

When the world was young, Orpheus sang to it, and when the world grew old, Orpheus came again and sang a second time. At the first visit all were so enchanted that the rocks and trees could not sit still, but jumped up and danced about to the sound of the music. That was when the world was young and foolish; no one was looking on, and all did as they pleased. When the world grew old, it was wiser and did nothing without thinking about it, and asking what its ancestors would have thought, what its posterity was going to think.

Now it was whispered about that Orpheus was to revisit *the* world. The world had not forgotten his first coming; the Evergreens took care of that. They stood sprinkled in the forest, and though the rest slept, they kept awake,—they never forgot. All that had happened was intrusted to them to remember. Each year in the spring, they told of Orpheus' visit, and at last, one spring, they added: "He is now to come again, for when he left us he promised to return when the blood of heroes should make the cold world warm enough for his footsteps."

The rocks, the trees, the bushes, all heard this and expected Orpheus, but they were not quite certain how they ought to behave. "When the world was young," they said, "our ancestors danced; very likely, but the question is—are *we* to dance? A great deal has happened since those days; all sorts of fiddlers have been fiddling, singers have been singing, there has been no general dance, one or two may have skipped a little, but they make no rule; if reports are correct, they were not always very reputable." This was the common talk, but the matter was so interesting that there were many separate opinions.

"What think you, neighbor?" asked the Elm of the Oak. "Shall we dance?"

"Shall we stand on our heads?" growled the Oak; "I have a

better opinion of myself than to think I shall engage in such foolery," and he thrust his knobby arms out and dug himself deeper into the earth, for he meant to get such a hold and make such a solid stand that he never should be shaken.

"I see nothing to dance for," said the Willow; "I can't dry my tears so suddenly for every strolling player that chooses to pipe for me."

"It is undignified to dance," said the Poplar. "How I should look!"

"Well, I should like to dance pretty well," said the Elm; "it is graceful exercise, but then I don't care about it if the rest do not dance. I should not wish to be conspicious."

The Rocks said they would dance; they only asked that Orpheus should play loud enough to move them, and that he should play exactly as he did when he came before. They were perfectly willing to dance, but they must insist on knowing the tune. The Evergreens said they should dance, as a matter of course; it would be ridiculous not to; they were ready, only let him come and strike up—they would lead off.

Orpheus came with his lyre and sang. The Evergreens immediately began to dance, but they were out of time from beginning to end. It was not the music that made them dance; in fact, they led off before Orpheus had uttered a note. When the Elm saw them she also began to dance quite gracefully, though she did not listen much to the music. But she saw the Oak clinching his knobby fists at Orpheus, and she stopped, pretending that she had only been practising some steps by herself, which was true. The Willow had her griefs, and she said, "'Tis better to sigh than be dancing." The Poplar cried, "Hem!" and looked serious; he was not quite sure about this dancing. The Rocks were covered with lichens hundreds of years old, and they said,—

"This is very different music from what moved our ancestors. We know about that music; we have reduced it to perfect rules. Keep to the rules and we will dance; not otherwise," and they sat stiff.

Orpheus wept. "Will no one listen?" he cried. "The ground is wet with the blood of heroes, and I sing their souls into life." Once more he touched his lyre and sang with sweeter power. There was a stir in the forest. The shoots that had lately sprung from the earth, minature trees, having the perfect structure folded

in their tiny forms, whirled in the joyous dance. The rocks that peeped from the soil joined carefully in the movement. The earth trembled with excitement. Above all sounded the clear voice of Orpheus singing to his lyre. He turned away from the old and sang to the new. He sang and the world grew young again; the young shoots sprang up and waved their branches; the flowers opened their cups, and the sun filled them with golden light; the air was fragrant with music.

A new song had been sung, a new dance had been led, and when all was at the height Orpheus fled; but the world was young again. Will it ever be different? MISS SCUDDER.

DREAMS.

Dreams, only dreams,
  Beguiling my soul in the night—
Dreams, only dreams,
  That vanish with morning light;
Yet sweeter ye be than the thoughts of day,
And brighter to me than the morning's ray;
For ye give to my longing heart once more
The loved and the dead of the days of yore.

Dreams, only dreams,
  Like rain on the thirsting ground—
Dreams, only dreams,
  Like angels that hover around;
Yet softer to me than the rain at even,
And welcome ye be as the angels from heaven;
For ye comfort my heart as ye give once more
The loved and the lost of the days of yore.

Dreams, only dreams,
  Though they come when I walk and wake—
Dreams, only dreams,
  That noonday life will not break.
Better to dream, when we dream of the blest,
Calm amid strife, for our souls are at rest,
As we live in the past, and hold converse once more
With the loved and the lost of the days of yore.

Dreams, no more dreams,
  When this phantom life is past—
Dreams, no more dreams,
  When we close our eyes at last.
Shadows forever are passing away;
Earth was our night, but Heaven is our day,
What Death ravished from us will Death then restore,
The loved and the lost of the days of yore.

THE paper on "Our Dumb," in the MARITIME for August, has occasioned considerable discussion on the subject of cruelty to animals; such being the case, the daily Press, to its credit, has

taken up the matter, and it is to be hoped that results commensurate with the importance of the movement we have initiated will follow. A cotemporary says:—"Attention having been called to this matter, perhaps the authorities will inform themselves as to the provisions of the law respecting "cruelty to animals," their powers under it, and in future pay more attention to this part of their duties. To be sure, it is competent for any citizen to make a complaint for violation of this or any other law; but there are few—no matter how glaring the offence—who will throw themselves into the breach, and take the trouble and responsibility of prosecuting a neighbor, when there are officers appointed and paid for doing it."

NEXT month Mr. Carey will record in these pages some reminiscences of Clevedon Castle—Coleridge and Tennyson; and a sketch of the late Alex. Rae Garvie will be supplied by a gentleman well qualified for the task.

INNS.

Geoffrey Crayon's "Shakspearian Research" culminated at the "Boar Head," Eastcheap; his story of the "Spectre Bridegroom" was appropriately related in the kitchen of the "Pomme d'Or," in the Netherlands; and he makes Rip's congenial retreat from his virago spouse, the "coin of vantage" in front of the village inn. Irving's own appreciation of these vagabond shrines and accidental homes is emphatic; he commends the "honest bursts of laughter in which a man indulges in that temple of true liberty, an inn," and quotes zestfully the maxim that "a tavern is the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple of good fellows." His personal testimony is characteristic: "To a homeless man there is a momentary feeling of independence, as he stretches himself before an inn fire: the arm-chair is his throne, the poker is his sceptre, and the little parlor his undisputed empire." How little did the modest author imagine, when he thus wrote, that the poker with which he stirred the fire in the parlor-grate of the "Red Lion" would become a sacred literary relic wherewith his partial countrymen are beguiled of extra fees, while the bard of Avon and the gentleman of Sunnyside mingle in the reverie of fond reminiscence.

"I went by an indirect route to Lichfield," writes Hawthorne, in his English sketches, "and put up at the 'Black Swan.' Had

I known where to find it, I would rather have established myself at the inn kept by Mr. Boniface, and so famous for its ale in Farquhar's time." Gossip and gaity, the poor man's arena and the "breathing-time of day" of genius, thus give to the inn a kind of human scope. Beethoven, wearied of his palace-home and courtly patronage, and the "stately houses open to him in town and country, often forsook all for solitude in obscure inns, escaping from all conventionalities to be alone with himself." "*Nous voyons*," says Brillat-Savarin, "*que les villageois font toutes les affaires au cabaret;*" Rousseau delighted in the frugal liberty thereof; and the last days of Elia are associated with the inn which was the goal of his daily promenade. "After Isola married," writes one of his friends, "and Mary was infirm, he took his lonely walk along the London road, as far as the 'Bell of Edmonton;' and one day tripped over a stone and slightly wounded his forehead; erysipelas set in, and he died." Somewhat of the attractiveness of the inn to the philosopher is that its temporary and casual shelter and solace accord with the counsel of Sydney Smith, "to take short views," and Goëthe's, to "cast ourselves into the sea of accidents;" and a less amiable reason for the partiality has been suggested in "the wide capability of finding fault which an inn affords."

The beautiful significance of the first incident in the life of Christ is seldom realized, offering, as it does, so wonderful and affecting a contrast between the humblest mortal vicissitudes in the outward circumstances of birth and the highest glory of a spiritual advent: they "laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." It was to an inn that the Good Samaritan carried the traveller who had "fallen among thieves." Joseph's brethren rested at an inn on their way to Egypt; and it was at the "Three Taverns," in the suburbs of Rome, that Paul was met by the brethren. Venerable as are these allusions in sacred history, the visible token of the antiquity of inns that strikes our imagination most vividly is the wine-stains on the marble counter in Pompeii.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER, 1874. No. 4.

THE DISCOVERER OF NORTH AMERICA, AND THE FIRST COLONIZER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

THREE hundred and seventy-seven years ago, on the 24th of June, 1497, at five o'clock in the morning, a small vessel, of some two hundred tons, was approaching the shores of Newfoundland; and as the early haze cleared away, the thrilling cry of "Land, ho!" rang through the ship. The name painted on the stern of this good ship was *The Matthew, of Bristol*, and she was manned by stout West country sailors. Her commander was Sebastian Cabot—one of the greatest names on England's roll of naval heroes, second only to that of Columbus. Though of Italian extraction, he was born in Bristol, and spent his youth, and most of his manhood, in the service of England, so that she may fairly claim him as one of her own sons. His father, John Cabot, a Venetian, was an intelligent, thoughtful man, who, with his son Sebastian, had given much attention to those maritime enterprises, which were then engaging the boldest spirits in Europe. When the news of Columbus's great discovery flew from nation to nation, giving a new direction to men's thoughts, and kindling in the minds of multitudes a quenchless desire to explore the secrets of the new hemisphere, the thought presented itself to the mind of Cabot that by taking a north-west course, instead of the track which led the great navigator to San Salvador, he would reach, by a shorter route, the eastern coasts of Asia, and open up intercourse

with the Cathay of Marco Polo—the great object of maritime adventure in those days. On application to Henry VII. he obtained letters patent sanctioning his undertaking; but the expense of the expedition was borne by the Cabots and their connections. And so, in the month of May, 1497, this daring navigator took his departure from the port of Bristol, and turned his prow to the north-west, to traverse stormy seas which were yet unfurrowed by European keel. It is uncertain whether his father accompanied him; but in contemporary and subsequent records, the whole glory of the enterprise is justly attributed to his son Sebastian. Nothing whatever is known of the voyage. No diary was kept on board, and the commander gave the world no account of what took place, beyond the bare results of the voyage. Few can both *do* great things and *describe* them adequately. Julius Cæsar is almost the only exception to this rule. Without any flourish of trumpets, these silent Englishmen sailed from Bristol, out into the unexplored wilds of the North Atlantic, never fancying that they were doing anything great. Yet the greatest and most momentous consequences flowed from this voyage of *The Matthew.* The continent of North America was discovered by Englishmen, and the claim to possession, which first discovery then established, kindled that passion for colonization which has since dotted the globe with English colonies, and fostered that swarming tendency, which has gone on, deepening and strengthening in the race ever since, and which was never so productive of momentous results as at the present hour. The honor of England was pledged to hold what the daring enterprise of her seamen had discovered. Had not Cabot led the way to the shores of Newfoundland, other European races might have monopolized these vast regions, and the English tongue would not have been spoken, from Atlantic to Pacific, as it is to-day. From the discovery of Newfoundland by Sebastian Cabot, all these great results have flowed.

It would be interesting if we could decide with certainty on what part of the coast of Newfoundland Cabot first landed. The common opinion is that the headland of Cape Bonavista was the portion of the coast first sighted by Cabot, and by him named in gratitude by the Italian designation of "Bona Vista," or happy sight; and that he called the whole country "Baccalaos," from the abundance of codfish, the native term for which is "baccalao." This account has been often repeated, in ordinary histories, but in

reality there is no foundation for it. The Red Indians of Newfoundland did not call codfish "baccalao," that being a name given by the Basques, who were the earliest cod-fishers on the great Banks and coast of the Island, and named the Cod "baccalaos," and Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, collectively, the "Baccalaos" or Codlands. Nor is there really any evidence to show that Cape Bonavista was the first land seen by Cabot. The various accounts of his voyage, which are sufficiently bewildering and contradictory, seem to indicate that there is a strong probability that the land first seen by Cabot was the coast of Labrador, close to the Straits of Belle Isle; so that he discovered Newfoundland and the continent of America at the same time. The chief evidence in support of this opinion rests on a map drawn by Cabot, though unfortunately not now in existence; but underneath it the engraver placed an inscription which has been preserved, and which records that "he discovered that land which no man before that time had attempted, on the 24th June 1497, about five o'clock in the morning. This island he called 'Prima Vista'—first seen. That island which lieth out before the land, he called of St. John, on this occasion, because it was discovered on the day of St. John the Baptist." The only island of any considerable size, standing apart from the land, in the latitude in which Cabot then was, is Newfoundland. Turning westward at this point, he ranged along the shore till he made the coast of Nova Scotia, and then bore up for England, where the news of his discovery made a profound sensation. The following year he made a second voyage, still hoping to discover the strait which would conduct him to the Indian Seas; and on this occasion he sailed along the whole coast of North America, from Labrador to Florida. By both these achievements he made himself the discoverer of continental America; for at that date Columbus had discovered only some of the West India Islands. Were justice done to his memory the whole of the northern continent should be called "Cabotia," for he first surveyed its coasts and attempted to colonize its shores. The southern portion of the continent should bear the name of Columbia.

It is but fair to state that another opinion regarding Cabot's "Prima Vista" is held by some competent judges, who maintain that the first land made by the adventurers in the *Matthew* was Cape North, the northern extremity of Cape Breton Island, and

that the island described as "lying opposite the same" was Prince Edward Island, which was long after known as the "Isle of St. John." They hold that Cabot skirted this island, and sailed along the southern coast on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, beyond the site on which at present Quebec stands; that returning by the northern shore of the Gulf, "still trending eastward," they coasted to the latitude of 53° N., and then sailing by Newfoundland Island, which they took to be and depicted as an archipelago, they continued their course southward to the Chesapeake, and so home.

The penurious Henry VII. appears to have bestowed on Cabot neither honors nor rewards. His discoveries brought no immediate returns, and probably the close-fisted monarch thought he paid him handsomely when he presented him with ten pounds as a reward of his services; and not only so, but made a note of it in the account of his privy purse expenses, lest any one should accuse him of neglecting the great seaman. Cabot remained for a number of years in England, loved and admired for his genial, modest disposition, his ardent and enterprising spirit which was ever urging on new maritime adventures. At length he entered the service of the King of Spain, who estimated his worth so highly that he at once made him Pilot Major of the Kingdom. In the service of Spain he made many voyages, discovered Brazil and explored the Plata and Paraguay rivers. When Edward VI. ascended the throne he returned to England, and was appointed Chief Pilot, with a pension of £166 per annum. For many years he was the very soul of the maritime and commercial enterprises of England, and was the first who, in company with others, opened up the trade with Russia.

Cabot died in his eightieth year in London. His friend Richard Eden, gives us a glimpse of him in his closing hours, when bound for that far off country where "there is no more sea;" and he had loved the sea so well, and played with its wild waves so long, that even in his last moments the music of ocean was in his ears, and in the wanderings of his fevered fancy he spoke of a divine revelation to him of a new and infallible method of finding the longitude, which he was not permitted to disclose to any mortal. The dying seaman was again, in imagination, on his beloved ocean, over whose billows his intrepid and adventurous youth had opened a pathway, and on whose mysterious secrets he had pondered for three-score years. Soon he entered the quiet haven where the

hail storms are unfelt and the rough winds are hushed for evermore. It is probable that he died in London, though even that is not certain any more than the exact date of his death. No man knows where his dust reposes. No monument was erected to perpetuate the memory of one of the noblest and bravest seamen that ever trod the deck of an English ship. He gave a continent to England; and in all that wide region there is not a headland, bay, creek or harbor called by his name. The navy and commerce of England received from his genius their first onward impulse; but no monumental record marks the few feet of earth which, in return for all his services, England gave as a resting-place for his ashes. His maps and discoveries were never published, and were allowed to sink into perpetual oblivion. The world's benefactors seldom meet their reward here. Never was there a more flagrant case of the world's ingratitude than that presented in the case of Sebastian Cabot. Have our North American Colonies done anything to wipe away the blot? In the splendid Parliament Buildings at Ottawa has a niche been devoted to a statue of the discoverer of North America? If so, it is not yet generally known. In the year 1860 Newfoundland came to the rescue; and when the Prince of Wales visited the island the people presented him with a fine specimen of a Newfoundland dog, having first baptized the animal by the name of "Cabot," out of respect to the memory of the discoverer of the island. It is surely possible to do better than that. The erection of a statue in the capital of the Dominion would be but a little tardy justice done to the merits of this great man, after a lapse of more than three centuries and a half. It is known that there is still, in one of the private picture-galleries of England, a portrait of Cabot, painted for Edward VI. by the great painter, Holbein. Though taken at an advanced age, it is said to have been an admirable and characteristic likeness, presenting a man of commanding stature, on whose noble countenance the lines of profound thought were deeply marked; while the dark hazel eye gave token of the force and ardour of character which made him a leader of men. An engraving of this fine portrait would be a boon to the public.

We have seen that the grand object of Cabot, in his early voyages, was to find a short route to Cathay or China. "There is no new thing under the sun." What we call new has existed ages ago, in rude and embryotic form, and now merely recurs in

fully developed shape, and perfected to its ideal. The crude idea of Cabot, that China would be reached by sailing to the north-west, will one day be realized in a far grander way than he conceived. The Canadian Pacific Railway will, in a few years, be completed, including, I venture to predict, a branch across Newfoundland, having St. John's for its eastern terminus, and a line of steamers from its western extremity connecting it with China and Japan—the Cathay and Cipango of the early navigators. This will be the shortest, safest and easiest route for the trans-continental traffic between England and China. Cabot was right after all. Along this line the most direct and practicable communication will be maintained between Shanghae and Liverpool. The proper route between China and Europe is *via* Newfoundland. It is shorter by a thousand miles than by the American Pacific line. One day the dark cliffs around the harbor of St. John's will re-echo the scream of the locomotive as the train arrives with passengers from China *en route* for Europe, and the "Heathen Chinee," with flowing robe and streaming pigtail, will pay a flying visit to Cabot's "Prima Vista."

Passing over the eighty-six years which followed the discovery of Newfoundland by Cabot, we come to the year 1583. On the 15th of August in that year there were lying in the harbor of St. John's thirty-six vessels belonging to various nations. A few of these were English, and the rest Portuguese, Spanish and French. In addition to these, there were three English vessels, which had arrived the day before, whose names were *The Delight*, *The Golden Hind* and *The Swallow*. Early on this morning, boats were lowered from these ships, and the commander and officers went ashore. Soon a goodly company had assembled on the beach, then lined by a few wooden huts of the rudest description. The rough inmates of these huts gathered round the company which had landed from the English ships, and the captains of the other vessels were there by special summons. A very curious and motley group that must have been—bronzed and swarthy Spaniards, Portuguese and French, contrasting strikingly with the more ponderous and ruddy Englishmen, and all in the picturesque costume of the sixteenth century. Presently a circle is formed around one commanding figure—a man of noble presence, wearing the richly slashed and laced doublet, velvet cloak, trunk hose and grey hat and feather, which constituted the dress of gentlemen in the days

of Queen Elizabeth. This is no other than Sir Humphrey Gilbert, one of the gallant knights of Devonshire. He unrolls a parchment scroll and proceeds to read the royal patent, authorizing him to take possession of the island, on behalf of his royal mistress, and exercise jurisdiction over it, and all other possessions of the Crown in these regions. The banner of England is hoisted on a pole, and the arms of England affixed to a wooden pillar; and the English sailors present give three lusty cheers for England's Queen, which awake the echoes among the hills, and quite startle the Spaniards and French, who don't know how to cheer, but signify, in their own fashion, their acquiescence in the ceremonial. In this way is the island taken possession of; the grant giving Sir Humphrey Gilbert jurisdiction for two hundred leagues in every direction, so that the limits included Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, part of Labrador, as well as the islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton and Prince Edward—a right royal principality truly.

Who was this Sir Humphrey Gilbert, first colonizer of Newfoundland, who with some two hundred and fifty followers from Devonshire had arrived with the view of making this western wilderness a home for Englishmen? He was a son of the famous Sir Otho Gilbert, of Compton Castle, Torbay. His mother was a Champernoun, of pure Norman descent, and could probably boast of having in her veins the blood of Courtneys, Emperors of Byzant. She bore her husband three brave sons, John, Humphrey and Adrian, who all proved to be men of remarkable ability and force of character, and all three were knighted by Elizabeth—a distinction which meant something from the hands of the great Queen, who bestowed that dignity with singular frugality and discrimination, and only in recognition of distinguished genius or valor. In Elizabeth's day the dignity of knighthood was the highest distinction that could be conferred on a warrior and a gentlemen. On the death of Sir Otho Gilbert, his widow married Walter Raleigh, a gentleman of ancient blood, none older in the land, but impoverished, who was now living at Hayes, a farm in the parish of East Badleigh, Devonshire, which was the only wreck that remained of his estate. To her second husband, the fair Champernoun bore a son whose fame was destined to be world wide, and who in a period more prolific of great men and great events than any other before or since, played a gallant part, and was also knighted as Sir Walter Raleigh, by Elizabeth. If the

law holds good that great men have always mothers above the common level, in regard to intellect and worth, then the mother of four such sons must have been a grand woman indeed, although no record of her personal character has been preserved. Thus Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert were half brothers. Young Raleigh was brought up on the pleasant farm of Hayes; while Gilbert and his two brothers dwelt in the quaint, gloomy towers of Compton Castle, amid the apple orchards of Torbay. There still stands the ruins of this old castle, near Brixham, where William of Orange first set his foot on British soil. Amid the soft beauty of Torbay, within sight of the restless sea, in which he was destined to find a grave, young Humphrey Gilbert grew up. Torbay has long been noted for its lovely scenery—its parks full of grand old oaks, chestnut trees and stately elms—its rich red fallow fields—its apple orchards bursting into flower as summer approaches—its pebbly beach kissed by the waves, and its rounded hills gently sloping to the sea. In that favored spot, the flowers of autumn meet the flowers of spring, and the old year lingers smiling to twine a garland for the new. This was the beautiful home of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, first colonizer of Newfoundland; and here he grew in the simple and manly but high bred ways of English gentlemen of the Elizabethan period.

Having come to man's estate he embraced the profession of arms, fought bravely and won distinction in Continental and Irish wars; and in his mature age he and his still more distinguished half-brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, formed the design of colonizing the island of Newfoundland, first of all, and then the neighboring continent and islands. Hence it came that on the 5th of August, 1583, he was standing on the beach of St. John's harbor. His design was grand, and worthy of a patriotic, heroic nobleman.

But how inscrutable to us are the ways of Providence? His expedition, so nobly planned and so ably conducted, met only with disappointment and finally disaster. He was the first to issue the laws by which the fisheries were for a long time afterwards regulated. He established the English laws, constitution and church government; made it penal for any one to attempt anything prejudicial to the new dominion; and levied contributions on all fishing vessels. But the task of founding a colony on the rugged shores of Newfoundland was no easy one with the materials at hand. Among the adventurers on board his little squadron were

some most unruly spirits, and not a few pirates who had been condemned to service in the fleet, by way of punishment. These were the cause of great trouble to the leader, fostering disaffection, desertion and mutiny. The prospect of wintering on such a bleak coast was most distasteful to such men, and they began to desert in all directions. Sickness, too, invaded the little company, and the Admiral embarked those suffering from disease for England, in the *Swallow*. Soon after he set out on a surveying expedition along the coast. One of his vessels, the *Delight*, struck on a shoal and became a wreck. Only the *Golden Hind* and the *Squirrel* now remained, and there was nothing for it but to return to England.

Sir Humphrey was on board the *Squirrel*, a little nut-shell of ten tons. He was urged to go on board the other ship, but his heroic answer was, "No, I will not forsake my little company with whom I have passed through so many storms and perils." They reached the parallel of the Azores in safety; but there encountered a terrible storm, which made the hearts of the bravest quail. Sir Humphrey alone retained his self-possession. Those on board the *Golden Hind* could see the gallant, fearless knight sitting on the deck of his little barque, the Bible in his hand, and as they came within hail, his strong voice, full of cheerful courage, was heard across the angry billows ringing out these memorable words—"Cheer up, brothers, we are as near heaven by sea as by land." The storm increased with the night; the black billows roared around the little vessels like hungry beasts of prey. Suddenly, towards midnight, the lights in the *Squirrel* disappeared; the little barque was seen no more; and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, scholar, soldier, discoverer, colonizer and philosopher, pious and heroic in life and death, sank amid the dark waves of the Atlantic:

"He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand:
'Do not fear, Heaven is as near,'
He said, 'by water as by land.'

"In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea mysteriously
The fleet of death rose all around."

Thus tragically perished one of the bravest adventurers, who, in the glorious reign of Elizabeth, led the way in planting those English colonies which now dot the globe, and which, forming an outlet for a swarming population, have extended the dominion,

the arms and the commerce of England over all seas. To Newfoundland the death of Sir Humphrey Gilbert was an irreparable loss. Had he lived to see England again, he and Raleigh would, to a certainty, have renewed their efforts at colonization in the island; and profiting by past errors, would have planted there men of the right stamp. But his work on earth was finished; and the colony had to struggle on as best it could, without such wise and noble helpers. Newfoundland has reason to cherish the memory of the brave knight, for his name is one of the brightest in her annals. He had fully appreciated the enormous value of her fisheries; and rightly concluded that the proper way to prosecute those fisheries was by colonizing the country with Englishmen, and thus raising up a resident population who would combine agricultural pursuits with fishing.

Unfortunately, influenced by the narrow, short-sighted counsels of selfish, greedy men, England was led afterwards to depart from this truly national policy, and to aim at making the island a mere fishing station, to which those interested in the fisheries might resort in summer to cure their fish. Interested, selfish persons represented the country to be a mere barren rock, on which fishermen might dry their nets and prepare their fish, but useless for all other purposes. The fisheries were long regarded as the grand nursery of seamen for the navy. Colonization was prohibited under penalties. The fishing population were compelled to return to England on the approach of each winter. No Governor was appointed; no laws were enforced, except the arbitrary decisions of "fishing admirals," as they were called, who were merely the skippers who happened to arrive in port first in the spring, and who were local despots for the time being. This was the wretched policy which, being followed for a century and a half, retarded the progress of the country, and repressed effectually the enterprise and energies of the people. If Newfoundland is to-day behind the neighboring provinces, the cause is to be traced to this monstrous policy which placed England in the light of a harsh stepmother to her most ancient colony. All those absurd and injurious enactments have long since been removed from the statute book; and Newfoundland enjoys to-day the same privileges and liberties as the other North American Colonies, and is now fairly started on the path of progress.

"Let the past bury its dead." A clear and hopeful future now opens before her.

SONNET.

By meadows green and leafy woodland covers,
We wandered, hand in hand, when we were young,
And Nature, kindest, tenderest of lovers,
Sprinkled our paths with flowers and songs celestial sung.
Then we were dwellers in a realm ideal,
And we were dreamers:—"As the days go by,"
We said, "the world, so selfish, cold and real,
Our songs shall charm—our names shall never die!"
But Enon died. His name is never spoken,
And I live on, unhonored and unknown!
Ah! by his side to sleep the sleep unbroken,
With arms enclasped—two statues carved in stone—
Never to dream again,—and living seems
Nothing but dreams—Ah! me, nothing but dreams.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

THE VALLEY AND RIVER PLATTE.

BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCHIBOUGUAC, N. B.

No. IV.

A paragraph on Hunting and Music—The Pony: his uses and abuses—Novel and advantageous trade refused—Jewellery (with a vengeance).

MANY of these dignitaries keep a tame antelope, and we can say safely, that we never saw any of our domestic animals more thoroughly tame. Of course they are captured young. We helped to secure a couple of them on the Cut-off, and before we had them two days they would follow like a dog, bleating plaintively. With the assistance of a dog we ran them down after a two hours' chase. As we had cows in the train, they did not suffer for sustenance. We never saw any young animal which learned to drink so easily. What ultimately became of them we cannot say, as we parted company with them at Denver. The antelope which we saw around the village all appeared to be young; at least we saw no mothers among them. We suppose that they are killed each winter when game is scarce and shy, the red brother evidently not allowing the sentimental to interfere with the

practical. Whether the slaying of these family pets would be a source of grief to the youngsters or not, we cannot say; but are inclined to think not. Such an act would be one which the elders would look upon as indicating a proneness to dissipation and incipient immorality, which must be sternly crushed in the bud. We have never seen anything more graceful than the antelope. The limbs are long, thin and straight; head rather lengthy, but well formed and beautifully poised, and body devoid of any harsh lines. Nothing can be more beautiful than his appearance as he stands on the hillside viewing us with an air of mixed timidity and curiosity. His color is greyish, leaning a trifle to white, and he may be about three feet high, but looks much taller. The head is erect, and every muscle braced to start on the instant. He is slender throughout, and his weight bears no proportion to his height. Guns are at once in request, and sanguinary feelings take the place of those of admiration. No wonder the animal creation are afraid of man, for his path is always one of blood. Their fate is determined by the feelings of a moment, and these feelings are nearly always adverse to them. Some of our party, whose impatience had blinded their judgment, fire long before such a proceeding was warranted, unless, indeed, there was no limit to the range of a rifle, no variation in the line of vision nor vibration of muscle. The result was what might have been expected. The animal ran, the dogs were let loose, and the very poetry of motion exemplified. We never saw anything run with so much apparent ease and grace. The motion seemed so smooth, and withal so swift, that we could watch for hours without tiring; the luxury, however, does not last long, for he is soon so far away that the dogs cease to follow or bark after him. The "canines" have been badly sold. When first loosed, they thought their fortune was made, their imagination revelling in anticipated feasts of savory antelope and much doggish sport. Their crestfallen appearance as they return is truly laughable. One looks back over his shoulder with a quick uncertain glance, as if he believed the whole thing was, in some incomprehensible way, an illusion, while the other is so utterly dispirited at the sudden and alarming failure of his powers of locomotion that he cannot lift his head or look man or beast in the eye. We deeply sympathise with the despondent animals, but for once our sympathy does not afford any consolation. After putting three

hundred miles between us and the Missouri, we see numbers of them every day, and these numbers increase as we approach the Rocky Mountains. The animal is very difficult to approach, as there is always some one on guard who occupies the highest eminence in the vicinity. This sentinel gives the alarm by a bleat and snort, and immediately scampers off, followed by the whole flock. We have in our "crowd" a man by the name of Clark, who may be mentioned in this connection. He is a short, thick-set individual, much given to telling stories of wholesale antelope slaughter, in which he, of course, does not occupy a secondary position; a veritable Nimrod, a "mighty hunter" in his way. The stories are as new to us as is the antelope, so we look forward with much interest to the time when he will make his advent in the old role. We are near the hunting grounds, and as this mighty hunter cleans his rifle and runs bullets by the score, we enquire as to the habits of the animal and the difficulties of securing him. Our questions expose our ignorance. His information is volumnious, but exceedingly difficult of application. The morning appears to be the best time of the day to hunt this animal, for then he is stationary, but so wakeful that it is almost impossible to approach him; at noon he is out on the open prairie, where he can see for miles around him, and towards evening he haunts sequestered valleys, where he cannot be found. Under these circumstances we advise friend Clark that he desist from moulding balls and start with the empty gun, as the sport appears to be all in the pursuit. We are answered with winks and nods of mysterious import, while his countenance, as the firelight is reflected from it, is radiant with inexpressible benignity towards us as one who has to learn, and shines like a well polished boot from the grease of the bacon which we had for supper. We are assured that we will have an agreeable change from limpid, indigestible bacon to antelope ham, cutlets and roasts, infinite in variety and unlimited in quantity. This heavenly consummation is to take place at dinner time. True to his hunter instinct, he is off early in the morning, mounted on his well-tried and trusty pony—that pony who has been favored with sights, in the shape of dead and dying antelope, such as have fallen to the lot of few of his race. We hear many shots in the distance, and we quietly tally by their number how many of these beautiful creatures have bit the dust. We really get alarmed at such wholesale slaughter,

and if we had a pony would go and put a stop to the wanton slaying of that which we could not use. Towards noon we see him bearing down on the train, his horse jaded and spiritless. He has evidently come for a span and wagon to bring in the defunct animals. We feel ill-pleased at the thoughtlessness of the man. Why, by all that's good and pious, didn't he have sense enough to throw one over his saddle-bow and bring it in for dinner. The thoughtless wretch; it is positively tantalizing, after having expectation reduced almost to certainty. As he arrives, questions are showered upon him. "Where's the antelope?" "Why didn't you bring in one?" "How many did you kill?" "How far off are they?" Under all this fire of questions Clark preserves an equanimity worthy of a stoic. He is the only cool individual in the crowd. When we are almost devoured by torturing suspense, he coolly informs us that he has killed—nothing. "Why, what is the reason?" was enquired by all in a breath. "Too wild" was the answer. Why, then, did you fire so many shots? He said what was very true: that if he fired he *might* kill some; but if not, there was no chance. This was the way with him, always hunting, continually firing, and never killing anything. He got to be a regular nuisance, scaring all game from our path; when, in self-defence, we set him to kill prairie dogs, by one and all vouching for the fact that Uncle Sam's representative in Denver paid twenty-five cents for each scalp on presentation. There was more than usual excitement among the dogs for several days following this announcement. One could not show his nose without a rifle ball whistling past it; but the measure of his success was about equal to that in the antelope line. When not engaged in hunting, he sang for us with a pertinacity which was worthy of all praise, having evidently cultivated a taste for this desirable accomplishment in his youth. He appeared to have learned but the one song, and, unfortunately, of this he remembered but a single line, and that was, "I wish I was in Dixie's land, and away." Now this is, no doubt, a fine old song when sung in full; in fact, we know it is. There is just enough of the patriotic about it to stir the blood, while many of the minor parts, which appear to be dragged in without relevancy or connection, are very affecting. When we are plaintively told, "The old woman acted a foolish part to die for the man that broke her heart," we see before us a long train of female woes brought on by

the brute man. We are not given the slightest hint as to how this was done, and this, to our imaginative person, is far from satisfactory. We can imagine how this devoted old lady clung to the worthless wretch through good and evil report; how tales and evidences of dissipation were either discredited or excused, and how eventually (here the reader will pause and think over all the cases of people dying of a broken heart of which he or she has ever had, choosing the one which suits best), true to the last, she died. The next verse, if wanting in connection with the former, is of a more cheerful strain. That "Buckwheat cakes and apple batter will make you fat, will make you fatter," we are well prepared to believe. The scene of which these edibles are the adjuncts must needs be of a domestic character; in fact, they involuntarily set us "dreaming of home and mother," or, what is still better, of the mother of our children. These mournful or cheering variations are denied to us. The single line was reiterated till we were fairly driven wild with the monotony of its cadences. A person who is obliged to listen continuously to the ticking of a clock will be driven mad, it is said. His "wish" "That he was in Dixie, and a-w-a-y, and a-w-a-y," was one in which we all heartily joined, for, as the war was raging, there was a probability that the song might be "hushed forever." It may be supposed, or inferred, from this, that we are vindictive, but we disclaim any such feeling. We are only acting in self-defence, which, in all cases, is allowable. No description, at least nothing we can say, will give an idea of the horrible character of the accompanying music. At times it arose to a wild wail, ending in an unearthly shriek of seeming agony, while the next moment he was coughing and raking up stray, unwilling and unsuitable notes from dizzy depths far under C below the line. This infliction continued during the entire journey to the Rocky Mountains. We left him in Denver leaning against the palisades of the Mammoth Corral singing the good old song in his most touching style, and it requires little stretch of the imagination to believe he is at it yet.

These Indians each and all have ponies, and some of the nabobs of the tribe have many of them. To the encampment to which we have just referred there belong—so we should judge—from twelve to fifteen hundred. The pony is everything to the Indian, and he is too often everything to the pony. That he drives him long, hard and far without rest or food there can be no question.

It may almost be said of the western Indian that, like the Mexican, he spends the greater part of his life on horseback. His pony is always at hand, tied to some conveniently situated tree or post, or held by some of the young lads. We were puzzled to account for the manner in which the pony managed to live, and grow fat under circumstances which seemed to indicate extreme hardship, and could only account for it under the supposition that the owner had many of them, and consequently changed his steed often. These ponies are small and very handsome, docile and kind in disposition, and possessed of endurance which almost rivals the far famed Arabian. His weight we should judge to be from five to eight hundred pounds, and his color is for the most part red (bay), though we have seen some few, patched and mottled in a manner that, like Joseph amongst his brethren, must cause them to be greatly envied. No bit is ever put into the mouth of this animal; the means of guiding him being a halter which fits closly about the nose. The red brother seldom indulges in the luxury of a saddle; in fact his discoveries in this department of mechanics have not been such as to afford him any great amount of self congratulation. We certainly have seen a rude pair of stirrups thrown over a fold of buckskin on the back of the animal, and this is about the sum total of the Indian's improvement on nature; the back of the pony is, however, so round that except for a support to the legs, or as a means of keeping steady in the seat, such a thing is not needed. When within fifteen to twenty miles of a village we can see Indians galloping in every direction, some in pursuit of game, such as the antelope and buffalo, while others seem to race around in mere wantonness, their blankets streaming in the wind at half-mast, like the flag of a ship in distress. The top-knot bushed to the utmost, and decorated with many floating strips of various colored cloth, gives to them an appearance of wildness and oddity in complete harmony with the surroundings. The wayfaring man is sure of a visit from his red brother, long ere he arrives at the village, and this visit has something remarkable about it, inasmuch, as it invariably happens about meal time. We do not mean to insinuate by this casual remark, that the red brother comes around as a beggar of eatables. By no means. We notice, however, that anything connected with eating or drinking, cooking or baking, possesses an interest for him bordering on the marvellous. The operation of bread-making is evidently a fruitful

source of wonder, and in a light degree attractive, as the "staff of life" is full as grateful to the palate of the nomad as it is to his more civilized and refined white brother. He is evidently puzzled. From whence did this almost impalpable powder come? finer than the finest dust, and white as the snows by which he calculates the age of himself and family. He can furnish no satisfactory answer to this query, for the two grand sources of Indian provender are evidently at fault here. None of the animal tribe with which he is acquainted can have contributed towards it in any way, nor among the many roots which gratify his taste and ample stomach to repletion, is there anything which is allied to this wonderful and desirable article of diet, which seems to give such vitality and energy to the white man. It is greatly coveted on this account. Our apparently apathetic red brother is not insensible to the many advantages enjoyed by the white man, and could he secure these without effort he would be by no means averse to their possession. He sees how it can be done, and in a way which is in a high degree agreeable to his uncultivated and sensuous mind. Provided he can only secure a sufficiency of the article, he can at once fill his stomach, and increase his worldly goods in the shape of the manifold, curious and useful implements which the white man has constructed to aid him in his labors. That these have taken years of patient labor and thought never enters his mind, or if it does so, is speedily driven off as something which is neither pleasant nor profitable. Accordingly, he never misses a chance of begging, buying, trading for, or stealing this coveted article either in the shape of flour or bread; in the former case, cooking it after a manner of his own, which none who desire to preserve the powers of body or mind intact may imitate. It has all the primitiveness of the first method of cooking meat—throwing it on the coals—without any of the sanitary considerations which justly entitle it to favor. The flour is mixed with water till it is thoroughly wet, then rolled between dirty hands into round balls, and finally, boiled in water for two hours. We can all imagine the state in which it would be when taken out, and this is eaten by the Indian with apparent relish, and with no visible ill effects, though probably the scant supply has something to do in regard to this latter. With many expressive grunts he enunciates his convictions firm and unalterable as the Laws of the Medes and Persians that "man eat plenty dis live forever," but

which we would interpret as follows, "If dis no kill you, you need not try Prussic Acid nor any other poison." We consider it well for him that he cannot procure a large supply. The emigrant or miner has little to spare, the article being too heavy to carry for trading purposes, which is carried on through the medium of powder, lead, knives and fancy articles of ornament and clothing, where little weight represents much money. We were offered a pony for a fifty pound sack, near the Rocky Mountains, and much as we desired the tractable little animal were compelled to refuse not having it to spare. During the hunting season, and when on the war path, is when the the poor, uncomplaining animal has the hardest time of it. In the latter case he is often ridden continuously for the space of a week, with hardly time to snatch a few mouthfuls, and it takes months of rest and good feed to restore his wasted health, strength and flesh. If the Indian has any regard for his pony we could not by the closest scrutiny discern any trace of it.

On a certain fine evening we camped on the Platte some four hundred miles from the Missouri. Shortly after, we were visited by some five or six young "bucks" from twenty to thirty years of age, and all were well mounted and evidently in high spirits. They came in at full gallop, whooping, yelling and laughing, evidently being out on a "big time." They ran two or three races of the length of a mile or thereabouts, and made excellent time. We are greatly interested in one little bay pony of great beauty, and evidently the swiftest of the lot. We were urged by signs eked out by a trifle of English which one of them had somehow picked up, to make up a purse for which to run. Fifty cents was raised in dimes when off they started, the bay pony being the victor as before. We patted the pony, and in a neat speech of some length complimented the owner on being the possessor of such an invaluable animal, an animal which we hinted would, if owned by us, be treasured as something whose worth could not be represented by money. The brave made us a long speech in return, stopping several times to shake our hand and wipe the sweat and dirt from his face. He evidently felt flattered at our preference, and forgetting that we did not understand a word he said, gave us the pony's pedigree for three hundred years (so we will suppose). He was descended from Mumchowsh (Lightning splitter) a famous horse who was sent from the happy hunting grounds many

hundred years ago, for the sole benefit of this tribe, by the Great Spirit. A better selection could not have been made. He was fleet; his progeny was fleet; this pony was his counterpart though he had only seen four snows. He had been on the war path four days, during which the pony had neither rest nor food—he could have gone six, yes eight days. He was wise as a serpent, gentle as a dove and harmless as a young antelope. He was dear to him as the apple of his eye. The harangue is finished and we not being able to dispute the matter coincide with him. He will now sell the pony, "fifty dollar—you take." We decline the bargain as if we wanted such we could get one for less than half the money. He now offers a fair square trade for a woman, the wife of a man belonging to our "crowd." Before going any further let us see who this man and his wife are, where they are going and how they happen to be here. The man belonged to the good town of St. John, N. B.; his surname we have forgotten, though he told it to us several times, but he was known in the train by the name of John the Baptist, and answered to it as if it belonged to him. John was tall—about six feet, and might have been much more if he could have got rid of a very considerable stoop, commonly known as "round shoulders." John was by no means prepossessing. He had evidently studied the history of Sampson closely, and having noted how the strong man lost his strength, was determined to preserve his locks in their integrity. His crop of hair was prodigious, and his bushy whiskers were of that peculiarly dirty, tawny color which it is as impossible to describe as it is to forget—something of the shade of flax which had just began to bleach. In his upper jaw are two ponderous teeth which make the closing of his mouth an impossibility, and yet there is an air of good nature about the man which softens and relieves much of the harshness of feature. John's clothing does not add much to his attractiveness. The material is rough and ill-made, and the hat, broad of brim, battered and broken from constant use as a night-cap, would be of itself sufficient evidence to destroy the reputation of the greatest saint in the Calendar. John's appearance was the worst of him, for after considerable acquaintance we found him to be a first rate fellow. Well, John had married in Massachusetts, if I remember right, and there settled. Getting restless he moved to Lawrence in Kansas, and got what property he had, destroyed at the time this place was sacked by the border ruffians. Moving

out a number of miles from the Missouri, he began farming and was moderately successful, when the news of rich mines at Pike's Peak set him moving once more. He put his household goods, and wife and child in the wagon, hitched thereto his yoke of working cattle, and had the balance of his stock driven after him by a neighbor's boy who wished to go to the mines. He said in any case he could only lose a summer, for if the place did not suit him he could come back to the farm bringing his stock with him. If the mines prove good, he calculated to make money selling milk from his eight cows at forty cents per gallon. Such was the story of John's life. Let us turn to the article for which the Indian wished to barter—his wife—and see what we can say about her. We believe from what we saw, that she would set any man roving over the world, but if it had been our case we would take good care it should not be in her company. It may be well in explanation of this assertion that we glance at the duties daily performed by the several parties. John got up at daylight—that is, when he did not have to stand guard over the stock, which occurred about every fourth night, and cooked breakfast and washed the dishes, then went after his cattle, yoked and drove them in the heat and dust till dinner time, while my dainty lady was taking her ease in the wagon, protected from the heat of the sun by a cotton cover stretched on hoops. The dinner and supper were cooked by him in the same manner, and at night, the baking for the next day. Such was the piece of goods for which the deluded Indian offered his trusty and well tried racing pony. John actually refused, even when money was offered along with him, which was something the Indian evidently could not understand. We confess we would have been glad to have seen the red brother get possession of her. As a cross is sometimes beneficial in a spiritual light, she might have been the means of salvation to both of them. We fancy we can see Lo's look of surprise and profound dissatisfaction when the "Mahala" refuse to get up promptly and perform the usual domestic duties. After a few curt remonstrances we can see physical force vigorously applied, till finally the stubbornness is dissolved in tears, and the "squaw" proceeds sullenly to work. That this would have been the finale, the determined air of our Indian friend does not leave us in any doubt. He left us a disappointed and dispirited man, little imagining what a snare he had escaped, and that of his own seeking. Before negotiations

connected with this trade were broken off, several squaws came along and tried to swap children with some of the women, for there were several belonging to the company. Their eloquence was wasted, their signs thrown on the winds, and they left completely disgusted at the utter disregard of the first principles of trade exhibited by their white sisters. Was not one child as good as another, and was it not vexatious that the white sister should have such unaccountable prejudice in regard to a slight difference of color. Who ever heard of such abominable meanness, such complete lack of the common, every-day courtesies and obligations of life. We could feel for the wounded pride of these children of the plains, and deeply sympathize with them, hurt as they were in the most tender part, by the slight thrown on their offspring. Was not her pappoose in every way as handsome as the white one, far better tempered and much more healthy looking. If the white one was lighter in color than hers, was not hers darker in color than the white one, so on this score they were even. Changes are delightsome, and for this, and this only, did she want to have anything to do with the puny, fretful and troublesome creature. If the white squaw was to change her mind and come over in the morning for purposes of trade, they would let her see that the boot was on the other foot. This we should judge to be about the tenor of their remarks, but this does not prevent any other person from supposing it was something else. We had many a good joke with the mother about this curious attempt at trading. With every allowance for all the savage nature and wild surroundings of the Indian, we must, in candor, say that he displays a singular want of affection for his offspring. We have never, under any circumstances, been able to detect him fondling young or old in the thousand and one ways in which fatherly love overflows. We are inclined to think he would consider it an act of culpable weakness, so feminine in its character as to be utterly unworthy of a high-born warrior and mighty and renowned hunter. From the mother we would naturally look for something different, and not finding it would be grievously disappointed. There is none of the brute creation that will not do battle for their young; the timid bird becomes bold as a lion, while the despised snake will run the risk of its life that its young may seek the safety of its body. That a human being should be found deficient in this amiable and almost universal character-

istic will not be accepted as very creditable to him. Now for the proof, if any is needed after what we have already stated, in regard to swapping children. We have seen them sell their children for a trifle to parties who were going back to the east, and on parting with them forever display no more emotion than a log. What can we say in defence of such unnatural conduct? They were not forced by starvation, or the prospects of such, to thus part their family, nor were the children of such an age as to be beyond the control of their parents and sold to avoid a worse fate. We have our own opinion in regard to the matter, and will give it. The red brother is lazy, the red sister is not a whit too fond of any extra exertion. We all know that the rearing of a family is not accomplished without much hardship and privation, even where one has only to go out on the prairie and slay the wild animals which Providence created for his benefit. If, up to the age of fifteen, the youngster's tailor bill is small, the average is fully sustained by the way in which he draws on the butcher. It may truly be said that he *lives that he may eat*, and eats that he may live, in a way that the poet never dreamed of. It is plain to be seen that the smaller the family the less exertion will be required from the heads of the house, and that they may take their ease, they will sell their own flesh and blood without the remotest idea of the uses to which it may be put, or the manner in which it may be used. We cannot find words sufficiently strong to express our detestation of such worse than brutish and unnatural conduct.

Articles which the Indian considers ornamental, and wears as such, are about as artistic in design as the cut of his breech-cloth. Anything which is supposed to be ornamental to the body is exceedingly dear to the savage brother. No young lady dressing for her first ball will bestow more care and pains on her toilet than will the untutored child of the plains. The smallest details possess an interest for him which we would consider as exclusively pertaining to the feminine gender, and a very frivolous "feminine" besides. The rather pleasing occupation of painting and greasing his face will occupy him for hours, and if the effect is not just what was anticipated, he will rub the whole thing off and patiently go over the operation again. This requires an amount of patience which the antecedents of the red brother would not lead us to expect. We know how trying to the temper is the loss of even a shirt

button or the tying of a refractory cravat, and can sympathize with him during this long and tedious embellishing process. His sacrificing of the flesh in favor of beauty deserves all praise. The diamond-shaped squares, and ridges of varying width, give to the human countenance a variety of expression and a concentration of diabolical ugliness which would astonish even Dame Nature herself. When to this greasy and furrowed mask is added a variety of fantastic and harmonizing colors, laid on about the eyebrows, nostrils and mouth, in a manner that makes the different features and raised parts stand out like the letters on a sign-board, we have some faint idea of the appearance of a Sioux or Cheyenne Indian. This is the Indian without what may be called extraneous ornament. He is much given to jewelry having for its object the ornamentation of the most prominent feature of the face; we mean nose jewelry. To ornament this feature successfully requires an amount of patient study and adaptation of material which we in vain look for from the Indian. The Poet says that "nature unadorned is still adorned the most," and although we cannot agree with him in everything, we are quite prepared to accept it in its entirety when applied to the nose. If this feature is of medium size and average comeliness it requires no ornament, and if of large or small proportions, such ornament only draws down on the ill-proportioned member an amount of notice that must be extremely painful to the possessor. Great diversity of opinion seems to prevail amongst the red brethren in regard to nose jewels. Some discard the idea altogether, not even perforating the unoffending member, but they belong to the few. As a matter of course, if a man determines to decorate the "handle of his face" he must perforate it in some place and manner. Besides being small it does not offer any great variety of surface from which to suspend anything, being in this respect singularly deficient, and among thoughtful people this would be taken as an indication that it never was intended as a portable show-case. The cartilage which separates the nostrils is perforce chosen as the place of suspension. The hole is, of course, at first small, but is gradually enlarged till it assumes enormous dimensions, say of the diameter of a sixpenny piece. This forces the cartilage far below the rest of the nose, giving the man a ghastly appearance. On enlarging the hole to the requisite dimensions the red brother must come to some conclusion in regard to what he will wear in it.

The choice of some falls on pieces of polished wood from eighteen inches to a yard in length, and this, as a matter of course, sticks out on each side of the face to a ridiculous length. Launched thus on the open prairie, we may not inaptly liken him to some composite craft navigating the boundless ocean; his pony is the hull, his flowing and ample blanket the sails, while his portentous nose-jewel will represent one of the yards, all surmounted by the well brushed top-knot which we will call the flag. A company of these gentlemen strung on sticks is one of the curious sights. When we first saw them the desire to laugh was irresistible. We indulged in a hearty guffaw, our looks indicating plainly what was the cause of our mirth. Our visitors maintained an air of well-bred indifference, showing in this instance much more politeness than their cultivated and would-be civilized white brother. The nose-jewel mania also breaks out in another shape. A huge oblong ring is set in place of the main-yard, and this is so fashioned that the wearer passes his food through it when eating. If the red brother were bothered with a redundancy of hair we could see the utility of the contrivance, but this not being the case we were forced to put the entire concern to the credit of ornament, that is, looked at from an Indian stand-point. Whether this was more of an aristocratic appendage than the "jib-boom" we could not tell, but were led to suppose that it was, from the fact of its not being so common, and also that the possessors had a certain indefinable air of substantiality about them and more amplitude of breech-cloth. Ear-rings are in common use, and of all dimensions, up to the largest which it is possible for the ears to sustain. The "Mahala" must also have her share of the ornamental, as may well be believed, and why not. It is about all the pleasure in life which the poor creature has, unalloyed by any bitterness. That much of this ornament, taken from our stand-point, is worse than thrown away will not be accepted as a reason why she should not wear it. The pleasure received through the wearing of any article of utility or ornament is by no means proportioned to its intrinsic value or the taste which may be displayed by the wearer. That which to the on-lookers may seem incongruous and utterly deficient in taste, may display nothing but lines of beauty and harmonizing colors to the wearer. We confess that we could not, by any stretch of imagination, see any reason or sense in the wearing of a necklace, anklets and bracelets by an almost nude squaw,

whose skin was disgustingly dirty and more yellow than saffron, and whose head was unkempt and filthy beyond description. Some one has said that cleanliness is next to godliness, and this trite observation our experience has gone far to confirm. Evidently the squaw had not seen this, or the translation had been made to read that "tinsel, bracelets and a string of glass beads are far above either cleanliness or godliness." Looking glasses were in great request, and the uglier the person the greater seemed to be the desire to possess one of these mysterious reflectors. If we had been in their place we would as soon thought of purchasing a dose of Prussic Acid and keeping it in a decanter similar to that in which we keep our Bra——, our Quaker Bitters, we mean. There was something about this passion for looking glasses which we could not fathom. The eyesight of the red man is far from defective, and in many things his perception is by no means dull. The fair landscape, with all its numbers of created things, lies before him, and on all its broad face there is nothing he can see which is as ugly as himself. Why then will he persist in gazing with such evident satisfaction on native ugliness, rendered more repulsive than nature ever intended by its surroundings of filth? He cannot have our eyes or he would soon turn away in disgust. We never before felt the full force of the memorable stanza of Burns:—

> "Oh would some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as others see us,
> It would from many a blunder free us,
> An' foolish notion."

From these remarks it will be readily inferred that the nose-jewel is not an ornament, whether in the shape of the "main-yard" or ring, in fact it only turns ugliness into hideousness. The bracelets of the squaw though clumsy might be tolerated, but the anklets, even when circling a neatly turned ancle, are simply abominable. We never were greatly in favor of ear-jewelry, even when of the most approved pattern and helping to adorn and heighten the charms of beauty, but when the size is monstrous, the material common, and the construction plain, it ceases to possess any attraction. The necklace worn here, tawdry and common, never was intended for an ornament, nor can it be turned into such by the addition of teaspoons and small bits of pewter and tin, which are about as much in place as a tin-kettle tied to a dog's tail.

The wild brother's ideas in regard to the fitness of clothing are, in a high degree, primitive. Around a fort or large encampment any quantity of cast-off clothing is to be picked up, and this was readily appropriated by the Indian. Strange sights were now to be seen on every hand. The "squaw" had donned a pair of pants so large that she had great difficulty in establishing her whereabouts, and these habiliments were surmounted by a woman's jacket and coal-scuttle bonnet. The "buck" walked complacently by her side, having gotten into a coat four sizes too large. His nether garments consisted of a pair of cavalry boots and a fancy underskirt, which had belonged to one of the officer's wives. We were grieved to think that we had left our "stove-pipe" hat behind, as it would be just the thing to complete this unique outfit. The red brother betrays a remarkable fondness for the last named article. It is to him the most desirable in the catalogue of dress. A person who is able to sport one of these can dispense with many, if not all, of the ordinary pieces of clothing in common use. We were once favored with a rare sight in this respect. Two of the most valued garments which go to make up the Indian wardrobe were possessed and worn at the same time by the one party. One was the hat already mentioned, and the other a white dress shirt. This latter, unfortunately for the dignity of the Indian, was torn off all around just at the bottom of the bosom. If the shortened garment was deficient in style, it amply compensated by giving an appearance of gigantic stature. The attractiveness of dress is sometimes increased by contrast, and if this is so, our semi-savage friend must have proved irresistible to the dusky maiden. The radical defect in the shirt—shortness—was partly overcome by artistic and elaborate striping of the lower or exposed parts. The pigments used were a bright carmine and a pure white, and these, judiciously used, produced a tartan, unique in design and fairly startling in effect. We never saw a pair of pants so perfect in regard to answering all the practical purposes of life; the fit was unexceptionable, the cost far below that of any fabric which Manchester has yet been able to produce, and for lightness and airiness, when we realize the intensity of heat in the dog-days, the bare thoughts of such a garb becoming fashionable fairly sets us wild with delight. We, however confess that we would not consider a "stove-pipe hat" as being exactly suited to

his style of pants, and considering the length of the shirt, we would be very apt to discard it also. This savage beau, this Brummel among Indians, was evidently on his way to a "spree," where strength, and especially agility and dexterity, were to be the order of the day. With the politeness of true plainsmen, we hooted and yelled after him, but all our noise and laughter failed to vary his line of vision from a point which he appeared to have fixed at twenty-three and half degrees above the horizon. His style of dress, so much above anything which the rest of the savage brethern could indulge in, had naturally elevated the man so that he seemed to consider it to be an act of condescension on his part to touch this earth at all. He, unlike Solomon, had not found all to be "vanity and vexation of spirit."

(To be continued.)

"HABET."

THE warden, on the turret's crown,
Looked over haggard heath and down,
Along the rugged moorland track,
Towards the distant drawbridged town:

An angry sky,—a piled-up pack,
The red sun gleaming at its back,—
Below, the blood-red heather matched
With the red hue of the storm-wrack.

The lady left her bower unlatched,
And long, long from a shot-slit watched,
Till low the light to westward fell
Athwart the landscape pied and patched.

But on the moor or up the dell
There was no moving speck to tell
From what the longing lady shrank,
Or for what sought the sentinel.

Till, smoking hot and dripping dank
A steed at speed sped up the bank,
His crupper cut with dropping wound
And saddle trailing at his flank.

With piteous whine and nose to ground
Came running in the brown boar-hound,
And crouched upon the flags, afeared,
Beside that lady, silken-gowned.

The goshawk, shrieking, swift aneared,
In's talons tufts of grizzled beard,
And from his nostrils shook red froth
Upon the gazon scarred and sered.

Four squires bore, sadly by my troth,
Between them, as deer hunter doth,
A something heavy, lank and tall,
And covered with a saddle-cloth.

The hawk to eyrie by the wall,
The hound to kennel, steed to stall,
The dead to dust. And that was all.

HUNTER DUVAR.

THE ADVENTURES OF ABEN-HAMET;

OR,

THE LAST ABENCERRAGE.

[Translated from the French by W. F. Hatheway.]

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO THE ALHAMBRA.

THE next day Aben-Hamet returned to the palace in which breathed she whom he loved more than the light of day. Blanca found herself consumed by a deep and increasing passion. To love an infidel, a Moor, an unknown, appeared to her such an impossible thing, that she took no precaution against it, but as soon as she did perceive the sign of it, she accepted the evil like a true Spaniard.

She said to herself—"Let Aben-Hamet become a Christian, let him love me, and I am his to the end of the earth."

The Abencerrage on his part, felt all the power of an irresistible love, he lived only for Blanca. The projects which had led him

to Granada troubled him no more; all other interest than that of love had vanished from his eyes. He demanded nothing; wished nothing; he said to himself—"Let Blanca believe in the Koran, let her love me, and I will keep her until my last breath."

Thus, fixed in their resolve, Aben and Blanca only waited the time in which to make known their love. It was then the most beautiful season of the year.

"You have not yet seen the Alhambra," said the daughter of the duke of Santa Fè to the Abencerrage. "If I credit some words which you said, your family is originally from Granada. Perhaps you would like to visit the palace of your ancient kings? I will myself be your guide this evening."

Aben-Hamet swore by the prophet that never could a walk be more agreeable to him. The hour fixed for the visit to the Alhambra having arrived, the daughter of Don Rodriguez mounted a white pony, accustomed to climb the rocks like a chamois. Aben-Hamet accompanied the beautiful girl. During the rapid journey, his purple robe floated behind him, his curved sabre rang against the saddle, and the breeze shook the aigrette which surmounted his turban. The people, charmed with his gracefulness, said, whilst watching him pass, "It is an infidel prince that Donna Blanca is going to convert."

They followed at first a long street which yet bore the name of a Moorish family; afterwards they traversed a grove of elms, and soon came to the palace of Boabdil.

In a wall flanked with towers and surmounted with arches there was a small door called the Gate of Judgment. They cleared this entrance and advanced by a narrow way which wound between the high, half ruined walls; turning towards the north they were arrested at the foot of a wall in a deserted court.

Lightly leaping to the ground, Aben-Hamet offered his hand to Blanca to descend. The servants knocked at an abandoned door, over the sill of which the grass had grown; it opened and disclosed suddenly to view the secret places of the Alhambra. Groves of citron and of orange, fountains, galleries and solitary courts, greet on all sides the eyes of the last Abencerrage. The azure of the most beautiful heaven is seen amongst the columns which sustain the Gothic arches. After a few moments of surprise and silence, the lovers entered this sojourn of vanished power and past delights.

Aben-Hamet perceived the name of Boabdil engraven amongst some mosaics. "Our king," cried he, "what hast thou become? Where shall I find thee in this desert Alhambra?" and the tears of fidelity, loyalty and honor moistened the eyes of the young Moor.

"Your ancient masters," said Blanca, "or rather the kings of your fathers, were ingrates."

"What matter," replied the Abencerrage, "they have been unfortunate."

As he spoke, Blanca conducted him into a cabinet which seemed to be the very sanctuary of the temple of Love. A fountain jetted forth in the middle of the building, and its waters falling again in spray were collected in a shell of alabaster.

"Aben-Hamet," said the daughter of the duke of Santa Fe, "look well at this fountain; it received the disfigured heads of the Abencerrages. You can see yet upon the marble the blood-stains of the unfortunates whom Boabdil sacrificed to his suspicions."

Aben-Hamet heard no more; he knelt down and kissed with respect the traces of his ancestors' blood. He started up and cried out, "O, Blanca! I swear by the blood of these noble men to love thee with the constancy, the fidelity and the ardor of an Abencerrage."

"You love me then," replied Blanca, joining her hands and looking towards heaven, "but do you remember that you are an infidel, a Moor, an enemy, and that I am Christian and Spanish?"

"O holy prophet!" said Aben-Hamet, "be witness to my vows."

Blanca interrupted him, saying, "Do you know whether I love you? Who has given you the right to hold such language towards me?"

Aben-Hamet answered, "True it is; I am only thy slave; thou hast not chosen me for thy lord."

"Moor," said Blanca, "let us cast off these forms. Thou hast seen in my looks that I love thee; my passion for thee goes beyond all bounds; be thou Christian and nothing can prevent me from being thine."

Aben-Hamet, in a transport of joy, seized her hands, placed them upon his turban and afterwards on his heart. "Allah is powerful!" cried he, "let this Christian know thy laws and nothing can——"

"Thou blasphemest," said Blanca, "let us go forth, let us quit these places. The destiny of my life is forever settled. Retain

well these words: A Mussulman, I am thy lover without hope; a Christian, I am thy happy spouse."

Aben-Hamet replied: "A Christian, I am thy unhappy slave; a believer in the Koran, I am thy proud husband."

And these noble lovers went out of the palace.

CHAPTER IV.

A SOLEMN VOW.

THE passion of Blanca became stronger day by day, and Aben-Hamet's increased with the same violence. He was so enchanted with being loved for himself alone—with not owing to any foreign cause the sentiments which he inspired—that he did not reveal the secret of his birth to the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fè: he kept for himself that delicate pleasure of telling her, on the very day when she would consent to give him her hand, that he bore an illustrious name. Suddenly he was recalled to Tunis; his mother, stricken with an incurable disease, wished to embrace and bless her son before quitting this life.

Aben-Hamet presented himself at Blanca's palace. "Sultana," said he, "my mother is dying; she sends for me to close her eyes. Wilt thou keep thy love for me?"

"Thou dost leave me," replied Blanca; "and shall I ever again see thee?"

"Come," said Aben-Hamet, "I wish to exact from thee an oath, and also to make one to thee, which death only will be able to break. Follow me!"

They go forth; they arrive soon at an old Moorish cemetery. Here and there were sombre pillars, around which the sculptor had chiselled a turban. Aben-Hamet conducted Blanca to the foot of one of these pillars.

"Blanca," said he, "my ancestors repose here. I swear by their ashes to love thee until the day when the Angel of Judgment shall call me to the tribunal of Allah. I promise thee never to engage my heart to any other woman, and to take thee for my wife as soon as thou knowest the sacred light of the prophet. Each year, at this period, will I return to Granada to see if thou hast kept thy vow and if thou wishest to renounce thy errors."

"And I," said Blanca, in tears; "I will await thee every year; I will guard for thee, until my last breath, the faith which I have pledged, and I will receive thee for my husband as soon as the

are yourself distinguished for your courtesy. Charles V., my master, will soon carry the war to Tunis, and we shall see each other, I hope, upon the field of honor."

Aben-Hamet placed his hand upon his breast, and sat down without answering a word, and fixed his gaze upon Blanca and Lautree.

Blanca did not appear embarrassed; her whole soul was in her eyes; the sincere Spaniard did not endeavor to conceal the secret of her heart.

After a few moments of silence, Aben-Hamet rose and withdrew. Astonished by his manner and Blanca's looks, Lautree went out with a suspicion that soon became a certainty.

Don Carlos was alone with his sister. "Blanca," said he, "explain. Whence comes this trouble which the sight of this stranger has caused thee?"

"My brother," she replied, "I love Aben-Hamet, and if he turns Christain, my hand is his."

"What!" cried Don Carlos, "you, the daughter of the Bivars, love a Moor, an infidel!"

"Don Carlos," she answered, "nobleness, chivalry and honor are all his; until my last breath will I adore him."

"Unfortunate Blanca," said he, "whither will this love lead thee? I had hoped that Lautree, my friend, would become my brother."

"Thou hast deceived thyself," replied Blanca. "I cannot love that stranger. As to my feelings for Aben-Hamet, I am responsible to no one. Know only, in order to console thee, that never will Blanca be the wife of an unbeliever."

Don Carlos flew to the house of the Abencerrage. "Moor," said he, "renounce my sister or accept the combat."

"Art thou commissioned by thy sister," answered Aben-Hamet, "to demand from me the vows that she has made me?"

"No," replied Don Carlos, "she loves thee more than ever."

"Ah! worthy brother of Blanca!" cried Aben-Hamet, interrupting him, "I am not unwilling for the combat, but born of a race which, perhaps, has combatted thine, nevertheless, I am not 'chevalier.' I see no one here who can confer upon me the rank which will permit thee to measure swords with me, without descending from thy rank."

Don Carlos struck with the reflection of the Moor, regarded

him with a mixture of admiration and rage, then suddenly he cried out, "I will arm thee, chevalier; thou art worthy of it."

Aben-Hamet bent his knee before Don Carlos, who gave him accolade, striking him three times upon the shoulder with the flat of his sword; afterwards he bound upon him that same sword which, perhaps, the Abencerrage was to plunge into his breast; such was antique honor.

Both mount their steeds and fly to the fountain of the Pine. They soon take the field, and run one upon the other with savage fury. They had only their swords. Aben-Hamet was less skilful in the combat than Don Carlos, but the quality of his arms and the lightness of his Arab steed gave him the advantage. He lanced out his courser like the Moors, and with his large sharp edged stirrup, cut the left leg of Don Carlos' horse below the knee. The wounded horse fell down, and Don Carlos, dismounted by this happy blow, rushed upon Aben-Hamet with sword in air. Aben-Hamet leaped down, and with great bravery received Don Carlos; he parried the first blows of the Spaniard who broke his sword upon the Damascus steel.

Foiled twice by fortune, Don Carlos, overflowing with tears of anger, cried to his enemy:

"Strike, Moor, strike; Don Carlos, unarmed, defies thee: thee and all thy infidel race."

"Thou wouldst kill me," replied the Abencerrage; "but I never dreamed of doing thee harm."

At this instant a cloud of dust was seen. Lautree and Blanca were hastening towards them upon two horses lighter than the winds. They arrive and see the contest suspended.

"I am vanquished," said Don Carlos; "this chevalier has given me my life. Lautree, perhaps you will be more fortunate than I."

"My wounds," said Lautree, with a noble and pleasant voice, "permit me to refuse the combat." "I do not wish," he added, "to know the subject of your quarrel, or to penetrate a secret which might carry death to my breast. Soon my absence will restore peace amongst you, unless Blanca orders me to remain at her feet."

"Chevalier," said Blanca, "you will remain near my brother, and regard me as a sister."

Blanca wished to constrain the three chevaliers to give each other the hand; all three refused.

"I hate Aben-Hamet," cried Don Carlos.

"I envy him," said Lautree.

"And I," said the Abencerrage; "I esteem Don Carlos, I pity Lautree, but I could not love them."

Aben-Hamet became, from that moment, a thousand times more dear to the daughter of the Duke de Santa Fè.

CHAPTER VI.

LE DERNIER ABENCERRAGE.

One evening, touched by the chant of that Christian prayer which announces the close of day, there came to Aben-Hamet the thought of entering a church to ask advice from the Author of Nature. He went forth and arrived at the door of an ancient mosque, now converted into a church for the faithful. With heart full of sadness he entered. The prayer had just finished—there was no one in the church. Aben-Hamet advanced slowly up the deserted aisles, which echoed with the noise of his steps. He saw at the foot of a column a figure, which at first he took for a statue; he approaches; he distinguishes a young man kneeling. It was Lautree.

"Ah!" thought Aben-Hamet, "this young Frenchman asks of Heaven some special favor. Let me pray also to the God of chevaliers and glory."

He was going to cast himself upon the marble, when he perceived, by the light of a lamp, a verse of the Koran upon the half-falling plaster. Remorse entered his heart, and he hastened from the church. In passing out he perceived a woman, closely veiled, ready to enter the church; he recognized Blanca.

"Comest thou to seek Lautree in this temple?" he asked.

"Leave off such vulgar jealousies," replied Blanca. "I come here to pray for thee: thou troublest all my family—my brother hates thee, my father is weighed down with grief because I refuse to choose a husband. Behold this asylum of the dead; I will repose there soon if thou dost not receive my troth at the foot of Christian altars."

She went into the church and left Aben-Hamet plunged in grief. The Abencerrage is conquered; he is going to renounce the religion of his fathers. With this thought he impatiently awaits the morrow, in order to make known his resolve to Blanca. He learns

that she has gone with her brother to a fête given by Lautree; he flies upon her traces.

Lautree changed color upon seeing him; as for Don Carlos, he received the Moor with a cold politeness.

The most delicious fruits of Africa and Spain had been served up in one of the largest rooms, called *La salle de Chevaliers.* All around this room were hung the portraits of the princes and chevaliers, conquerors of the Moors. The sword of the last king of Granada was placed below these portraits.

Aben-Hamet shut up within himself his grief, and whilst regarding these paintings, only said, like the lion, "We know not how to paint."

The generous Lautree said to him: "Sir Moor, if I had known that you would have done me the honor of coming to this fête, I would not have received you here. Every day swords are lost. I have seen the most valiant kings give up their swords to the more fortunate enemy."

"Ah!" cried the Moor, covering his face with his robe, "one might lose it like Francis I., but not like Boabdil!"

Night came on, lights were brought, and the conversation took a different course. Don Carlos spoke of Montezuma, the manner of the Mexicans, and the prodigies of Castilian valor. Aben-Hamet portrayed the Ottoman empire, newly seated upon the ruins of Constantinople. Lautree pictured the gallantry of the French court.

After these discourses, Lautree, who wished to move the divinity of the fête, took his guitar and sang a ballad upon the charms of his native land. Aben-Hamet next essayed, singing one of those dreamy Moorish ballads, describing the city of Granada, the beauty of the Alhambra, and also denouncing the Christians for destroying their happiness. Aben-Hamet then handed the guitar to Blanca's brother, who, with a strong and sonorous voice, chanted the exploits of the Cid, his illustrious ancestor.

"That, chevalier," said the Abencerrage, "bore amongst us the name of 'cruel.' If his generosity had equalled his valor ——"

"His generosity!" replied Don Carlos, quickly, "surpassed even his courage, and it is only the Moors who would calumniate the hero to whom my family owes the light."

"What dost thou say!" cried Aben-Hamet, starting up from the couch; "thou countest the Cid amongst thy ancestors?"

"His blood flows in my veins," replied Don Carlos.

"Thus," said Aben-Hamet, regarding Blanca, "you are of that house which gave death to my ancestors."

"Moor," cried Don Carlos, inflamed with anger, "if I possess to-day the spoils of the Abencerrage, my ancestors acquired it at the price of their blood."

"Yet a word," said Aben-Hamet, deeply moved; "we were not aware, in our exile, that the Bivars bore the title of Santa Fè; that is what has caused my error."

Aben-Hamet's head rested upon his breast; he remained standing in the midst of Don Carlos, Lautree and Blanca. Tears flowed from his eyes. "Pardon," said he, "men ought not to shed tears. Listen to me."

"Blanca, my love for thee equals the burning winds of Arabia. Yesterday, after seeing thee at the church, I decided to know thy God and to offer my faith to thee."

A movement of joy upon Blanca's face, an exclamation of surprise from Don Carlos, interrupted Aben-Hamet; Lautree concealed his face.

The Moor divined his thought, and shaking his head, with a sad smile said, "Chevalier, do not lose all hope, and thou Blanca, weep ever for *the last Abencerrage.*

Blanca, Lautree and Don Carlos raised their hands to heaven and cried out, "The last Abencerrage!"

Blanca, falling upon her knees, exclaimed: "God of kindness, thou dost justify my choice; I could only love the descendant of heroes."

"Sister," cried Don Carlos, "remember that you are here before Lautree."

"Don Carlos," said Aben-Hamet, "suspend thy anger;" then addressing Blanca:

"Houri of heaven, spirit of love and beauty; Aben-Hamet will be thy slave forever, but know all my wretchedness; when I first came to visit this sad country, I had, above all, a design to seek some son of Bivar, who could render me an account of the blood that his fathers had spilled."

"Ah, well!" said Blanca, "what is thy resolution?"

"The only one which is worthy of thee," answered Aben-Hamet; "to return thy vows, to satisfy by my eternal absence and by my death, what we both owe to the enmity of our gods, our countries

and our families. If time, which destroys all takes away the remembrance of the Abencerrage . . . this French Chevalier . . . Thou owest this sacrifice to thy brother." Lautree starts up and casts himself into the arms of the Moor.

"Abent-Hamet," cries he, "think not to vanquish me in generosity; I am a Frenchman; Bayard armed me Chevalier. If thou remainest amongst us, I supplicate Don Carlos to accord to thee his sister's hand; if thou leavest Granada, never will a word of my love trouble thy lover."

"Chevalier," said Don Carlos, "I did not expect less from your illustrious race. Aben-Hamet, by what mark can I know you for the last Abencerrage?"

Aben-Hamet drew from his bosom the hereditary ring of the Abencerrages.

At this sign, Don Carlos stretched his hand to the unhappy Abencerrage, "Sir Chevalier," said he, "you honor me by your projects upon my family, be thou Christian, and receive the hand of my sister."

The temptation was great, but it was not above the forces of Aben-Hamet. Transfixed with grief he cries out: "Ah! must I encounter here so many noble souls, so many generous characters, in order to know better what I am to lose! Let Blanca pronounce, let her say what I must do to be more worthy of her love!"

Blanca cried out, "Return to the desert."

La fin.

UNREST.

THE sun sinks to rest in the Sea,
The bird to her nest in the tree,
But rest in my breast may not be.

For the Castles I build are of glass,
They crumble, and crumble—the grass
Grows green on their ruins—alas!

Farewell to my lordly domain
In beautiful, beautiful Spain:—
The fruitage of pleasure is pain.

'Tis bitter, oh dreamer, to wake,
A life-long enchantment to break,
The land of one's love to forsake.

At the last, the violets sweet
May bloom by the stone at my feet,
And blood-tinted roses may start
From the dust that lies over my heart. S.

NOTES OF A RUN THROUGH ITALY IN 1857.

BY JAMES WHITMAN, GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

(Concluded.)

WE left Rome by diligence early on the morning of the 19th of April for Civita Vecchia, to take the steamer thence for Leghorn, where we arrived, *au grand matin*, on the 20th.

Leghorn, or Livorno—its more softly sounding Italian name—is a city of little interest to travellers, though it has an air of active business and progress, uncommon in Italy. The first train found us *en route* for Florence, and we stopped at Pisa on the way, to see its celebrated Leaning Tower. That, with the Cathedral, the Campo Santo, and the Baptistery, are the chief objects of attraction in Pisa. From the summit of the Tower, the blue waters of the Mediterranean can be seen; and which, though now far away, were said, in the time of the Crusaders, to have washed the borders of the town—as Pisa was the port of their departure for the Holy Land, and the Campo Santo was filled in with earth brought from the Holy Land in the days of Saladin; but burials there now are rarely permitted.

In any other country the Cathedral would be considered grand; but in Italy it is so overshadowed by such vastly more imposing structures, that—perhaps unjustly—travellers seldom spend much time on its inspection—the Tower alone, from its singular construction, monopolizing the attention of pilgrims to Pisa; so following the beaten track, we ascended its gradual and easy steps to the top, and like the King of France, who went up the hill, then came down again.

The evening of the same day found us at Florence, in time to witness the gorgeous sunset bathing its beautiful hills with life-inspiring tints and shades of animated loveliness. Our first object in the morning was to obtain a view of this renowned city of art and its environs, by driving up the hill of Bello's Guardo, from whence a most magnificent view is to be obtained. Nor could any anticipation meet disappointment in the prospect, which, like a scene from some fairy land, opens its ravishing perspective of hill and dale, of fruit and flower, and cloud and sunshine, before, around, and above. Glittering villages and villas glisten amid the verdure of orange groves in the nestling valleys, or mark the bold outline of cloud-capped hills. Everywhere the Cornucopia of Ceres seems to have been lavishly emptied upon the landscape around, and bright nature, vocal with thanksgiving, to hymn her praises to the beneficent Creator, while the lovely Arno, winding its silvery course along, lisps more musical amen than could ever the Cathedral choir or rich-toned organ utter. In Florence, nature and art seem to strive for the mastery, and nowhere else does the rivalry seem so nearly balanced.

The gallery of the Pitti Palace—so called residence of the Grand Duke, situate within the far-famed Boboli Gardens—surpassed, in the magnificence of its collection, all the glowing accounts we had heard or read about it.

Raphæls, Salvator Rosas, Lorraines, Coraccis, Reubens, Angelos and Dolcis, here hang around the walls in clusters of such overpowering richness that it seems as if the rainbows of heaven had been interwoven by angelic fingers into the matchless scenes of beauty there presented.

More renowned perhaps, but scarcely more beautiful, are the great collections of the Uffizü; the chief of which in the Tribune —a room therein so called—are Angelo's Holy family; the Venus of Titian, and the celebrated figure of the Venus de Medici. The group of the Niobe occupy a separate apartment, but the long corridors of the Uffizü are filled with such a great number and variety of works of art, that save to the artist, their enumeration becomes tedious; the sensation of their inspection can be better expressed by the significance of the French, when they speak of anything as giving the idea of—*l' embaras du riches.*

The Cathedral with its Campanile, or Bell Tower, rising to the height of nearly three hundred feet, is grand and imposing, though,

after an occupation of a hundred and sixty years in construction, it remains yet unfinished.

The Baptistery is celebrated by its three bronzed doors, by Pisano and Ghiberti; of which Michael Angelo has said, that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

The church of Santa Croce has been called the Westminster Abbey of Florence. Here rest the remains of Galileo, Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Machiavelli, and a host of celebrities—let us hope their spirits inhabit a better world than we who remain here weary waiting.

The Annunziata, and Santa Maria Novella, are justly celebrated among the other sacred edifices of Florence.

No one who visits Florence should omit to ascend Fiesoli, a place of remote Etruscan antiquity, and from whence the most comprehensive view of the city and its surroundings can be obtained.

The Florentines pride themselves vastly upon the purity of their Italian; the Romans upon that of their pronunciation—hence the most perfect expositor of this beautiful tongue, is he who speaks the *lingua Tuscana*, with the *bocca Romana*. A language, which though corrupted from the grand old Latin, as are the people from the grand old Roman, must ever, while Dante lives in history, be the world's language for sublimest song. Madame de Staël has written, "La terre appartient aux Français, la mer aux Anglais, et l' air aux Allemands," but the empire of song must forever belong to the Italians.

Florence with its bright and temperate climate, where living is so cheap, beauty so profuse, art so luxuriant, and nature so lovely, is the favorite abode of a large foreign—especially English and American population. As an artistic Capitol its only successful rival in Italy, is Rome; but for other enjoyments of life, as the world regards them, Florence is far superior; and no one who has enjoyed its rare and enchanting beauties can leave them without regret. So it was with us as we turned our steps away, passing again through Livorno, *en route* for Genoa by steamer.

It was the early morning of the 25th April when we entered the splendid harbor of Genoa—*Genoa Superba* as they love to call her; and superb certainly she is, in her proud and lofty site, her glorious prospect, and her historic interest. In position and beautiful scenery many think her unsurpassed, even by Naples.

But they are different, though both lovely. Our stay was short, as we passed on quickly to Turin, the capitol of Sardinia, thence to the Lakes Maggiore and Como, back through Milan and on to Venice—not "Venice Preserved," as Beaumont and Fletcher have written of in their play, but Venice old, ancient and hoary with age, enfeebled in power, bleeding in the tyrant's grasp. She who once at least ruled the commercial world, when her fleets, her armies and her commerce sailed forth victorious into every quarter of the then known globe, now lies bankrupt and poverty-stricken, sad, sullen and desolate in decaying grandeur. Her grand palaces lapped by the waters, once the homes of merchant princes indeed, are now gladly let out for lodgings, hotels, and perhaps meaner uses; but like Rome, the spell of former ages still hangs around her, and the traveller, gliding through her liquid streets, feels the charm of by-gone years mingling with the novelty of the scene, as the waters cloven in his track mingle again behind him. The imagination must be dull which does not enkindle with the sight of Venice, hardly less immortalized by Shakspeare than their own Doges. Its history is full of romantic and dramatic interest, from the time when its first founders settled on its barren islands, and commenced their barterings in fish and salt, till the days when proud mistress of the Adriatic, her Doges celebrated in world-famed splendor the anniversaries of her marriage with that ocean bride—daughter of Neptune, upon whose bosom she reposes. Shylock, the Rialto, Othello and St. Marks, Saracens and Turks, all seem to haunt the memories of Venice.

The grand old Arsenal, which, in the days of her greatness and prosperity, gave employment to no less than sixteen thousand men in the manufacture of her arms and the equipment of her fleets, is now silent and still. Here her then enormous galleys, upwards of two hundred feet in length, and accommodating one thousand men, were wont to come and go in numbers that would seem prodigious. Her vast manufactories and world-spread commerce, where are they now? Silent as the waters in her canals. Unlike Rome, the monuments of her former greatness still remain almost entire—as in the Ducal Palace, St. Marks, her other palaces and churches. Titian, her greatest painter, has covered most of her walls with the productions of his art, which bring back fresh to memory scenes history could but dimly portray. He lies buried in the Church of Santa Maria dei Frai, near the mounment to

the unfortunate Doge Foscari, of whom Byron might say, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*" From the Doge's Palace, over a canal in the rear, leads the famous Bridge of Sighs, to cells where the frequent doomed were conveyed from the judgment of the august council;

"A palace and a prison on each hand."

The Moor and Shylock have departed, but the Rialto still spans the Grand Canal.

Tasso's voice is silent, but Tasso's fame, indeed, means "Venice Preserved."

The flying steeds, with gilded collars glittering in the sun, stand upon St. Marks; but the "spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord."

The gondola, like a shrouded beauty, glides over the silent waters, but the merry music of their fêtes and festivals is gone.

To leave Venice without mention of the Cathedral of St. Mark's, would be like leaving Rome without mention of St. Peter's. But it is a singular edifice and difficult to describe, blending as it does, the styles of the Christian Church, and the Turkish Mosque. Yet it is one of the most interesting buildings in the world; and the rich gildings, mosaics, and columns of the interior, of which last there are over five hundred of rare and costly marble, lend a gorgeousness to the aspect more Oriental than European. But after all, it is not so much by the erection of large and costly temples that God is glorified, as by the devotion, and holy lives of the followers of Christ. Add all the enormous cost of these huge Cathedrals together; add to that the value of all the works of art in Italy; and to both, the whole wealth and riches of the world, and the sum ten thousand times ten thousand, multiplied, or indefinitely extended, would not compare with the priceless value of a single immortal soul in the sight of God.

So lose not heart, humble followers of Him, who worship in more lowly Temples, and administer at altars of less costly structure. To be instrumental in leading one soul alone to Christ, is to be instrumental in adding more true wealth to God's holy kingdom, than to have built the Temple of Solomon itself.

How different would this world become were all men not only to believe, but to act upon this principle? What is wealth, what is glory, what is fame, where the value of the immortal soul within us is ignored?

Riches take wings and fly away, or we must leave them behind

to others; glory is a vain illusion, fame an empty bubble; the whole earth is passing away, and like ancient Rome, sooner or later, will be resolved into ruin. The soul is the only property appertaining to mankind which can live forever, and to secure that life of blessed immortality, how should we count all other things compared as worse than worthless, if they hinder us from attaining the Crown which fadeth not away. But that Crown is only attainable through the Cross: to wear the one, we must bear the other. It is true the majority of the civilized world recognize the great principles of Christianity. But alas! how few sincerely act upon their professed belief. The greed of gain overrules nearly every action of life; and the sacrifice of the immortal soul is too generally offered upon the altar before which men fall down and worship. But tried and true, though weary follower of Christ, take heart; keep on the straight and narrow path; it leadeth to a country brighter than the fairest climes of earth; it will bring you to a land where no ruin or decay can enter; to a city where no sin nor sorrow can ever come; and to a kingdom where you shall reign triumphant forever, when all the kingdoms of this world shall have vanished and faded, like ancient Rome, away.

Our Italian pilgrimage ended with Venice. From thence we crossed by steamer to Trieste, and up through the Tyrol to Vienna; finding our way back to London, through the cities of Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Frankfort and down the Rhine to Cologne and Brussels. With all its seductive allurements, life is but a weary pilgrimage: happy he who can look forward to its end in sure confidence and hope, that when he shall have laid aside his earthly staff and sandals, there awaits him a shrine whereat eternally to worship, without further weary wandering and want.

A FAREWELL TO SORROW.

THOU hast wrought for me more than bliss could do,
O my friend Sorrow. In thy coming, thou,
An undesiréd guest, wast welcomed not,
Nor thought I to regret our parting now.

Choosing the darkest chamber in my heart,
Thine own dark self hast made it strangely bright;
Dark chamber! scarce I think that entering joy
Shall drown its shadows in such restful light.

Thou hast wrought for me, Sorrow, all these years,
Sitting within thy sometime darkened room,
Often at night, when Love and Duty slept,
Thou sattest, working patient, at thy loom.

No task so mean but had thy tend'rest aid,
No effort that thy rare smile did not cheer;
Thy dark cup tasted, fired the soul like wine,
And in its dregs were neither doubt nor fear.

It was thine altar sanctified my gifts
Of ill-done work, faint prayer and poor, poor love;
Thy wisdom ruled the giving. In thy strength
I plead with Him who sent thee from above.

Thou hadst a place among His angels there,
Thou, with the low-tuned harp and dark, bright brow;
I thank Him that He sent thee down to earth,
And murmur not that He recalls thee now.

And yet, O Sorrow! *can* I part with thee?
Friend tried and trusted! It is not for long;
Only, when melting, I shall welcome thee,
Sorrow, He shall have changed thee into song. T.

St. John, N. B.

JOSIAH GARTH.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IX.

LEVI came to my father's house, after his liberation, which was situated on his way to the seat of war. He was burning with a desire to show his zeal for the loyal cause after his unfortunate trial, and fortunate escape. Next morning we started in a cutter together, and met with two accidents by the way. At a turn of the road, near which is now situated the village of Welland, a new school-house had been erected, and a deep well-like hole had been dug to reach sand for the masons. The road being drifted full of snow, it was impossible ofttimes to find it, and

finally the cutter ran over the edge of this well, turned suddenly upside down, and precipitated me first into the cavity, with a promiscuous gathering of straw, buffalo robes, whip and cushion at my heels. My friend, like Gill, "came tumbling after." Not knowing of this trap before, I imagined that we were going on an exploring expedition, to its deep and aqueous recesses. I was glad to find, by experiment, that such was not the case; but wearing the seal-skin cap, it was driven down over my head, and on my shoulders, and what with snow becoming impacted, between it and my face, and my co-partner in misery floundering over me, with the cutter in close proximity to his back, there was a fair chance of my ending my days by suffocation and that in the not very respectable way of a stricture round my throat. I need scarcely say, that my kicks were of the most vigorous kind. The "peeled" nose, black eye, blue shins, and denuded knuckles of my comrade did thus testify, not to speak of the more pointed, than polite, verbal evidence forthcoming on the spot. When my hands got free from the lines there was a lively scratching about the neck, and a tearing of head-cover, seldom witnessed, on a winter night, with the thermometer ranging near zero. Two woe-begone creatures, with every hair an icicle, could be seen wending their way, on foot to a surgeon's office, about a mile distant, with a broken down cutter. Levi's right arm was almost immovable, and very painful. The fact, however, was, that it was dislocated. We thought the displacement only a bruise, but the surgeon, good man as he appeared to be, saw room for a surprise to the patient, by not informing him at first, of the nature of the injury. When we both began to make extension, with Levi on his back on the floor, the patient was far from being *patient*, and uttered expletives merging on violations of the third commandment.

"Hush," said the doctor, "you are almost profane."

"It's easy for you to preach to me; you ain't pulled as I am. 'Pon my conscience, I don't see the use of twisting and stretching at my arm like that. That will help my shoulder confounded little. Look here, I'll maul the flickering life out of your body, if you don't stop. By the ——"

The pent up torrent came, in spite of exhortation and admonition, and at last, with a report almost equal to a pistol shot, the head of the bone entered its socket. With a yell of rage, which could not be expected from his phlegmatic temperament, he

sprang to his feet, rushed at the doctor, who was beating a masterly retreat out at the backdoor, while I was executing sundry flank movements, which may have put into Gen. Grant's *encephalon* the only strategy he knows aught about, viz.: to keep going "over the left." As he charged, he shouted, with the invalid limb describing segments of circles in the air, "You have smashed it, darn you! I thought by your pulling and hauling you would *break something.*" I expostulated with him. It is just to say, the door was between us. In *crescendo* notes, he suggested for my contemplation eternal silence, and sent to the place where hope never enters, the man of saws, pulleys and tourniquets. In a short time he "felt like a new man"—calmed down—wondered what possessed him to act so—blushed like a schoolgirl at his rudeness—apologized to all and sundry—and felt so awkward and mortified after his fierce expletions, that when we got to the road, he wished to know "why I did not knock him in the head, rather than he should have made such a fool of himself among strangers."

"I begin to feel," said Levi, "that it is easy to be possessed of a devil."

"Yes," said I, "we all have him, in a cage, but open the door, and poke him up with a stick, as we often do, and the mischief will be to pay."

When we reached the camp, we were sorry objects, but, with recovered spirits, we were eager for the fray. On the 29th of December, after a council of war, it was decided to ask for volunteers, to man boats, and attempt to destroy the steamer *Caroline*, which was being used for the purpose of supplying the rebels with arms, provisions and clothing. About fifty were called for, but a much larger number was found ready to attempt the hazardous enterprize. Levi, with myself, was accepted, and was overjoyed at the confidence reposed in him. Nine boats formed the flotilla. The smallest boat was occupied by Levi, another volunteer, the steersman and myself. The volunteer pulled the bow oar, and I the one farthest astern. Levi, with an invalid shoulder, was standing in the bow on the look-out, to prevent our losing the other boats, whose dark outlines could be seen in the uncertain light of a new moon, and to avoid being carried down by the swift current of the foaming abyss, only a few miles below. I was intently rowing with my back to my two comrades, when I heard

a shot, a curse, a struggle, and a cry. The startling sounds had ceased before I could turn around, and my horror was great to see only one person in the bow. "The other man is overboard," said Levi, "oars and all. Can we save him? Was he mad? Who was he? He shot at me with his pistol. The powder has singed my hair, and while my back was turned he caught hold of me to throw me overboard. Almost instinctively I turned and seized him by the throat, and before I was aware, he wrenched himself from my grasp, and jumped or fell overboard." We were so intent on the recital, that we forgot our dangerous position, and whither we were drifting.

"Never mind particulars at present," said the steersman, who was well acquainted with the river, "he is past all help, and half a mile below by this time. Take the spare oar and row for your life, even with one hand, or in thirty short minutes Niagara will claim us." We already felt the influence of the ripple of the angry waters. To seek the other boats was now impossible. Our own safety was the primary consideration, when it was found of no avail to seek our comrades. Nothing was said, but bitter disappointment was experienced by us all.

"Pull boys," said our pilot, "we are not gaining one foot, and possibly may be losing. I know by yonder large tree which we have remained opposite to for some time. We must try to reach Buckhorn Island, and that is our only salvation." After determined efforts we landed on it, waiting the day and deliverance. Now, that we were free from immediate danger, we began to speculate on the results of the expedition. Navy Island and its watch fires were distinctly seen, but there was no evidence of commotion on it, and no firing heard, so it had been passed in safety. About half an hour afterwards we heard firing at Schlesser on the American side, and I insisted that there was cheering, also; while we looked and listened, the sky got dusky red in that direction. Tongues of flame shot up intermittently into the lurid sky. A mass of fire came floating down the river, over which hung smoke in dense masses of inky blackness, like a funereal pall, and were plainly seen,

"Her ribs,
Through which the *fire* did shine as through a grate."

The burning hull passed the island swiftly, with grand pyrotech-

nies, in the main channel, and disappeared in the womb of night, over the brink of the cataract.

Our disappointment was all the greater, now that the object of the expedition was accomplished, and to all intents and purposes the unhappy and distracting rebellion was at an end. When morning came we found wedged in between two rocks, on the upper end of the small island, through which the water rushed impetuously, the body of our comrade. These projecting rocks bellied towards one another, and retained the remains with the grasp of a vice. The moment Levi cast his eyes on the countenance, he started back with horror, for the drowned man was all which was left of his persecutor at the trial. How he escaped from custody is not known, nor could any one find out whether the meeting of the two were accidental, or intentional on the part of the convict. We were convinced, however, that he intended to murder Levi by suddenly pushing him overboard, and failing in that, to shoot him and show it was accidental. This was the tragic end of one whose career was marked by bitter hostility and undying hatred. His body was buried on the island, at the foot of a spruce tree, and a report made of the facts, when we reached the main land.

I have only to add, that I was present at the marriage of Molly and Levi, on the first day of October following. Uncle Joe said the union would be one of happiness, because three black squirrels and one chipmonk crossed his pathway to the barn on the bridal morn, and the "cricket on the hearth" sang its shrill matins three times, at the dawn, from the back of the sooty stick-chimney. Alec was one of the guests, and also prognosticated weal for the happy pair, for his "lugs was buzzin' a' the road, 'woo'd an' married an' a',' in tune wi' his singin' mou', and the mornin' cloods had a silver linin' tae them." He insisted that Levi was made a prisoner a second time, and appealed to Molly for a confirmation of it. He was now kept in durance by a greater power than an old flint-lock. Alec suggested, in an ironical vein, a coat of arms for the youthful pair, consisting of a Queen Bess musket, lying on a log, entwined with squaw-berry bushes and maple leaves. The motto to be "Deil tak' the hindmost."

The days of the pair have been many. Goodness and mercy have followed them all the days of their lives. Many a night have we recounted the events herein recorded, by the side of

roaring winter fires, to a rising generation. I am now near the goal of my pilgrimage, full of thankfulness and love to God and man; conscious that the inexorable Destroyer is not far from the door of this earthly tabernacle, and whose face I can look into, "without fear, and without reproach."

THE VOYAGE OF MAGELLAN.

BY CAPT. N. W. BECKWITH.

(Concluded.)

ON the twentieth of August, spring having set in, the fleet weighed and made sail, anchoring next at Santa Cruz, which had been discovered on the "Santiago's" exploratory cruise, where they remained two months, and succeeded in obtaining ample supplies of wood and water; supplies unattainable at their winter harbor, except in small quantities, and with much labor and difficulty.

Hence, standing southward again, and faithfully following the trend of the coast, they made on the eighteenth of October, a headland to which was given the name of "Cabo de las Virgines," subsequently discovered to form the northern chop of the entrance to the long desired "western passage to India."

Beating around this, they entered the "long and perilous defile," to which the name of the illustrious discoverer has been given spontaneously by later navigators and geographers, although he himself bestowed upon it the title of "Strait of the Eleven Thousand Virgins." This opening of the land was first seen from aloft, by a seaman named *De Lepe.*

The ships anchored after gaining the inside, where the passage commences to narrow, and in such a position as to command it. Here Admiral Magalhanes convened that celebrated council, whose advice he did *not* take, for the purpose of deciding upon their future movements. One of the chief pilots, Estevan Gomez, backed by a strong majority, exhausted his eloquence in the attempt to persuade the council to decide upon returning to Spain, and obtain larger vessels, wherewith to prosecute the discoveries, earlier in the next Antarctic spring. A few of the more resolute officers were in favor of proceeding as they were, and as neither party

evinced any disposition to yield, or compromise, their consultation came to a dead-lock.

Magalhanes, who had preserved silence throughout the debate, now helped them to a conclusion, by announcing his intention to proceed in spite of all possible objections, informing the recreants that their duty was to follow him, not to ask questions; to set a cheerful example of obedience to their crews, not to create a spirit of discontent and disaffection, by exhibiting before them a fault-finding and dissatisfied disposition; that he was determined to redeem his promise to the Emperor even if they should be reduced to subsist on the pump-leather; and wound up by making known to them a general order, wherein he forbade, under penalty of death, any one speaking of home, or short allowance. He then dismissed the council, and sent orders to the two lighter draught vessels to weigh and proceed forward at once, to determine whether the inlet where they lay had any western opening, or not, after which, to return and report accordingly.

Over two days were spent in this operation, during which time the exploring vessels encountered the severest weather; but the gale was favorable, and they drove on until they entered what is now known as "Famine Reach." Here the wind shifted to south-westerly, and shortly got up such a swell, that, considering the increasing width of the Sound, and its clear expanse southwardly, they concluded that they had seen the outlet, and returned to the Admiral, who had given them up for being wrecked in the storm.

The whole squadron then proceeded. Entering Famine Reach, they soon observed the inlet to the east, which opens into Useless Bay. The two smaller vessels were sent on, as before, while the flag-ship and her consort bore on, keeping close under the shore of what is now called "Brunswick Peninsula," and shortly entered where Famine Reach turns to the south-west. Now, the pilot Gomez, knowing that the intercepting Admiral ship was no longer between him and the sea, excited the crew once more to revolt, put the captain in irons, and at nightfall put back, and shaped his course for Spain.

This man, Gomez, was also a Portuguese, and it is alleged was secretly in the pay of the Portuguese monarch, commissioned to compass the destruction of the ships, or the failure of the expedition by some means. About this Pigafetta is silent, but records another cause for the dastardly conduct of the pilot, namely: that

a small expedition for another object was fitting out when Magalhanes arrived at Valladolid, of which Gomez had been promised the command; but on entertaining the present undertaking, the original project was dismissed, and the vessels turned over to serve the purposes of Magalhanes.

Following still the coast of the main land, the squadron arrived (according to the given description) at the extreme southern point of Brunswick Peninsula, where "Forward Reach" commences its north-westerly running outlet to the Pacific. Here, at the mouth of a river, he anchored to await the arrival of his consorts, meantime sending out a surveying party in boats, which, after spending three days, returned in great joy, announcing that they had for a certainty seen at last, the Great South Sea!

The Circumnavigator was a *hueno catolico* in the ancient completest sense. Satisfying himself of the reliability of the boat-expedition's report, he immediately set apart a day of public thanksgiving; after observing which, a search—fruitless of course—was instituted for the deserter, in which several days were wasted. Beacons were erected for his guidance, if by chance he should still be endeavoring to follow the squadron; from which it would appear that no idea of his fellow-countryman's treachery had entered the mind of the Admiral, and the voyage was once more resumed.

Weary, tedious and dangerous henceforward was the incessant fight with treacherous currents, uncertain tides and winds, steep-sided reefs and shoals. Many times the vessels took bottom—sometimes carried aground by swift currents, sometimes helplessly drifting on in calms, the obstacle in sight, but inevitable, owing to the great depth of the Strait, which does not permit anchoring except at a perilous proximity to the shores, which are lined with abruptly rising "risks" of all sorts.

Yet until within a few years, this was much the quickest passage ever accomplished through these tremendous straits, being of thirty-seven days. In December, which is midsummer in this region, in 1866, the United States steamer *Lackawanna* passed through after a passage of thirty days, having been compelled to remain at anchor no less than nineteen days, in all, from stress of weather. At one part, in the First Gut, which leads into Santiago Bay, while running along with a "brief interval of clear, calm, and warm weather," Capt. Reynolds says: "The wind came

suddenly out south-west, and blew so hard as soon to raise quite a sea, even in the Narrows, which grew higher as we cleared them, and compelled us to seek an anchorage under the Northern shore, as soon as we could clear the shoal off Barrancas. Indeed, between the violence of the wind, and the force of the short sea, the ship, with all the steam we could give her, would make no headway at times, and lost all steerage-way (being carried along with the tide), falling off towards Triton Bank in a way that was rather alarming. However, we managed to get her head in the right direction, and at one p. m. anchored off Valle Point in nine fathoms, with ninety fathoms chain, and remained there five days before the gale ended."*

On the western, or Pacific portion of the straits, Magalhanes bestowed the title of "Straits of the Patagonians," and on the conspicuous headland South of the Pacific entrance, the name of "*El Cabo Deseado*," or *the Desired Cape*, given at the time the boat expedition brought back their cheering account of it. Somebody, has since seen proper to re-christen it "Cape Pillar," a name by which it is at present designated on the English Charts. And to the land which lay south of them during this memorable passage, on the shores of which they continually saw fires through the nights, while no such indications were perceived on the northern land, they gave the distinguishing appellation of "*Tierra del Fuegos*, or *Land of Fires*.

"At length," says Herrera, "on the twenty-seventh of November, he sailed into the Great South Sea, giving infinite thanks to God that he had permitted him to find what was so much desired, and that he was the first who had found the passage so much sought after. Whereby the memory of this excellent captain shall be eternally celebrated."

Balboa had first seen the Pacific, but Magalhanes first navigated its broad waters.

From the Straits, he stood northwardly, in search of milder weather, having lost several men from cold and exposure. Very singularly, he shaped such courses as carried him through all the multitudinous groups of the Oceanic division, whithout seeing any land, save two insignificant islands, uninhabited, and useless in

* Report of Capt. Reynolds on Passage of U. S. S. *Lackawanna* through Magellan's Straits, pub. Bureau of Navigation, Washington, in "A List of Reported Dangers to Navigation in the Pacific Ocean," 1866.

affording supplies or refreshments, which, by way of denoting his disappointment, he called "*Las Desventuradas*," or "*The Unfortunates*," until a distance of more than three thousand miles had been run.*

Over all this long and lonely route their sufferings are unparalleled by anything in the whole dismal record of maritime research, except, perhaps, by the later voyage of Anson. The Admiral's alternative was actually reached, and the pump-leather eaten, even the raw hides, which in that day were used for chafing-gear on the yards, were stripped off and consumed; also sawdust, and Pigafetta states that mice were sold for a ducat a pair; their dwindled stock of water became putrid, and its use caused severe dysentery; while to crown all, scurvy, till then an unknown disease, broke out with great violence, carrying off a score in a week.

The old voyaging historian's description of the new malady will be readily recognized by all who have ever seen a well-marked case of scurvy:—"Our greatest misfortune was being attacked by a disease, in which the gums swelled so as to hide the teeth, as well in the upper as the lower jaw, whence those thus affected were incapable of chewing their food. Besides those who died, we had from twenty-five to thirty sailors ill, who suffered dreadful pains in their arms, legs and other parts of the body."

But they had reached the ever-smiling regions of the south-east trades, and day after day bore steadily and safely on. In a spirit of thankfulness the name of "Pacific" was bestowed upon these pleasant waters.

On the ninety-ninth day after leaving the Desired Cape (March 6th, A. D. 1521), three beautiful, fertile and inhabited islands were discovered, belonging to the group to which Magalhanes gave the name of Ladrones, on account of the irrepressible thievishness of the natives.

This chain, of which "Guam" is the principal, is now a colony of Spain, and nearly equals, in the aggregate, the whole chain of

* Well might his despairing sailors come to the conclusion that they had entered on a trackless waste of waters, endless before them, and hopeless in a return. "But though the church hath evermore from Holy Writ affirmed that the earth should be a wide spread plain bordered by the waters, yet he comforted himself when he considered that in the eclipses of the moon the shadow cast of the earth is round; and, as is the shadow, such, in like manner, is the substance."

"It was a stout heart—a heart of triple brass—which could thus, and against such authority, extract unyielding faith from—a shadow!"—*Draper.*

the Windward Islands of the West Indies, which it resembles in other important respects—extending in a sweep from north to south, in a corresponding latitude, from thirteen to twenty-one degrees north. Guam is like Trinidad, in being of nearly the same size, and in being southernmost and largest of the group to which it belongs; but *un*like the Windward Islands, the Ladrones are situated near no great main land.

Tinian, Rota, Saypan and others correspond in size and fertility to St. Vincent, Guadaloupe, Barbadoes, etc., of the West Indian Archipelago. They are now more commonly called the "Marian Islands," so named in honor of the Queen of Philip IV. of Spain.

Eagerly did the starved and scorbutic voyagers open a traffic with the willing inhabitants, who came off in their canoes immediately on the arrival of the ships, bringing tropic fruits, vegetables, fish and hogs. Cocoanuts, yams and rice were also abundant.

These people were friendly and inoffensive in deportment, and had it not been for their irrepressible thievishness, Spanish historians might have been able to record one instance of a squadron of their explorers having actually left a new discovery without once quarrelling with their new acquaintances—though in this instance they must be exonerated from blame. Trifling thefts being passed unnoticed, the thieves grew audacious; at length, finding no punishment inflicted upon them—as the Admiral winked at their petty depredations in the hope of preserving amity—they stole a boat from the stern of the flag-ship; and on being required to return her, laughed the messenger to scorn. Magalhanes, probably reflecting that unless they were taught a lesson at this juncture, they would doubtless next attempt to steal the ship herself, landed at the head of ninety men, and made reprisals, in the shape of a levy on their provisions, besides burning some two or three score huts. Unfortunately, the natives offered resistance, and in the skirmish that ensued some were killed or wounded. The Admiral has been blamed severely for this, by some writers, as punishing a trifling offence with undue severity.

Landsmen don't understand these matters with all humility be it said, be they never so learned, quite so well as seamen; and seamen know that the loss of a boat is not by any means a trifle, even under the best circumstances, but when the situation is such as the discoverer's was, at this time, it becomes positively serious, particularly when the difficulty—amounting sometimes to an impossibility—of replacing it is considered.

No other species of depredation has been such a prolific source of quarrel between explorers, and the savage tribes whom it is their lot to encounter, as this very trick of boat-stealing. The theft of the "Discovery's" six-oared cutter, led to the death of the lamented Cook, because, when he landed, although with the intention "to get possession of the sovereign, or some of the principal chiefs, and detain them until the stolen property was restored,"* according to his invariable practice on similar occasions, his forbearing demeanor impressed the island populace with the idea that their visitors feared them. Who has not heard of the savage who advanced toward Cook, threatening him with his "*pahooa*" and who, receiving upon his thick mat the "charge of *small shot* which our navigator at last considered necessary to fire at him," held it up to the admiring view of his comrades, while he shouted, for their encouragement, "*Mah-tee mah-noo! mah-tee mah-noo!*" (*A bird-killer, a bird-killer*) and how the fatal onset was immediately made by the natives? Yet the other barrel of the fowling-piece which that great commander bore on that lamentable day, was loaded with ball, with which he killed another assailant the instant after—but of what avail was it then? Had he discharged that barrel first, or at all events while the exulting boaster was deriding the feeble effect of his first fire, he, in all probability would not have found it necessary to discharge another piece, on that occasion, nor would his own life have been forfeited.

In dealing with these ignorant and ferocious beings, overmuch lenity has invariably been the precursor of overmuch violence and bloodshed.

And it cannot be supposed that, at the outset, Magalhanes sought the death of any of the theives. His object was to possess himself of so much of their property as should, under the circumstances, be at least an equivalent for the loss sustained through them, and to the natives more, that it might lead to the restoration, if possible, of the stolen boat; while the seizure was aimed at provisions and supplies, of which the squadron stood in need, lest, through the rupture of commercial relations, and failure of their renewal, apt to be the consequence of this difficulty, he should be unable to procure them in the way of peaceful barter. And it was the opposition of the native to the execution of this plan that brought about the fighting.

* Capt. King—Voyage to the Pacific, Vol. III. p. 35–52.

That they were not very severely punished, or even sufficiently awed, notwithstanding the alleged loss of life, is evident from the fact that, after the landing party had returned on board, they followed in a large fleet of canoes, and coming near, pelted the ships with stones, of which it does not appear that the Spaniards took any notice.

It has been in good faith asserted, gravely assailed, and equally as gravely defended, that this people were totally ignorant of fire! Having never seen it, until their invaders applied it to their houses! And that they supposed it an *animal*—which fed upon wood!! Truly, the credulity of some erudite Dominie Sampsons is one of the most incredible things whereof the world hath cognizance! These islands are volcanic, and contain *many yet active volcanoes*. The extreme northernmost of the chain now bears the name of "Great Volcano Island."

This group also produces immense quantities of bread fruit. Guam, where the circumnavigating squadron visited, is a considerable town at this day. Formerly the celebrated Acapulco galleons on their passage to Manila, used to touch here for refreshments.

Magalhanes sailed from the Ladrones on the tenth of March having staid only four days, and continued his voyage to the westward. He must have found the trades steadier and fresher than is common in this time, for within seven days he had crossed the intervening space to the Phillipine Islands. Which of the easterly outlying islets was first honored by his presence, is now uncertain, owing to the diverse nomenclatures that from time to time have been applied here. The Surigaos, lying around the north-eastern extreme of Mindanao, must have been the first encountered, and we are told that the name of one island, which the fleet is said to have left on the twenty-fifth of March, was "Humunu," and it is called the principal island of the chain.

It seems probable that this must be the "Jumonhol," or "Jomonhol," of modern charts, both from its position, lying as it does in the discoverer's probable track, and the similarity in sound of the name with that given by the early chroniclers; although, if so, there is an error in calling it the "principal member" of the Surigao Archipelago, as a later writer has stated, since it stands alone, and well northward of that which contains four much larger islands than Jumonhol.

The navigation amongst these islands is to be reckoned with

the most difficult to be found in any part of the universe, not even excepting the famous Straits which bear the discoverer's name. Overwhelming tides sweep through and around with frightful velocity; the whole system is one mass of reefs, shoals and foul bottom; anchors and cables are totally unreliable when opposed to these fierce currents; and the winds are ever unsettled, feeble and baffling. On the easternmost, called "Siargo," or "Oyarzal," a Spanish ship was thrown, during a calm, in the summer of 1858, and literally ground to pieces by the surf and currents. The most practicable passage, called the "Strait of Panoan," is also exceedingly perilous. The ship *Hydery*, of Calcutta, returning from Hobart Town, Australia, and endeavoring to pursue this passage in October 1852, was drifted on one of the outer rocky isles by the dreadful whirlpools* that form here on the flood-tide, which threw her on her beam-ends, then swept her from that isle, and laid her on another adjacent, where she became a total wreck.† No ship in these days ever attempts this route, except in case of the most pressing necessity. Yet these tremendous Straits must have been passed by the circumnavigator's ships, for we find him next at Limasava, which lies just clear of their western entrance, and twelve miles west of the Island of Panoan, whence they derive their name.

To these islands Admiral Magalhanes gave the name of "The Archipelago of St. Lazarus," once applied to the whole Phillipines, afterward restricted by Villalobos to these small groups, when he complimented Philip, then Prince-Royal of Spain, by giving his name to the main system, and now erased entirely from the charts of most nations. The inhabitants were very friendly towards the adventurers, and were found to be in possession of gold and silver, rich spices and aromatic oils. They were also skilful farmers and fishermen; in the latter occupation using, in addition to the hook —which is everywhere found among all maritime nations, from those of the rudest up to the most approved social condition—the more advanced net and harpoon. Their arms, too, were of diverse design and superior quality. Altogether, they had evidently made no inconsiderable progress toward a condition of civilization.

---

* The whirlpools of the Lofoden group, including the famous and whilom much exaggerated Maëlstrom, are much less formidable than these.

† Horsburgh, Vol. II., p. 622.

Yet, notwithstanding these evidences of wealth and luxury, the stay of the squadron here was short, and the conduct of the crew, both at this time and subsequently, so markedly in contrast with their behaviour after the loss of their great leader, when we find them wasting weeks and months in the futile pursuit of treasure, invariably quarrelling, both among themselves and with the natives, at every place they reached, and following no dictates but those of the most unscrupulous avarice, as to suggest that Maghalhanes had different and nobler ends in view than his crew and the majority of his officers, and at all events proves him not ruled by that sordid passion in the management of his affairs.

Perhaps the missionary zeal, of the possession of which he shortly after gave such remarkable proofs, was already spurring him on to wider fields, and ampler scope than he had yet discovered for his labors. Perhaps he was anxious to fulfil and complete his contract with the king, by finding the Moluccas, which, unknown to himself he had already passed, and which he was destined never to see, although his successors were guided thither by Indian pilots, to the abundant wrath of the Portuguese, who had reached them already, as far back as 1511, via the Cape of Good Hope, and the Straits of Sunda, when they passed south of Borneo, and so missed its discovery, as well as that of the Phillipines. Borneo was first visited by the Portuguese under Lorenzo de Gomez in 1518, and subsequently by the surviving comrades of Magalhanes, after the fatal day of Mactan.

Perhaps he wished to return to Spain as rapidly as might be, and hurry to the completion of his circumnavigation in the literal sense. In the wider sense, he had already performed that, *then*, stupendous feat, as he had overlapped the track of easterly sailing explorers from Europe—although unaware of the fact. Perhaps all combined. And with them must have mingled the thought of repose and retirement for his future years with such a meed of unapproachable fame as few mortals ever dare aspire to. What, the man who had settled the question of ages, and realized that which Columbus spent his life in seeking, vainly—who had actually traversed over every foot of the earth's circumference, thereby demonstrating its form, and giving to science a new impulse, who had added large and wealthy countries to his sovereign's domains—should there not be fame and praise for him, together with the gratitude of his admiring prince, during the peaceful decline of

an honored life; and after death must not the pearly gates unfold for the sailor-warrior-missionary who had brought whole nations, not merely to know, but to acknowledge the "one true and Living God, and His Most Holy Catholic Church?"

Alas, alas, the story of disappointment like that of love, is as old as the being of man, but none the less is it repeated!

Never again saw he the sunny hills of Spain, never the plaudits of admiring multitudes rang around his path, never the thanks of grateful monarch fell upon his ear—but he died, like his great predecessor, all unconscious of the real magnitude of what he had achieved—ignorant that his promised work was more than accomplished—and while the wondrous tide of his success in his self-imposed missionary labors, was yet swelling to the full.

We next find the exploring squadron, with its people once more completely restored in health and spirits, after leaving the Surigao Archipelago, still continuing on its westerly course. Here, surrounded with islands, it could not proceed far in any direction without making fresh discoveries. Accordingly, about the end of the month, it arrived at a small island, called "Masagua."

There is little doubt about this island being identical with the "Limasava," or "Limasagna" of modern charts; though how Magalhanes could have discovered this, without at the same time finding the large island of "Leyte," beginning, as it does, scarcely four miles from the northernmost point of the latter, seems hardly accountable; but, probably, on approaching it from the south-east, as he must have done—since it is almost impossible that he could have sailed around the northern end of Panoan (which lies to seaward of Limasava), through the foul and narrow "Liloan Passage," which divides it from the south-eastern coast of Leyte—he mistook Limasava for the extreme southern portion of the great island, and the number of inhabitants he saw must have appeared to bear out his idea. Besides, had he attempted, and safely got through the Liloan Pass, he must, on clearing it, have been nearly due east of the Strait between Leyte and Limasava, and could scarcely have failed to perceive it, unless at that particular moment the weather happened to become foggy—too rare an occurrence here to be reckoned upon.

Here he first encountered a Malaysian tribe. A Sumatran slave named "Enriques"—probably a captive from one of his former voyages to Malacca, and who had accompanied him in the capacity

of valet—found the language sufficiently kindred to his own Sumatran dialect, to admit of his conversing with the natives with clearness and facility. Enriques was accordingly promoted to the dignity of interpreter, and through his offices, Magalhanes was enabled to open negotiations with the Limasaguan ruler—"Rajah Kolamboo," as he was called.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that this Malay slave should be the only one of whom we are enabled to say—"This is the man who first, actually and personally, travelled around the world!" Only this one, of all that squadron's company, had reached home by sailing continually in one direction. The great projector and commander himself never lived "to make his voyages meet," as "Jack's" phrase is; and we have no record of any others being on board who, like Magalhanes, had visited the East Indian Archipelago before, from the opposite point of the compass. Neither is it even probable—for as yet, only the Portuguese had doubled the Cape of Good Hope; the Spaniards had always sailed west; England was but beginning to show, by the voyages of the Cabots to North America, the germ of her late naval supremacy; and Holland had not yet begun to perform her glorious share in the work of maritime research and colonization. And even if we suppose that there may have been on board fellow-countrymen or shipmates of the Admiral, who, with him, had served under Albuquerque, or on subsequent voyages to Portuguese possessions in the east, such men were not yet circumnavigators in the same sense as the Malay sailor, who had reached his own land once more by constantly following the same course on which he had left it.

Mutual presents were made, and ceremonial visits exchanged with the island prince, and Magalhanes took counsel with himself how best to impress his barbaric entertainers with a becoming idea of the power, and superiority of Europeans over themselves, though at the same time studiously avoiding anything offensive.

Amongst other things, he caused four of his men to perform a sort of sword dance, in which one was equipped with defensive armor, while the other three cut, slashed, hacked and stabbed at him with axe, spear, sword and dagger; to all of which the man-at-arms remained supremely indifferent, and danced on as if entirely unconscious of the existence of his assailants—to the immense astonishment and gratification of the Rajah and his

court, who expressed their belief that a soldier thus protected from wounds would be a match for a hundred who had not similar advantages.

With this people the Spaniards formed a close intimacy, and the admiral, ever on the watch for opportunities of extending the the prestige and influence of his sovereign, availed himself of the existing *entente cordiale* to negotiate a commercial treaty, and an alliance on behalf of the Emperor Charles V., the consummation of which was duly celebrated by a grand banquet, given by the admiral at the Rajah's Palace.

As the quaint old chronicler of the voyage has naïvely recorded that on the following day the island prince, and the officers of his court, were too much indisposed to attend to the business of harvesting, which fell about this time, it may be safely inferred, that amongst other items of useful knowledge, the visitors had initiated their barbarian friends into the mysteries of the deep drinking practised by the enlightened Europeans. The Admiral, in a most neighborly spirit, despatched the greater portion of his crew to assist the natives in the performance of this indispensible task. Indian corn, rice, and millet, were produced here in profusion, also ginger—with oranges, citrons, bananas, and other tropical fruit, for which the island is still celebrated.

It was here that Magalhanes first commenced the work of proselytism. Mass was celebrated, in which the Rajah and his officers zealously assisted, and before leaving, a cross was erected with much display and ceremony, which wound up with a military salute, while the natives were enjoined to adore the symbol well, as they hoped for plentiful harvests, wealth and happiness.

Here too, he first heard of the "great and wealthy island of Zebu," and its magnificent and warlike sovereign.

Gold was seen here in the shape of personal ornament, in some abundance, and was deemed plentiful because the natives in their commercial transactions, preferred knives, etc., to doubloons.

Pigafetta has recorded of the "Rajah Kolamboo" that he was a remarkably "well favored man," of an olive complexion, wearing long black hair, tall in person, symmetrically formed, and "elegantly tattooed." He has also noted a custom as being prevalent among people of rank, which is now generally supposed peculiar to the inhabitants of Timor, and one or two other of the smaller Sunda Isles, namely: that of ornamenting the teeth with small bits of

the precious metals; "on each of his teeth," says the old chronicler's description of the Rajah, "were three golden dots, so placed one would have thought they had been fastened with this metal."

Like other Malays, this people were addicted to the habit of chewing the betel-nut, mixed with "chenam,"* and the areca leaf. It is said that in their religious system they held to a belief in one (only) Supreme Being, whom they termed "Abba," and worshipped in a regular form.

On the fifth of April, the Admiral made sail for the reported El Dorado of Zebu, accompanied by his new friend and ally, the Limasaguan potentate and his suite, who appears to have become thoroughly devoted to his new friends. On the seventh, they entered the harbor of Zebu, with trumpets playing, colors flying, and salvos of artillery, to the inexpressible consternation of the inhabitants, thousands of whom, bearing arms, lined the shores, witnessing the marvellous spectacle.

After much display, calculated to impress the Zebuian monarch with a due sense of the greatness and importance of his visitors, the ships anchored in line opposite the town, and with much further ceremony, an ambassador, accompanied by their new ally and the interpreter, Enriques, was despatched to the King, bearing suitable messages, and a present, purporting to be from the King of Spain.

These were favorably received by the half-civilized potentate, and Magalhanes, according to his wont, immediately opened his negotiations. The business was pressed with a celerity exemplary to modern "diplomats;" and in three days after the arrival of the fleet, a treaty, offensive and defensive, was concluded, which also contained provisions for the establishment of a commercial reciprocity, and a system of barter was inaugurated, in which the adventurers exchanged their goods for gold, precious stones, dyestuffs, perfumes, and various fabrics resembling the finest muslin, perhaps the "pinas," "sinamays," etc., peculiar to Luzon at this day, on enormously profitable terms. The Zebuians were not found to differ essentially from the Masaguans in manners, customs and religion, although probably a much wealthier nation.

Having thus systematized his business duties, Magalhanes, doubtless inspired by his previous success in Limasava, and probably seeing here that wider field for which he had pined, now set

* "Chenam" is a very fine lime, made from burnt oyster-shells, principally.

about his self-appointed missionary work with astonishing zeal and prosperity. Day and night he labored, in season and out of season, with all the devotion and self-abandonment of a Xavier, and if it be true, what certain philosophers are continually drumming into our ears—that "success is the measure and proof of merit"—it is a reproach to all the popes since his contemporary, that he has not long ago been canonized. "*Saint Magalhanes*" would sound quite as well as many a name already inscribed on the beatific roll.

The imposing ceremonial of the Catholic Church, for which it seems he must have been amply provided with every requisite and essential to perform in orthodox style, was not without effect upon these simple-minded natives, and the chapel which had been hurriedly improvised on shore, was capable of containing but the merest tithe of the continual crowd of converts that besieged it, seeking to be baptized.

The royal family set the example of adopting the new faith, the king himself being the first to receive baptism, and was christened on the occasion, "*Carlos*," in honor of the Emperor Charles V.—a vassal of whom, in his new fervor, he was easily induced to declare himself—which neat stroke of *policy*, subsequent Spanish Governments have not failed to profit by.

This conversion and adherence made public, the new religion became the fashion, and was carried throughout the whole country at a rate entirely without parallel in the whole record of the Propaganda. Everywhere idols were cast down, and the cross set up in their stead—and in a fortnight after the arrival of the Circumnavigator, all the inhabitants of Zebu, and those of many of the contiguous islands had embraced Christianity!

All! save one contumacious village, which was duly cursed, burnt, and given over to the devil, for its infidelity!

The priests and chaplains of the squadron—of whom there was a most liberal staff, when we compare it with the scanty quantum deemed sufficient in these godless days—found their force utterly inadequate to perform the work of merely receiving into the bosom of Mother Church the zealous converts seeking admission, who presented themselves at the hurriedly erected chapels which were everywhere scattered over the island; and during the short period of this religious *furore*, most of these holy men had travelled over the whole country, penetrating every section, every city, town,

village and hamlet. Never before, perhaps, in all history, was any land so suddenly, completely and thoroughly opened up to foreign travel and investigation; or, on the part of any known people, such a rapid, simultaneous and utter putting "off with the old love and on with the new," in the matter of a choice of gods, as with these mercurial dwellers in the islands of the sea.

Their sincerity in their new-born faith was shrewdly tested too —their participation in the blessings appertaining to a regenerate condition, being made a pretext for the exaction of a pretty round tribute. It appears, however, in all cases, to have been cheerfully acceded to—whence we must conclude that either their conversion was real and genuine, or that the decrees of fashion were even more despotic and arbitrary with the Zebuians than with us.*

Only the Rajah of this petty little island of Mactan refused to yield this blind, unthinking submission to the stranger. Like others of the native chiefs and rulers, he sent a valuable present, and a polite message of welcome, to the visitors; but all in courteousness only, and on being required to adopt the new religion, pay tribute, and own fealty to the Spanish sovereign, he, with a spirit that ought to have commanded admiration and respect, particularly from a man whose antecedents had been marked by the independence that had heretofore characterized the actions of the great discoverer, unequivocally refused, alleging that, to the foreigners, as such, and as the representatives of a great nation, he considered himself bound to show all suitable courtesy; but that he owed no allegiance to strangers, and could conceive of no right or principle by which those whom he had never seen or heard of before, should claim it from him, and that, therefore, he would yield none.

Alas! blind fanaticism had seized upon the soul of the great Admiral,—

> "For wily priests their victim sought,
> And damned each free-born deed and thought"—

now elated beyond measure with his politico-religious triumphs, and this manly and dignified answer, instead of awakening the generous sympathy of his nobler nature, incensed and aroused those bigoted and superstitious sentiments, which are the fault, not of the man, but of the age in which he lived, to the last degree of active antagonism.

---

* The writer has personal knowledge of the seas and islands mentioned in this paper.

He haughtily replied, that no barbarian and infidel must be permitted to question the power and authority of Spain, and to deny the divinely appointed supremacy of the Holy Catholic Church, to whom all creatures, whether "Jew or Gentile, male or female, bond or free," owe an indefeasible and indissoluble allegiance, by the mere fact of their existence; and that unless the submission of the Mactanese Rajah was made within a given period, he should be driven, *vie et armis*, from the throne of his people. And, in an evil hour, refusing better counsel, and turning a deaf ear to the passionate remonstrances of a few faithful officers, particularly those of his flag-captain, Juan Serrano, who implored him on bended knees to reconsider his fatal determination, he prepared to punish the high-souled chieftain of Mactan.

It was on the twenty-seventh of April, A. D. 1521, that the Circumnavigator landed here, bound on that illaudable and unreasonable errand.

He led a force of fifty men, all clad in defensive armor, lacking the leg-pieces, carrying cross-bows, and muskets, and the usual weapons of the period. He was encountered, after landing without hindrance, by the Mactanese under the leadership of their spirited prince, to the number of fifteen hundred, according to Pigafetta, but by the traditional accounts of the natives, six thousand. Of this singular discrepancy, more anon. The King of Zebu accompanied his ally with an army sufficient to have coped unaided with the Mactanese, and was eager to assist in the battle, but Magalhanes, fervid in his fanatic faith, that to the soldiers of the church there must be vouchsafed a marvellous victory, the glories of which 'twere shame to dim by sharing, that should give them in the eyes of these barbarians an overwhelming and absolutely invulnerable prestige, actually refused the proffered aid, and the Zebuian warriors remained inactive in their bankahs.

Or did he suspect the good faith of his allies?

The fight began at the fort, which was full of men, and continued several hours, without any noteworthy advantage being gained by either side; the light and slender weapons of the Indians producing no effect upon the Toledo mail and plate; but, on the other hand the Spanish fire both from cross-bow and musket, was badly directed, and although "a goodly number of ye salvages were slayne," yet the loss inflicted was trifling compared to their force, and the courage of the sheltered Mactanese rose on

finding their grim-looking adversaries less formidable than they had supposed.

Perceiving the difficulty, if not impossiblity of effecting an entrance into the fort, Magalhanes sent a detachment of his small force to set fire to the town, hoping thereby to draw the Indians, or a portion of them at least, from their defences,—when he trusted that the heavy swords and axes of his men-at-arms would make short work with their naked squadrons, while the bullets and bolts of his muskets and arblasts could be directed with better effect, than while their objects were concealed behind stone walls.

But the Mactanese leader, according to the local tradition, had already a large reserve stationed in the town; these, rushing silently upon the handful of Spaniards while they were yet engaged in spreading the fire, surprised them and separated three from the others, who were instantly swallowed up amidst the dense crowd in the narrow streets. These unfortunates met a horrible fate, despite their struggles, and the carnage inflicted by their companions, who fought desperately to rescue the prisoners, being hamstrung and thrown amongst the flames of the burning houses —roasted alive in their armor. Profiting by the discovery that the legs of their antagonists were unprotected and vulnerable, they assailed the detachment with such fury and resolution, that it was compelled to seek safety in flight.

These men, rushing in mad confusion toward the boats, fiercely and hotly pursued by the victorious reserve with exulting yells, as they brandished firebrands, which they dashed against the vizors of their adversaries, communicated their panic to their friends who sustained the attack upon the fort, and they, too, gave way simultaneously and fled, forsaking their leader (who was already wounded in the leg with a poisoned arrow) and some half dozen in his immediate vicinity, who remained steady. Taking immediate possession of the boats, they rapidly pushed off from the shore for a small distance, where they remained.

On witnessing the breaking of their assailants' line, an immediate sally of the defenders of the fort took place, and following the example of their courageous countrymen, they attacked the disordered flight of the Spaniards with great determination; yet it is, perhaps, somewhat significant, that none of the fugitives were slain, though a considerable number were wounded.

Left alone upon the field, surrounded by exulting myriads of

yelling savages, who hurled their lances, firebrands and arrows upon them in clouds, the gallant little handful, who fought beside their commander, yet hewed their bloody way to the water's edge, and still might have been saved, but that the recreants—like those other cowards who sacrificed the gallant Cook—who had taken possession of the boats, kept out beyond reach. One by one the heroes fell, until the Circumnavigator alone was seen standing upon this memorable beach. Here, up to his knees in water, his valiant sword-arm disabled, his helmet lost, and bleeding from lance and arrow wounds in the head and legs, he was beaten down with stones, until he sank beneath it. Yet even then, like his great English antitype, he several times raised his head despite the weight of savages pressing him down, and turned his eyes upon the boats, where his crew of curs lay gazing—and on such a scene! Traitors, or cowards! one or both? They made no movement toward a rescue; and soon one Indian, stronger or kinder than his fellows, dealt him a blow, under which he sank forever.

* * * * * * * * *

So perished Hernando Magalhanes—"our light, our guide, and our support"—writes the old Vicentine chronicler, as his sad pen closes a somewhat confused account of this most miserable, most lamentable affair.

It is sad when such a life of usefulness is cut short in mid-career, at best; but doubly so while engaged in the commission of an act that cannot, in whatever light it may be regarded, but draw forth our sorrowful condemnation. Judging of it by its results, it was impolitic, too, as well as wrong; though, doubtless, had victory attended the Spanish arms, their prestige throughout the whole Archipelago would have been enhanced to a degree that would have won them many a bloodless triumph after. The great discoverer may have thought thus, and may also have allowed the thought undue prominence in his reflections. It seems moreover a fearfully rash undertaking, considering the enormous disparity of numbers; still the odds were less than those against which Cortez won battle after battle from the Mexicans, who were much better armed than the people of Mactan. And then his easy victory over the Ladrones islanders, the awe in which the Indians held his mail-clad men-at-arms, and the immense superiority of his weapons over the wooden lances and arrows of the

former, doubtless caused him to regard the adventure as no very arduous task. Modern military opinion values as lightly the arms of Magellan's period as he and his companions could ever have considered the rude weapons with which they were defeated; but it is frequently very far wrong. The "terrible arblast" of the middle ages was no despicable arm, under any circumstances, and for such operations as we have just described, was fully equal, nay, superior to the best non-repeating rifle of our times. Therefore, he might reasonably have expected success, had the array of the savages been no greater than the account of his fellow-voyager makes it, viz., fifteen hundred. But, from whatever cause, the adventurers fought not according to their wont.

The very small size of the island, too, warrants the opinion that even this force must have been an enormous one for the Mactanse to raise, and, in this connection, it is worthy of notice, that the traditional accounts of the Visayans place their numbers at six thousand, half in the town, and half in the fort—*en passant*, the fort certainly could *not* contain anything near *that* number, which fact seems rather to militate against that part of the native account, and imply, that their little army *was hugely augmented by recruits from the contiguous islands*. But they agree with the whites in their estimate of the Spanish force, quite as nearly as could be expected. "Fifty or sixty," "about sixty," etc., they say, in detailing their accounts of this, to them, prodigious battle, which, in their view, is what that of Marathon might have been to the Greeks, had the Persians afterwards prevailed, and destroyed or absorbed the Athenians by overrunning their state with settlers transplanted from Macedon, or Thrace.

Perhaps the mean of the two accounts, is nearest the truth, yet it is difficult to see how the Spaniards should underrate the force by which they were defeated. Probably Magalhanes, in estimating the number he should have to encounter, when planning his invasion, put them down at the first mentioned figure, which statement has since been adhered to, in European histories of the affair. On the other hand, the natives ought certainly to know their own forces best, and after having been the victors, are not likely to have exaggerated their own strength, but rather that of their adversaries.

The whole event is involved in inextricable confusion, the story of each side is mingled with improbabilities and guesses, and contains

many inconsistencies, but through it all, appears much warrant for the inference that the Rajah of Mactan had resources of which his enemies knew nothing whatever; perhaps secret aid from some of the neighboring tributaries of Zebu, the rulers of which may have been dissatisfied with their liege's easy assumption of the yoke of Spain, and like the Nova Scotians of to-day, while abundantly contented with the position of a province, have had the strongest objections to become only the "dependency of a dependency." Nothing is said in this connection of the far larger island of "Bujol," whose northern shore approaches within ten miles of the south side of Mactan, the inhabitants of which must have been aware of what was going on at the capital of Zebu, both from their political relations, and geographical proximity—their westernmost cape also lying within fifteen miles of the east coast of Zebu, where its southern prolongation beyond the position of Mactan has place. The first mention that Pigafetta makes of this island, is when describing the arrival of the fleet there, several weeks after the death of the Admiral, where they condemned and broke up one of their ships, the "San Antonio," which had become unseaworthy—and this appears to be the first knowledge that the expedition had acquired of it.

Another, and a darker thought, too, *will* present itself,—that the Circumnavigator was abandoned to that miserable death by his people, whose continual spirit of mutiny—always successfully repressed when openly exhibited, seized the opportunity of his having involved himself in an ill-advised undertaking to forsake him; an idea which strengthens with the contemplation of the similar fate, that but a few days later, overtook the only certain friend he had possessed besides those who fell with him, his faithful flag-captain Juan Serrano; whom the admiral had not permitted to leave his ship on the fatal day, and who, by virtue of rank, became his successor. He was murdered on the landing place of the city, by the treacherous and "wind-changing" Zebuians, together with some twenty of his men, the whole fleet under way, and ready for action at the time—able to have destroyed the town by bombardment in a few hours without being itself in any way imperilled,—within sight and hearing of the bloody transaction from beginning to end, and yet, with the cries of their countrymen appealing to them for rescue or ransom, the cowards or traitors sailed away, leaving them appealing to heaven to exact an account of their

souls, on the great day of judgment, from their heartless abandoners. And adding to this, the career of open piracy which the remainder of the squadron pursued under Carvallo, who succeeded the wantonly sacrificed Serrano; and his successor, Espinosa, who, in true buccaneering style, was *elected* by vote of the whole crew, vice Carvallo, deposed by the same self-constituted authority; a fact that, of itself, sufficiently indicates the lawless character that the expedition had assumed, since the rule of promotion according to rank, which existed under the authority of their Government, was disregarded,—the thought acquires tenfold significance.

For all the influence to the contrary, that honest old Pigafetta might have, simple, credulous, duped landsman, among these shrewd, bold, bad men on their familiar element,—Dominie Dobbs might as well have been in their midst, nor would he have received with more unquestioning faith, whatever specious tale they might frame to deceive him, touching the legality of any of their high-handed deeds.

"Though the rash warfare waged with the unoffending chief of Mactan," says a recent writer, "cannot be vindicated on any principle of justice, the premature and violent death, in the very middle of his career, of a navigator and discoverer second only to Columbus, will ever be a cause of regret." * Strange and lamentable indeed was the fate of the leading characters of this memorable expedition. Magalhanes and Serrano perished as we have seen; Ruy Falero, the astronomer, died sunk in hopeless madness; De Lepe, the sailor who first saw from aloft the entrance of the famous Straits, ended his life among the Turks, disgusted with his countrymen and native land, a renegade Mussulman; and of the gallant squadron of five, but one, the little *Vittoria*, reached home, and realized the theory of Magalhanes, under the command of Sebastian del Cano, the latest choice of the fickle-minded mutineers, carrying but eighteen men in all, including the old chronicler, out of the original complement of the fleet—having lost of her own number twenty-one, in a mutiny off the Cape of Good Hope. She arrived at Seville on the eighth of September, A. D. 1522, having been absent three years, lacking fourteen days, during which time, according to her reckoning, she had sailed forty-three thousand eight hundred miles, and crossed the equator six times.

* Hist. Acc. Circumnavigation of the Globe. Nelson, London and Edinburgh, 1849, p. 51.

Del Cano was munificently rewarded and ennobled, having granted unto him arms, with the globe for a crest, and the motto, "*Primus me circumdedisti!*"

What the *Argo* was to Greece, that the *Vittoria* became to Spain, the theme of romance, song, and fable, the poetic type of maritime love of adventure and research, of heroism, endurance and marvel, to a far greater extent than even the ship of "famous Draco," afterwards became to England. "This, our wonderful ship," says Pigafetta "taking her departure from the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailing southwards through the great ocean towards the Antarctic Pole, and then turning west, followed that course so long, that, passing round, she came into the east, and thence again into the west, not by sailing back, but proceeding constantly forward; so compassing about the globe of the world, until she marvellously regained her native country, Spain, and the port from which she departed, Seville."

* * * * * * *

No voyage ever produced such results as this of Hernando Magalhanes, save only that of Columbus, to which, his, is in one sense, supplementary, inasmuch as it completed what the great Genoese passed his life in seeking.

He found the long desired communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in the latter of which he opened the broadest of all fields of observation and discovery, which, it may be remarked, even at this distance of time, has not been exhausted —settled the southern extent of the American continent, and determined the size and configuration of the globe; while his territorial discoveries, though wealthy, fertile, and extensive, rank least in importance among all his numerous services to mankind.

No honors worth the name have ever been paid to his memory; on the contrary, the historians of that land which gave him birth have labored assiduously to heap upon it obloquy and shame; no emoluments were ever conferred upon his heirs, who sought in another land that refuge from penury and want, that was withheld by the nation whose wealth and sway he had so much enlarged; not even a public recognition of his merits was ever accorded by his ungrateful prince, who bestowed such distinctions upon another; and far away from the haunts of civilized men, his lonely dust reposes! Ah, well! What matter?

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

BY J. NEWTON WILSON.

VIII.

(Concluded.)

FOR an hour at a time my arms would be held by these scar-faced negroes. Sometimes I thought they must be imps of the devil, sent to drag me to the burning lake. A white "lady" acted as my nurse, but she ordered others to perform the duties that devolved on her. She would sit day after day in an easy chair, dressed in a rich black silk, with a heavy gold chain dangling from her "snowy" neck. She was of middle age, quite fleshy, with shoulders always bare. One night a centipede crawled along the ceiling of the room, and dropped on her back, stinging her severely. It slipped down her shoulders beneath her dress, causing her to tumble awkwardly about the floor, capsizing chairs and raising quite a dust. Massa Captain boldly grasped his pocket knife, and quickly cut open her "silk robe," whereupon he slew the dangerous intruder. She declared that Massa Captain was her preserver, and shed tears of gratitude. I was delighted to see her lazy old bones jump around on this occasion. A centipede is an excellent cure for sluggards. A newspaper in Nassau, called the *Nassau Guardian*, published, while I lay ill, something as follows: "We are sorry to have to announce the death of young Johnny, son of Massa Captain. He died of yellow fever last night." It appears that a young fellow named Wilson had expired the night I was taken so low, and having been a resident of my street, the report circulated that it was I, and a New York paper copied the item. My recovery was slow and tedious. At last I was removed on board the steamship *Corsica*. I could barely walk. A large number of ghastly-looooking passengers occupied her decks. The captain refused to receive many other miserable invalids on board. The amount of medicines I had swallowed during my illness was enormous. I moved about with the help of two canes, and my weight was ninety pounds. My eyes were bloodshot and of a dark yellowish hue. My steps were rickety, and altogether I was but a living skeleton. I had cheated Potter's field. I was saved to tell of the thousands that

had found a freehold, in the shady burial places of this tropic Isle. My passage cost me $45 gold. We steamed pleasantly away from this region of death, and on the morning of the fifth day of our voyage, sighted the highlands of New York. We were soon at anchor off Staten Island, and here the ship was quarantined, but the passengers were allowed to land. I have visited a great many portions of this busy little globe, and I cannot call to mind more charming and picturesque scenery, than that in the vicinity of Staten Island, and the entrance to the beautiful Hudson. Many times when a boy, I have arrived from foreign lands, and anchored at the very spot, and curiously enough, it always happened to be in the spring time. How my youthful eyes feasted on the green hills of New Jersey, and delightful landscapes of Long Island. How joyously I gazed over the grand harbor. Fleets of great ships, yachts, screeching tugs, immense ferry steamers and countless small boats floated merrily around.

I shall now pass over a period of two months, which time I spent in resuscitation. At noon on a bright day in golden October, I walked down a pier at Jersey City, and again boarded the *Corsica*. My weight—that a little over two months before had been ninety pounds—was now one hundred and thirty. My eyes were no longer bloodshot. My step was no longer rickety, but firm and vigorous. I no longer required two canes. A half of one was all I carried. I was full of life again, and ready for business, fun, or anything. We steamed gaily out of the dock, while the crowd on shore gave us three hearty cheers. On the third day of our passage, we were boarded by the U. S. steamship *Vanderbilt*. Many of our passengers were Southerners, who had just been liberated from Yankee prisons. A lieutenant of the *Vanderbilt* examined our ship's papers, and returned to his barge, after having received a small shower of tobacco quids, tossed at him by the ungentlemanly rebels as he passed down the side ladder. We arrived at Nassau after a passage of five days.

> "They are not here, the old familiar faces;
> They are not here, the friends I loved of yore;
> The world forgets them mostly, and the places
> That knew them once, will know them nevermore."

Business had again assumed a lively appearance. At nearly every office and store were to be seen a staff of new clerks—strange faces. So many of my old friends and acquaintances had died

during my absence, that my heart was filled with sorrow. Strongfellow had weathered the storm, but his powerful frame had received a severe shock. He was gradually recovering when I arrived; that is, he could walk slowly about the streets. During his convalescence, a tall "two-fisted" South Carolina captain cast insulting slurs on the British flag. It was done in the presence of Strongfellow. Weak and emaciated as was my friend, he remembered the land of his birth and the flag that flew over it, whereupon he thrashed the fellow so soundly that the vanquished foe declared that some horse must have kicked him, for Strongfellow (when full of vigor) could deal a blow that would knock down a mule. On this occasion he had upset a jackass for braying too loudly.

Business, like the sunshine after a heavy shower, came forth in golden splendour. Naught but numerous graves remained to remind us of what had taken place but a few months previously. Everything around us, on land and water, was in a rushing hurry. The winter passed away as one sunny month. Running the blockade was becoming exceedingly precarious. The Yankees had succeeded at last in forming an efficient blockade from north to south of the Rebel States. Steamships were being captured and destroyed by dozens. The glories of Nassau were departing forever. A steamship moved into the harbor one day with colors flying at half-mast. She brought the intelligence that Fort Fisher had fallen. The wharves were covered with people, sad, heart-broken people. They felt this hour that their beloved South was subdued. Their homes would be, they knew not where. This steamer was about the last one that arrived at Nassau from the South. Altogether there were engaged in running the blockade from Nassau, about one hundred steamers. They were mostly Clyde-built boats, and I shall give their names as it may not be amiss, viz.:

Antonica, Margaret and Jessie, Arabia, Ella and Annie, Charleston, Spunky, Hebe, Kate No. 1, Kate No. 2, Spaulding, Ruby No. 1, Racoon, Gladiator, Jupiter, Nicholas, T. G. Watson, Alice, Fanny, Little Scotia, Anvie, Druid, Mars, Rothesay Castle, Greyhound, Great Republic, General Whiting, General Beauregard, Stonewall Jackson, Syria, Virginia, City of Richmond, Banshee No. 1, Banshee No. 2, Tristram Shandy, Will o' the Wisp, Secret, Dream, Susan Bernie, Ella, Caroline, Wild Rover,

Badger, *Fox*, *Lucy*, *Chicora*, *Let Her Rip*, *Let Her B*, *Hope*, *Agnes E. Fry*, *Falcon*, *Flamingo*, *Tamagan*, *Ruby No. 2*, *General Clinch*, *Moultrie*, *Owl*, *Deer*, *Tallahassee*, *Mary*, *Alexandra*, *Florida*, *Emily*, *Kenilworth*, *Marmion*, *Edith*, *Duron*, *Eugenia*, *Kate Gregg*, *Old Dominion*, *Star*, *Vulture*, *Georgianna McCaw*, *Wild Dayrall*, *Dispatch*, *Eclipse*, *Ella Warla*, *Elizabeth No. 1*, *Elizabeth No. 2*, *Rose*, *Alliance*, *Colonel Lamb*, *Gem*, *Night Hawk*, *Bendigo*, *Danbigh*, *Hansa*, *Flora*, *Flore*, *Fanny and Jenny*, *Little Ada*, *Little Hattie*, *Carlo*, *Union*, *Pet*, *Mary and Ella*, *Florence*, *Rattlesnake*, *Vesper*, *Condor* and *Evelyn*. The latter steamship was commanded by Captain Barrow (assumed name). His proper appellation was Burgoyne. It was he who commanded Her Majesty's iron-clad *Captain* that unfortunate night when she suddenly disappeared beneath the ocean. In addition to the above-named steamers, there were almost countless sailing vessels, consisting of schooners and large sail-boats, that kept up a continual blockade-running into North and South Carolina, and more particularly into Florida and Texas. About the first of April, 1865, blockade-running became impracticable. Over forty-four steamships lay in Nassau harbor awaiting orders from their owners in England and elsewhere. Between fourteen and sixteen hundred sailors were thus thrown out of employment. Robberies became of daily occurrence. The Bank was threatened by the mob, and for nights Strongfellow and I slept in our office with revolvers tucked under our pillows. Finally, a riot took place, and the troops were called out, but comparative quiet was restored after some few thrusts of the bayonet had taken place. In due course of time one by one of these ships left for different parts of the world, many going to Halifax. Previous to their departure, each steamer gave a banquet. I attended nearly all of these jollifications, where good songs were sung over "Royal" wine. Sad young men and weeping maidens crowded the piers as some favorite ship would be unmooring, and as she slowly steamed away—dipping her colors—handkerchiefs might be seen fluttering in the breeze. "Good bye old chap" and "God bless you old fellow," were heard everywhere about the city for days, and many warm-hearted and true friends pressed each other's hands, doubtless for the last time on earth.

> "With smiles that might as well be tears,
> So faint, so sad their beaming."

Massa Captain and Strongfellow dissolved partnership. Longfellow and Strongfellow purchased the lease of an Island on the coast of Cuba, and thither they removed for the purpose of carrying on a salt business, as the place contained a very superior salt-pond.

Massa Captain sold out his business to a Scotchman who had married and settled in Nassau. We then took passage in the Brig *Cubareta* bound for Jamaica. On board of this craft we put our large iron safe which was full of gold and silver. I parted with my numerous kind friends in Nassau, and under the protecting wing of my parental guardian bade farewell to New Providence, the Island of chalky streets and green groves.

The morning we left Nassau was breezy and decidedly pleasant. The *Cubareta* was a brigantine of Baltimore build, and had formerly been employed as a slaver. On rounding the lighthouse, we hauled all sheets flat aft, and beat "dead" to windward through Providence Channel by Elenthord Island, and after fourteen tedious days, arrived at Ineagua, the second largest salt Island in the Bahamas. On leaving Nassau we had on deck thirty fine mules, but our passage being long and stormy, they had all died from exhaustion and starvation.

Mathew Town is the "celestial city" of this prairie-like land. Ineagua is so extremely low that a ship may be within a short distance off its shores, and not know the fact, only for the soundings and color of the sea. High banks of coarse salt are stacked about the beach of Mathew Town, and remind the Northerner of the snow-covered hills of his native home in winter. Everything the eye rests upon here is white. The houses are built of white stone. The streets and back yards being covered with refuse salt, are white. The stone fences are white, and the broiling sun casting down his searching glances on this place, compels the foreigner to shade his weary eyes as best he can. After all, everything in Ineagua is not white. It is inhabited seven-eights, by negroes, and they are as black and ugly as any thing of the darkey race in the West Indies. I had much pleasure in spending an evening at the residence of the U. S. Consul. His daughter or some one else's daughter being present, performed very sweetly on the piano, and sung some simple but charming songs. She was white of course, and also young and pretty. Having my old violin along, we played together for an hour or two, and the house became surrounded with blacks of both sexes

from ninety years of age to one week. Most certainly this latter "nigger" was carried in the arms of its sable mother.

Ah well! this is a world of parting and sadness, so I was compelled to tear myself away from Ineagua and its pretty Island belle. At midnight we were bounding grandly over the blue ocean towards Turk's Island passage. We had taken on board a load of salt at Ineagua, and the first morning at sea we sprung a serious leak, and the vessel was only kept from sinking by the most fatiguing work of her crew and passengers. Massa Captain's safe was lashed on deck, forward of the mainmast. It contained about $60,000 in "hard cash." Had the *Cabareta* foundered, this most useful commodity would have been lost, and mayhap our lives, yet I think the ship's boats would have held us well enough. Three days after leaving Ineagua's coral shore we sighted the mountains of Saint Domingo, the tops of which appeared to kiss the skies, and were partly enveloped in mist. The following evening we perceived Morant light on the most eastern extremity of Jamacia. Here we were becalmed until nearly daylight, when we received the refreshing land breezes and gently glided towards Port Royal. On our right, far above the dark clouds, rose the Blue Mountains, at the base of which were plainly to be distinguished, here and there, the negro cabins, environed by Mangrove trees. The ruins of the once grand old plantation mansion would occasionally meet our view. After receiving on board a pilot—a half-clad negro—we stood close in towards the land, and anchored within a pistol-shot of Port Royal. As in all seaports, a Doctor of the quarantine staff boarded us. We were hale and hearty, though some of the sailors had blackened eyes and swollen noses, caused by the captain's fist, that often had "chafed" their physiognomies when they happened to be lounging over the pumps, for the vessel was leaking two thousand strokes to the hour. Sailors dislike pumping. I don't blame them for it.

A mail steamship from New York which arrived simultaneously with us, brought the intelligence of the murder of President Lincoln. We weighed anchor and sailed slowly up to the city of Kingston. I have often remarked that Saint John is the most dilapidated looking city I have ever seen excepting Halifax, but Kingston is worse, much worse than either. It is situated on the north side of a large harbor, on the verge of an alluvial plain, surrounded by great parched mountains. The houses generally are

two stories high with one or more verandahs. Very many of these houses are in an advanced state of decay, and the sidewalks once well paved with bricks, are uneven and in a state of ruin. Massa Captain and I took leave of the *Cabaretta*, and were received on shore by a swarm of ragged negro beggars. In the streets we found the negro policemen killing all the dogs, and the Turkey Buzzards, the Jamacia scavengers, were devouring them. To our delicate gaze the sight was most sickening, but the crowd around seemed delighted. One of them told me "de dogs all mawd, hab the fobia and bite two mawns, and dey gone dead." At Kingston we put up at a large barn-like structure, named Clarendon Hall. The landlady was a mulatto, charges $2 50 per day—fare, cold roast beef, cold potatoes, fried fish, rice and vegetables, plenty of fruit of course, such as oranges, pine-apples, bananas, mangroves, sugar apples, guavas, etc. There are a great many merchant Jews in Kingston. Jamacia has numerous Scotch descendants, but the negro shines brightly in this magnificent world of vast mountains, shady glens, and roaring rivers. It is here the negro is truly at home in his life of happy laziness. The Jamacians, both white and black, are the most hospitable people I ever met. The sunken city of Port Royal, lies a few fathoms under water, a short distance down Kingston harbor. We found that no rain had fallen here for eighteen months. The mountain top, fields, trees and houses looked very thirsty.

During our two weeks stay the thermometer stood at about 110°, sometimes higher, but seldom lower. At this land of sublime scenery, I made the acquantance of a young planter named George W. De La Pahny, and his marked kindness to me on many pleasant occasions, will ever remain green in my memory. For a few days I visited the town of Black River, Jamacia. It lies ninety miles south of Kingston, and a rapid inky river flows past it. The town is inhabited entirely by blacks, though I believe there was one logwood and pimento merchant,—a white man, married to a black woolly-headed wench in the place. Massive stone steps form the public mole, where boats receive and land passengers. A negro told me that a little girl, not long since, had gone down these steps for a pitcher of water, then said he, "de alligator cotch her by de arm and carry her off, and we no see her after dat." Arriving at Kingston again, I found that Massa Captain was obliged to return to Nassau on some new business scheme of his, so with his big

iron chest, he left me. At Nassau he arrived in fifteen days, where he purchased the steamship *Rothsay Castle* and took her to Halifax. I would like to say a few words more about the charming Island of Jamaica, but space and time fail me, I will remark, however, that the blacks are very similar to those of the Bahamas, only not so well formed, and if possible, more sluggish in their habits. The wenches do about all the drudgery, while the males, old and young, sleep under the plantain trees, now and then working a day or two in the week, if they choose. Edward Jordan, Esquire, the Mayor of Kingston gave me a pass to enable me to land at New York, to which place I had purchased a ticket from the steamship *Montezuma*, then lying in the harbor making ready to proceed north to Yankee land. His worship was a light mulatto and an agreeable gentleman. The ticket cost me $60 gold.

My pass ran as follows, viz.:

I, EDWARD JORDAN, Mayor of the City of Kingston, do hereby certify, that on this fifth day of May, A. D. 1865, J. Newton Wilson personally appeared before me, whose description of person, and signature, appear in the margin hereof, and declared that he is about to proceed to the port of New York, for the purpose of going to St. John, N. B., his home. I further certify, that the said J. Newton Wilson is a British subject, and as such entitled to all the aid and protection due and extended to subjects of H. B. Majesty. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of the Corporation of the City of Kingston.

DESCRIPTION.—Age twenty-one years; stature five feet nine inches; forehead moderate; eyes dark; nose prominent; mouth small; chin round; hair dark brown; complexion dark; face round; weight one hundred and thirty-six pounds.

Signed,

EDWARD JORDAN,
Mayor.

This document was stamped with two immense seals, one by the Mayor, and the other by the U. S. Consul,—it cost me $6. After this I sailed away in the *Montezuma*, commanded by Captain Joseph Hanshaw, a jolly Englishman, notorious for his good humor and melodious voice. There were on board numerous passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, many of the latter being English Army Officers. After a passage of nine days, we arrived at New York, and steamed into pier 3, North river. My wanderings now had covered a space of two years and nine months. On a fine, though chilly day in May, I landed at Reed's Point, Saint

John, where several old friends bid me a hearty welcome. Well Reader! if you should doubt what I have written in these Travels, *go and see* for yourself, than write your impressions frankly as I have done. I am out of pocket $2 87 for pens, ink and paper, yet the Editor of the MARITIME MONTHLY declines to "disburse."

THE END.

Scrapiana.

A VISIT TO CLEVEDON, WITH THOUGHTS ON S. T. COLERIDGE, A. H. HALLAM, AND TENNYSON.

BY REV. G. M. W. CAREY, A. M.

IT was a day of cloudless sunshine when I visited Clevedon. The visit was made under the happiest auspices, for I was accompanied by a friend well acquainted with the vicinity and having such information and taste as readily to appreciate the literary associations of the place as well as the beauty of the landscape. Clevedon is in Co. Somerset, about thirteen miles from Bristol, and contains some three thousand inhabitants. It takes its name from the cliff or cleve here ceasing, and a dun or valley intervening and declining to the Bristol Channel. The view is very fine from the top of the cliff, out upon the waters crossed by lines of sunshine like threads of silver, and full of ships from all parts of the world, over to the long range of Welsh hills on the opposite shore, thus forming a fine framework for a lovely picture. The manor is mentioned in Domesday Book as being held under William the Conqueror by Mathew de Moretania or Mortaine, having been previously held by John the Dane under Edward the Confessor. The lordship was a valuable one, and contained an extensive tract of arable and meadow, beside pasture and woodland of nearly two miles square. After the Norman Conquest the possessors of this manor took the name of Clevedon. It remained in this family until 1409, when it came by marriage to Edmund Hogshaw, and passed from him to his sister's husband, John Bluet, who conveyed all his right to Sir Thomas Lovel, whose heiress married Sir Thomas Wake, gentleman of the privy chamber to Edward IV.

Clevedon passed from the family of the Wakes about the reign of Charles I. to John Digby, Earl of Bristol, and from that family it was purchased by Sir Abraham Elton, created a baronet in 1717, from whom the present possessor is descended.

Persons tired of the noise and heat of the city can find coolness and quiet here, and variety in the many pleasant drives about the neighbourhood. The fields and gardens, beautiful houses and churches, the vast and verdant valley dotted with trees, divided by hedgerows, gemmed with villages and towers, and bounded in the distance by the long drawn heights of the Mendip Hills, form, indeed, a goodly landscape, pleasing to the eye, refreshing to the heart, and not easily forgotten. One need not wonder at the number of lodgings for the summer to be found here, for Clevedon is a most desirable place for families to spend the summer, or for any one to enjoy a holiday.

But the literary and poetical associations give the place an additional charm, and crown natural beauty with mental and spiritual grandeur, for the memory of genius gives a presence and a power even to a rude and uncultivated spot, and makes that which is beautiful a thousand times more attractive. "The banks and braes of Bonnie Doon" are invested with new beauty since Robert Burns immortalized them, and the shaded walk by the Cherwell at Oxford bears Addison's name, and has the music of his poetry and prose floating around it. In Clevedon may be seen "Myrtle Cottage," a poor dwelling, yet here lived S. T. Coleridge whose productions have had and still have a wonderful influence. Over the door is this inscription, "Coleridge's Cottage," while dangling from a tree in front is a rude signboard signifying that "eggs and butter are sold here." Singular blending of poetry and prose, of the spiritual and the sensuous. So it was with Coleridge, so it is with us all. In the year 1795 the celebrated man settled here after his marriage to Miss Fricker, sister to Mrs. Southey, wife of the Laureate. In Cottle's early recollections of S. T. Coleridge the following may be found.

"Two days after his marriage I received a letter from Mr. Coleridge, requesting the kindness of me to send him down, with all despatch the following little articles:—

"A riddle slice, a candle box, two ventilators, two glasses for the wash stand, one tin dust pan, one pair of candlesticks, one carpet brush, one flour dredge, three tin extinguishers, two mats,

a pair of slippers, a cheese toaster, two large tin spoons, a Bible, a keg of porter, coffee, raisins, currants, catsup, nutmegs, allspice, cinnamon, rice, ginger and mace."

Coleridge has made that rude poor cottage famous by his description of it in his "Sibylline Leaves."

"Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw
(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)
A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,
Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings; for he paused and look'd
With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around.
Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,
And sigh'd, and said, it was a blessed place.
And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear
Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note
(Viewless or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings), in whispered tones
I've said to my beloved, 'Such, sweet girl!
The inobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd,
And the heart listens!'
But the time, when first
From that low dell, steep up the stony mount
I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top,
Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,
The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;
Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;
And seats, and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire;
The channel there, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean—
It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,
Had built him there a temple: the whole world
Seemed imaged in its vast circumference,
No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.
Blest hour! it was a luxury,—to be!"

Gazing at the cottage, we could not help exclaiming in the words of Charles Lamb, in his delightful essay in Christ's Hospital, London, where he and Coleridge went to school.

"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandula,) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus, (for even in those years thou waxed'st not pale at such philosophic draughts,) or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Gray Friars re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity boy!"

The cottage remains, but the man has gone, not only from Clevedon and the Lake District, in which he spent his later years, but from life—gone to Him who gave the wonderful power of thought and speech by which he drew eager listeners around him, and, Orpheus like, held them in a trance of delight. He is like his own "Ancient Mariner" detaining the Wedding-Guest.

"He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three year's child;
The Mariner hath his will.

"The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner."

Here also is a quaint old church, built in the form of a cross with the tower in the centre and dedicated to St. Andrew, though as early as 1292 it was appropriated to the Abbey of St. Augustine, in Bristol. The building has undergone from time to time considerable repairs, still the strong and low clumsy oak seating in the body of the church evidences its own great antiquity. Parts of the pulpit, reading desk, and Sir Abraham Elton's family seat are of panelled oak richly carved. From east to west the building is one hundred and four feet, and including the porch fifty-six feet in breadth from north to south. It stands at the western extremity of the village on Clevedon Point, at a small distance from the edge of the steep and precipitous cliffs, whose height secures it from the waves, which sometimes beat with terrific violence below, when the wind sets in strong from the west. Arthur Henry Hallam, eldest son of Henry Hallam, historian, philosopher and critic, and subject of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is buried here.

This place was chosen by the father of the deceased for the sake of kindred, being the resting place of his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, also on account of the situation and the view, the hill and the outlook on the Bristol Channel. In the transept of this old church Henry Hallam, his wife, two sons and a daughter lie side by side in their last sleep, "lovely in their lives, in death they are not divided."

The "In Memoriam," sacred to "That friend of mine who lives in God" has given prominence and tender interest to the tomb of A. H. Hallam, on which is the following inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY OF

Arthur Henry Hallam,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, B. A.,
ELDEST SON OF HENRY HALLAM, ESQ.,
AND OF JULIA MARIA HIS WIFE,
DAUGHTER OF SIR ABRAHAM ELTON, BART.
OF CLEVEDON COURT,

WHO WAS SNATCHED AWAY BY SUDDEN DEATH AT VIENNA ON SEPT. 15, 1833, IN THE 23RD YEAR OF HIS AGE.

And now in this obscure and solitary church repose the mortal remains of one too early lost for public fame, but already conspicuous among his contemporaries for the brightness of his genius, the depth of his understanding, the nobleness of his disposition, the fervor of his piety and the purity of his life.

Vale dulcissime vale dilectissime desideratissime Requiescas in pace.

Pater ac Mater hic post hac requiescamus tecum usque ad tubam.

The ship that bears the dear dead body to its narrow bed is thus addressed:

"Thou comest, much wept for; such a breeze
Compelled thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move
Through circles of the bounding sky;
Week after week: the days go by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou mayst roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home."

The Burial place is beautifully and correctly described in these sad and musical verses:

"The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hushed nor moved along;
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When, filled with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

'Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land."

Coming out of the church and standing on the cliff looking down at the "gray stones," the "crags," and the sea with its "stately ships," one could readily recognize the scene of Tennyson's touching lines so closely allied to the "In Memoriam" as almost to form part of it:

"Break, break, break,
On the cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

In these lines the springs of tenderness and the sources of tears are reached. Here we have otto of roses, precious essence, distilled from the flowers of affection—heart's blood, the very soul as it were, going forth in the exclamation:

"O for the touch of a vanished hand!"

The In Memoriam is a wonderful production, demanding and richly repaying thought and study and frequent reading. One is not fit to say much about it until he has read it a score of times. In it elegy and eulogy, philosophy and poetry, faith and feeling, spirit and sense, sadness and sweetness are combined. "Our little systems are but broken lights"—"the Lord, Strong Son of God, Immortal Love" is more than they and the roots of faith can anchor in the rifted rock. The poet's "prime passion is in the grave" for "God's finger touched his friend in Vienna and he slept," but

"The circle round the blessed gate
Received and gave him welcome there."

And the dead shall rise again. Jesus raised Lazarus from the grave. Mary's heart was too full for utterance. Language was too weak. Heart-throbs and tears and looks of tenderest and purest love were more expressive than mere sounds. Mary's eyes became in very deed the windows of her soul and her spirit looked out to Him whose word was spirit and life, bringing her dead brother up from the grasp of the grave. And touching this the poet says

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
No other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

All subtle thought, all curious fears
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet,
With costly spikenard and with tears."

The darkness of death becomes beautiful in the hope of the future, the blessed compensation, the resurrection of the just, the restitution of all things. "Voiceless lips" shall open and speak. "Tender eyes in dark eclipse" shall beam with the light of eternal life and beauty, and "pulseless hearts" shall beat to the songs and gladness of Paradise.

But the space of a brief article will not admit of all that might be said on the "In Memoriam." It should be read in connection with Gray's Elegy and David's lament over Jonathan. Clevedon is the place to read the poem, the one illustrates the other. How vivid it became, and how new, as though written on the spot. Many passages came to my lips as I mused in the church, walked out on the cliff, looked on the "cold gray stones," out upon the waters, and across on the grand sweep of the hills on the opposite shore.

But the pleasant day soon passed, twilight was setting in, night, with its solemn stars, was approaching, as the shadows of life steal upon its sunshine. My friend and I hastened to the city, and talked by the way of Clevedon, Coleridge, Hallam and Tennyson.

A CELESTIAL LEGEND.

THE JUDGMENT OF KOON-FU-TSZE.*

I sing of Law that's rational; the bulwark of the Right;
The great Palladium national; to us our shining light
Of balanced scale and verdict meet, as nation ever saw;
Where Wisdom on the Judgment seat propounds the end of Law.

In Nanking's proud Imperial walls; (extol them, hosts above,
Spread thro' those blest Celestial halls the breath of Truth and Love;)
A General Postman, sure and brief, after a well-spent life,
Died; leaving drowned in pious grief, two children and a wife.

The final mournful Ritual o'er, they counted the estate,
And humbly prayed the good Che-hsien,† he would administrate.

The good Che-hsien had pondered much; the Lawyers had been heard;
The widow should receive *the half;* the elder son *a third;*—
A *ninth* the younger's portion was; and then, should aught remain,
That for his trouble, as a fee, should take the good Che-hsien.

All the effects were—Tartar steeds; in number, seventeen;
And how these to divide aright, puzzled the good Che-hsien.
The interested parties, too, grumbled, and made a row;
No steed, they swore, should be sold off—but—*to divide them*—HOW?

That way came The philosopher, the glorious KOON-FU-TSZE;
The Che-hsien said: "I drop the case; Master, do Thou decree!"

The Sage spread out his legal robe, shaking his learnéd wig,
Paused—shifting his judicial chair, with looks of Wisdom big;—
And said: "Soh, I administrate—but tell me not of fees,
I have my magisterial pay, and nought will take from these."

---

* Confucius. † Magistrate of superior rank.

"Moreover,"—here the litigants raised an applausive shout—
(The Constable cried: "Silence there," and kicked a sailor out:)
"Moreover, to facilitate of legal claims the course,
To aid decision just and prompt, *I give another horse;*
And thus"—but here the legal men raised an *astonished* shout—
(The Constable, indignant, kicked *another* sailor out:)
"Behold now! *Eighteen* steeds there be! Here, Widow, take thy nine;
Elder, thy third, take six for thee; Youngster, two steeds are thine."

All going from the Court extolled the wise and righteous man,
Who had prevented farther strife by such a generous plan.

Koon-fu-tsze cocks his learnéd wig, winking with solemn fun,
And quietly mounts the "gen'rous" gift, he has conferred on—none!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

O peoples alle, who rede ye tale! how blessed ye wolde be,
Were but ye Judges owvere you as wise as Koon-fu-tsze.

Walter Spencer, C. E.

Shanghai, China, March, 1866.

Note.—The half of 17, (the widow's share,) is 8½; the third of 17, (elder son's share,) is 5⅔; and the ninth, (younger's share,) is 1 8-9. But "no steed, they swore, should be sold off;" and, manifestly, it won't do to halve, and third, and ninth the horse-flesh itself. This is where *the* Che-hsien was; till Confucius happens along, and "sees" it. Giving his own animal to the legatees raises the number to 18, and the division is easy: one half being 9, one third 6, and one ninth 2. But, 9 + 6 + 2 = 17! And Confucius don't give his horse away after all! How is that?

Solutions may come in until next month; and if none hit it in that time, until—the Greek kalends. All Judges, of all grades; Chief Justices, Puisne Judges, Judges of (re)Probate(s), ditto Sessions, Circuits, etc., etc., etc., down to a country J. P.: *particularly* invited to emulate Confucius. Judges of horse-flesh not debarred from the competition; but must produce unexceptionable references. No Irish need apply, except such as are Judges also—of ———. Nautes.

ALEXANDER RAE GARVIE.

There are few names in our colonial history more entitled to honorable mention than that of Garvie. Distinguished alike for brilliant talents and a cultured literary taste, the family, of whom the subject of this sketch was the last living representative in these Provinces, cannot soon be forgotten by those accustomed to listen to their eloquence or who have read their brilliant essays—some of these the finest contributions to our colonial literature. To brilliancy of intellect they added those rare social qualities, a warmth of manner and generosity of disposition, which endeared them to a wide and cultivated circle, both in this Province and Nova Scotia. Cut down in early manhood, each in the midst of an honorable career; it scarcely seems possible to realize that we shall

hear their voices no more,—that the lips, on whose utterances many delighted to dwell, are still in death.

There are some lives that we love to keep in remembrance, on whose words we love to muse, to recall the tones of voice, to treasure up the many beautiful and ennobling sentiments that welled from cultivated minds and warm hearts. There is an influence in such lives that goes with us for good, and sheds a brightness on our pathway through life. Such a life was Alexander Rae Garvie's. To know him was to feel that his was one of those beautiful natures which through all the varied phases of existence still preserves a simplicity and purity that time, nor sorrow, nor care can ever efface. His generous nature sympathized with distress wherever he found it; he was ever ready to comfort the needy and cheer the broken in spirit, though at times his own head was bowed down with affliction. Always seeing some blessing in disguise in the dispensations of Providence, he had a deep and abiding trust in his Maker. An ardent lover of nature, he was a constant admirer and profound student of the beauties of earth. From the resources of a well-stored mind he was always surprising you with the wealth of knowledge he possessed, clothing commonplace subjects with a beauty of language that delighted every listener. By those with whom he was brought in personal contact he will never be forgotten. The mournful cadences of his voice commanded involuntary attention and impressed the listener. To recall his words, to ponder them over and over; in imagination to recall the outlines of his countenance, lighted with an enthusiasm, is as if we went into some quiet nook of the library and taking down our most favored author, dwelt on passages marked and remarked, culling fresh thoughts and receiving new inspiration and guidance.

"My highest ambition," he often said to the writer, "is to utter some word, to pen some thought, that will live after me, and that may prove a blessing to some wayfarer in life." Those who have read Mr. Garvie's writings, have marked the deep earnest feeling that pervades them. Those he addressed from the pulpit, the platform, or in the private circle, in earnest and touching words, throwing force and pathos into his discourse, will easily see that this thought animated him at all times. In common with many others, I cherish the hope that ere long the writings of Mr. Garvie, many of which have not yet been published, may be given to the public. They evince a striking originality on the part

of their author, and the careful result of his numerous researches in the field of literature. And above all there is not a line in his writings but breathes the warm and generous impulses which were the characteristics of his nature,—a nature finely organized, and sensitive and alive to all the generous feelings which adorn our humanity. Loving to dwell on the beatitudes, his eloquent tongue spoke many a word of comfort to sorrowing hearts, and not an erring one but received impressions for good from his pleading lips now mute in death. To all who have heard his sermons so touchingly portraying Christ's ineffable love and mercy, his writings will recall the touching pathos and his almost magic tenderness of voice. His mournful tones like the sad refrain of melancholy music, will not soon be forgotton by those accustomed to listen to him from the pulpit and on the platform. The many afflictions he had suffered from seeing loved ones stricken down by the hand of death and the presentiment that he himself would fall an early victim to the blighting touch that had fallen so heavily on his family, seemed to haunt him, and tinged his writings with a deep melancholy. Four brothers to whom he was devotedly attached were stricken down in the prime of manhood. It was his delight to recall the pleasing associations that bound him to those, not merely joined in fraternal ties, but by love, sympathy and a similarity of tastes that is not often met with even among the members of a family. To all who knew the many generous qualities of his brothers, it was not to be wondered at that he referred to them in terms of mingled pride and sorrow.

He lost a dear child at Windsor, and to her and his brothers his thoughts often reverted, and their loss probably suggested that exquisite and tender "Revery" in Chatham Church-yard. In this he seems to have a prophetic knowledge of his untimely end which haunted him and caused a keen anxiety to his loving partner. In one of his earliest sermons in Windsor, he pictured a person suffering from heart disease, realizing no doubt that the beatings of his own might be stopped at any moment, without time to say good-bye to his loved ones. How sadly this prophecy has been fulfilled is known to all the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY. But in the same sermon he spoke of that person, who, though knowing the frail tenure he had of life, and with this knowledge ever present to him, yet as cheerfully and manfully fulfilled life's duties as one assured of length of days. Those who have seen Mr. Garvie in

the midst of his own family circle and have noticed his cheerful disposition and the happiness which he diffused around him, realize how faithfully he practised the precepts which he inculcated.

It was not my intention to write a biographical sketch of Mr. Garvie, even though I had the materials at hand. His life was an eventful one in many respects. Though visited with many afflictions, his hopeful, sanguine temperament was always looking on the bright side of life, and the delights he experienced in meditation and the study of nature with the surroundings of his quiet home, were unfailing sources of happiness.

Spending most of his boyish life in Scotland and among the most beautiful scenes of that romantic country, in a region bristling with historic reminiscences, it is not to be wondered at that even at an early age we find his imagination inspired with a lofty reverence for the grand and beautiful in nature, and his mind nourished with the rich historic lore of Scotia. At five years of age, he tells us that the grand problem of creation would arouse his curiosity, and lead him to reflect till his brain, wearied with the futile task, and burning with the unwonted strain, refused to pursue the investigation further, and he could only gain relief by rushing to the stream near at hand and cooling his aching brow in its grateful waters. His vivid imagination was directed aright by the care of his parents and by his elder brothers, and his quick and retentive memory made his mind a storehouse of valuable information gained by observation and reading. He delighted to travel, to visit scenes round which cluster reminiscences of other days. Of his trip to the Continent some years ago, with his mother and brother, he preserved minute recollections, and his impressions of those places visited were detailed in his writings and discourses with a brilliancy and vividness that few travellers acquire. His education begun in Scotland, had been finished at Dalhousie College, Halifax. While minister of the Presbyterian Church at Windsor and also at Chatham, he earned a high reputation as a pulpit orator. His sermons were always models of simple eloquence and unaffected piety, and as such were effective to all classes of hearers.

By all who have come in contact with him, Mr. Garvie will be remembered for his kindly and refined nature, his generous impulses and his warm and affectionate disposition, and I trust that ere long the essays and poems which from time to time came

from his pen, will be collected and published; when that is done the many friends that delighted to listen to his earnest tones while living will treasure up the words of the dead author, and his fondest wish will be gratified—that his words may have an influence after his death. H.

ANTARCTIC REMINISCENCES.

I.

Oh don't you remember that glorious gale,
O'er the wide southern waters, out-bulging each sail—
And don't you remember the broad rolling sea,
That hurled us along in uproarious glee?

II.

Oh don't you remember while doubling the cape—
Vast vapors uprearing portentous of shape—
The torrents—the lightnings—the steep-climbing sea
Storm count'ring L'Agulhas,* forth flowing so free?

III.

The wide-wheeling water-spout trampling the main—
The white-gleaming icebergs' long undulous train,
With a crescented stealth in its north-ploughing tip—
Ha! but clear broke the moonlight, and fleet sprang the ship!

IV.

How it rent th' black cloud-pall, that burst o' the gale!
How the on-lifting rollers boomed over each rail!
How bow'd each tough top-mast! how deep and how loud
Sang each vibrating backstay and shrilly-key'd shroud!

V.

Ha! th' roar of roused Ocean—the shriek o' the' blast—
Long crashing of thunder—keen creak o' the mast—
Th' driven-rain-rattle—th' thud o' the sea—
Lion voice o' the deck-trump—rare music had we!

VI.

Staunch stood the good canvass, though fiercer the strain,
As she luff'd to th' helm borne leeward amain—
And loud cheered the sailors the danger to see
Bearing fast 'neath th' stern, that had ambushed our lee.
* * * * * * * * *

VII.

How soft the young dawning came—rosy, not pale,
Though it peer'd o'er the nimbus piled high by the gale—
How danced th' sweet light o'er the marching array
Of old Ocean's battalions, white plum'd for the fray!

* The vast L'Agulhas current is the Gulf-Stream of the South African coast. It pours out of the Indian Ocean into the Atlantic, at a rate of, sometimes, ninety miles daily.

VIII

How the Albatross, lord of both tempest and sea,
On far-shading pinions scaled up from a-lee;
His great eyes in wonderment gleam'd—saying plain
"Who are you that intrude on my Austral Domain?"

IX.

How the Cape-pigeon followed—preceding the sun,
Sweet herald! proclaiming the tempest was done;
As the dove of old Noah the olive-spray bore;
Showed the waters subsiding would vex us no more. NAUTES.

HUNTER DUVAR'S IDYL.

IN this poem, a pair of young lovers go out to search for the "common objects" of the woods and fields,

"And read the book of Nature—never read,
Because without a finis"—

he with a painted tin box strapped on his shoulder, she carrying a slight basket wrought with dyed porcupine quills by some dusky Huron maid. Then follow a series of lovely little vignette pictures, full of delicate observation and playful fancy, and with those touches of local scenery and circumstance which make them distinctively Canadian. The squirrels making themselves merry with forbidden fruit, the busy woodpecker boring his holes in the beechen tree, the boozy hornets sucking up the wine from the flasks of the melilotus, the yellow lichen with red coral tops on the old pine stump, are all pictured in this charming Idyl, with many others of Nature's tiny wildings; all these common objects the lovers ought to have seen, but not one of them did they see. Through the long summer day they wandered hand in hand,

"Till daylight darkened in their deepening eyes,"

and as they passed along the leafy walks, the linnet mocking sang

"Oh, love, sweet love, that makes the bright eyes blind!"

Duvar is about to publish by subscription a poem entitled "John a' Var, Gentilhomme and Troubadour, his Lais." Specimen pages are given in the *Maritime Monthly*, giving a fascinating view of its contents, and showing that it is to be got up in the daintiest of styles. We are sure all who love poetry will wish to possess it, and this they may do by sending the very moderate subscription price of one dollar to Mr. Spencer, the editor of the *Maritime Monthly.—London Advertiser.*

We trust our readers will not wait to be called upon personally for their subscriptions, but will send them in at once. One or two hundred names are now required to insure the publication of the volume early in December.

THE ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY OF FAVORITE SONG.

Rev. J. G. Holland has edited with most loving care and Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have published in exquisite form, The Illustrated Library of Poetry and Song, based upon Folk Songs, and comprising Songs of the Heart, Songs of Home, Songs of Life and Songs of Nature. While Mr. Holland has not aimed at reproducing the most finished specimens of verse, he has collected together those which have an universal application—which cling to one's memory and are the embodiment in language of the unworded thoughts of millions who never fancy that poetry has any place in their souls. In his selections Mr. Holland covers a wide area. Marlowe, Herrick, Waller, Herbert, Raleigh, Congreve, Lovelace and Leyden contribute their share—while almost every poet of later date who has made a mark on the world's heart, is represented. The volume contains many poems by comparatively obscure authors, which in themselves are worth the price of the book and which it would be difficult to possess in any other form. Among such we may mention Ralph Hoyt's exquisite verses, "By the wayside on a mossy stone," Florence McCarthy's "Oh, my heart is weary waiting," Brainard's "Epithalamium," R. H. Wilde's "My life is like the Summer Rose," and Geo. Arnold's "Jolly Old Pedagogue."

But it were vain to attempt to specify a tithe of the rare poetical beauties which are here enshrined. Mechanically, the book is a treasure. The paper, type, and illustrations (which are very numerous) are on a plane with its literary merits.

Mr. M. McLeod will receive subscriptions for the work, and we believe the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY will thank us for calling attention to it and pointing out the source from which it may be obtained.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. IV. NOVEMBER, 1874. No. 5.

THE VALLEY AND RIVER PLATTE.

BY GEO. J. FORBES, KOUCHIBOUGUAC, N. B.

No. V.

(Dis) advantages of a written character—The "grave" as a place of amusement—Where the Missionaries (don't) go.

THERE is something about a written character which at once commends it to universal favor. There is no beating about the bush in its assertions: its directness fairly reaches the senses of the most obtuse or incredulous. When it says that John Smith has built up for himself a character for integrity as unblemished as that of any of the patriarchs, it evidently means it; though, probably, the man who wrote it did not mean any such thing, and when it says that the same party excels all others in his vocation, it may mean all this or anything else down to mediocrity. If it says J. S. is an arrant rogue and scoundrel, it is generally taken at its word; but if the aforesaid gentleman can read it, it is not likely to do him much harm. We like to see a man present one of these documents. We have a criterion of our own by which to go in estimating the truth of the assertions contained therein, though, be it understood, we do not by any means attempt to say that such a thing is altogether unreliable and useless. The man who comes up to us with an air of irresistible self-importance, who gazes at us with an air intensely patronizing, and a benignity which is calculated to make us feel our inferiority, and then presents to us a paper containing a list of his manifold virtues, at the same time soliciting our good offices, we at once put down as considerably

over-estimated. On the other hand, the one who is quiet and diffident, who seems to feel within himself that the writer of the paper has greatly over-estimated his good qualities, has in fact given him a character much better than he has deserved, will generally be found to exceed anything which may be written of him. These things were brought to mind by the frequency with which these papers were presented to our notice by the red man. He had in some way found out the advantage of a written character, if that character was good. We suppose, in the first instance, that some trader or traveller, wishing to benefit an Indian whom he had found to be trustworthy and accommodating, had, by way of recompense, given him a written character. The red brethren were quick to see the advantages conferred on the possessors of these mysterious papers, who were greatly envied. Every possible means were used to secure that, which on presentation to the traveller, never failed to secure a quantity of flour, bacon and tobacco, according to his means. All who kept a journal, and their names was legion, were pertinaciously pestered with gutturals, signs and bad English for this, the most desirable of Indian worldly goods. Under these circumstances, it is not in the least surprising that the issue of this kind of paper was enormous, and the depreciation greater than was suffered by Uncle Sam's greenbacks during the most gloomy period of the rebellion. Evidently the issue of a paper currency was something new to the "noble red man." He could not understand why the paper failed to bring forth the quantity of provisions that it used to. Travellers were certainly as plentiful as ever; they were, in fact, more so, and the papers in many cases much larger. How then did it come that the white brother had grown so contracted in his views in regard to quantity? It never for once entered the savage comprehension that to give daily to the possessors of from twenty or more papers, a magazine would soon be emptied, to say nothing of a prairie wagon. Some of these papers do not give to the owner the character which he, in his ignorance, supposes. We remember of having one presented to us by a big fellow with a chest like a working ox. The look of ineffable satisfaction with which it was presented was supremely ridiculous when contrasted with the contents of this rather novel written character. It ran something like the following:

The Bearer of this paper—Wah-he-hum—is the biggest murderer, thief and scoundrel out of hell, and the most notorious liar west of the Missouri, so don't believe a word he says ISAAC LANGSHANKS.

It is plain to be seen by the above that Mr. Langshanks was something of a wag, for the last caution was simply unnecessary when the Indian could not speak a solitary word of English. He does not even condescend to tell us how he found out the savage's utter disregard of the great staple—truth. The probability appears to be that the savage would have a character whether Langshanks was willing or not, and the latter being thus forced, revenged himself in the diabolical manner which we have shown. Truly the punishment far exceeded the offence. We gazed at the Indian and from him to the paper, while he indicated by many signs that it was all true. We pitied the unfortunate wretch in being thus voluntarily tied (we know of no other expression which will suit) to something which was daily sinking him in the estimation of his brethren, and forcing him to an amount of exercise which was altogether foreign to his nature. Perseverance will accomplish much, so says the old proverb, but in this case anything which might be accomplished, would be just the reverse to what was anticipated. It is wonderful what hardship and toil the red brother will endure, if by it he can secure necessaries or luxuries without pay. The same amount of bodily strength and vitality expended in the chase would furnish him a quantity of furs that would far exceed anything which he can procure in this way. It, however, seems to be a kind of life peculiarly suited to his wild nature. He can indulge his rambling propensities to the utmost, and edibles are in this way secured, the bare thoughts of which set the savage palate and all its attendant machinery in violent motion. In one sense this can hardly be called by the harsh name of begging. He is simply levying contributions on those who pass through his possessions, scaring his game from their usual haunts, to say nothing of what they destroy. For the same offence he often visits on the offender the extreme penalty of the law, and why, then, should the white brother grudge a trifle from the store, which seems to be all but inexhaustible. If he proves penurious and mean, he must only take the consequences. The through emigrant, or the miner, whose destination is the Rocky Mountains, soon get tired of looking at these papers, and still more tired of the big-boned, lazy hulk who stands behind it, and does not seem as if he would take no for an answer. As soon as the novelty connected with these curiosities of composition begins to wear off, the signs and gutturals unvaried from day to day, and the beggar

as pertinacious as ever, then the white brother "begin angry." Instead of provisions and tobacco, he receives only sour looks and abusive language, it being about as well that the latter is lost on him. Should he not feel disposed to "take himself off," he is most likely kicked and cuffed from the vicinity of the camping ground, exhibiting in the meantime the most stoical indifference, which, we may safely say, is assumed. This may be borne for a time, provided Uncle Sam's agents in the vicinity are tolerably liberal in the matter of grub, blankets and general supplies; but should this fail or slacken, then the well-beaten "war-path" is travelled over again, and the defenceless settler and ill-armed emigrant ruthlessly murdered. It matters not that game is both abundant and fleshy—the result is the same. These supplies are not taken as an act of bounty, or anything of that kind, thus leaving the Indian in the position of a licensed pauper, and, consequently, destroying any independence of spirit which he may have possessed. We now gladly turn to something else.

In these days when there is so much talk about cremation, and so much trouble and uneasiness as to how the dead shall be disposed of, it may be well to glance at the Sioux and Cheyenne manner of finding a final resting place for their defunct friends. It has none of the lonesome and repulsive features of our barbarous and unrefined mode of sepulture. We really ought to feel ashamed of having allowed the red brother to travel, in this respect, so far in advance of us. The red brothers' grave-yard at first puzzled us considerably. On gazing upward at the limbs of a large and spreading tree, we were completely puzzled to account for the capricious manner in which they seemed to enlarge and diminish, and the facility with which an enlargement, apparently foreign, was localized in this peculiar region. We, wishing to get all the information possible, make enquiries in regard to them. We are coolly told that this tree, like many more of the same species, is used as a place of rest for the dead brother, a kind of intermediate station between this earth and the happy hunting grounds. There is nothing like travelling for information. We ascend the tree and have our reward. There are no less than four of them occupying this one tree. The defunct brother is securely wrapped in buckskin, laid on his back and well fastened to the limb or trunk, as the case may be. That his line of vision may be as extensive as possible, he is laid on his back, this position affording enlarged

views with little effort. Of course the face is covered, the vultures and other birds of prey not having that respect for the dead which we would naturally suppose a long acquaintance and a sameness, as regards the manner of living, would inspire. Any one would naturally suppose that a fold or two of this buckskin would effectually prevent a use of the eyes; but in this case we are informed that, according to Indian opinion, it does not. We notice many things—articles of utility and amusement—lying around and by the dead, which we, in our ignorance, would suppose of very little use to them. An inventory of the effects of one of these gentlemen figured up as follows:—One smoking pipe, of a capacity that would cause us great uneasiness, if asked by the owner for a pipeful of tobacco. This pipe was elaborately ornamented by the addition of scenes and hieroglyphics which would take a Daniel of no mean capacity to decipher. We suppose that a proper respect for the dead, and a consideration of the loneliness and helplessness of this gentleman, ought to have caused us to bestow at least a pipeful of tobacco on him. We did not use the article, consequently we did not have it. To be sure, we could have procured it on much better terms than the dead, and would have done so if we could have had the pleasure of seeing him use it. This, we are told, we cannot do; but that he does use it there can be no doubt, else how can we account for its disappearance. It is a well-known fact that, with solitary and very rare exceptions, none of the birds of the air, nor beasts of the field or forest, can be induced to use or cultivate a fondness for this much-coveted luxury. We have heard of a sheep, the father of a large family, who chewed tobacco and scattered its filth around with a gusto that was almost human; but this case is by no means so well authenticated as we could desire. We think, then, that we have satisfactorily established the fact, irrespective of the affirmation of the red brethren, that the defunct Indian does make use of the tobacco which his loving friends, at great cost and sacrifice, provide for him; indeed, he would be an ungrateful wretch if he did not. Either he does, or some of the living steal it from him; but this latter theory we at once discard, as, from our experience among the Indians, and their proverbial honesty, we know they would not take anything which they did not need, or which they imagined they did not. We next notice bows and arrows, than which nothing could be more appropriate. These he is

supposed to use with as good effect as when hunting in the flesh, a fact which speaks well for the vigor of the inhabitants of the spirit land. Some families, with a self-sacrifice which was truly commendable, allowed the spiritual Indian the use of a rifle, but of this he was in some way unaccountably careless. Unlike the tobacco, he could neither smoke, chew nor swallow it. How then did it come to pass that nothing less than a rifle a fortnight or thereabouts would do him. Evidently, the rifle was too heavy to carry after a long and fatiguing chase, or else the spiritual Indian, in opposition to the fleshy one, exhibited a decided preference for the national weapon. Some of these rifles had actually been found many miles away from the resting-place of the dead, where the spirit had thrown them down—by so doing losing his right to the property, which passed to the finder. It is worthy of remark, that the bow and arrows—the weapon which was given directly by the Great Spirit to the Indian—was never used in this contemptuous manner. Our attention is next directed to a pack of cards, which occupy a conspicuous place, and are, whenever they can be procured, an important auxiliary to Indian amusement. They are well thumbed from constant use. It cannot be that he plays a lone game. In the first place, it would be selfish not to invite his fellows, who have not the good fortune to possess these fascinating books; and in the second, playing cards alone is rather poor amusement, should the game even be an Indian one. There is something peculiar about any game which we have seen played by the red brethren. We have sat by for hours studying the game to see wherein its strong points lay, and have given it up in despair. It seemed as if, till played, all the cards were on an equality. An indefinite number were dealt out, and these were played in a manner that, if seen by him, would set Hoyle to revising his work. All the cards seemed to be trumps, and the man who played last seemed, in some mysterious way, to have the best of it. Beside the cards, we see many articles of ornament, such as beads and rings, some knives, and several strings of jerked beef—this latter picked and frayed by the birds. It might be supposed that bodies thus disposed of would speedily become offensive, but such is not the case. Like the jerked meat on which he lives, the body speedily dries up, and thus it remains for years. We have seen, where trees are not available, a kind of a platform, much after the pattern of a fish-flake, and six by eight feet, erected for

the accommodation of the defunct gentleman. This seemed to answer every purpose, only the important element of company and sociality was wanting—no mean one we should suppose, viewed from an Indian stand-point. The Indian belief in this respect is much more cheering than that of the generality of savages. His dead friends are ever before him without appearing to cause him any annoyance from untimely intrusion of body or spirit, nor does the spiritual brother's labors on the hunting-grounds appear to lessen the game or to clash in any way with the rights or prejudices of the living. There is also something beautiful in the care and labor thus bestowed on the dead, who appear not to be considered as dead, but "only gone before." The nature which prompts these kindly offices to the dead is, under proper cultivation, capable of far better things. We may say that only among the Sioux and Cheyennes in Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado have we seen what my friend Mr. O'Dwyer would call "these kind of burying-grounds."

Talking about the dead leads us on quite naturally to speak of missionaries and missionary enterprise. From the tenor of our remarks, some persons may consider that we undervalue this very important branch of Christian economy. Such is far from being the case. All honor to the brave men who risk life and limb, who endure privation such as is hardly dreamed of, and who separate themselves from all the endearing and much-prized associations connected with civilization, that they may serve their Maker and benefit their fellow-man. We only think that the channel of missionary enterprise at present followed is devious, uncertain and misdirected, and that the benefits flowing from it are by no means commensurate with the expenditure of money and the wear and tear of human life. There is something about this conversion of the heathen which always puzzled us. The importance of converting him seemed to increase in a wonderful manner with the distance which he was from any civilized place, and the dangers which surrounded the intrepid proclaimer of the gospel only seemed to act as an additional incentive to martyrdom. We cannot for the life of us see the utility of sending missionaries, at vast cost, to India, China, Formosa, the Fiji Islands and Eromanga, when there is so much to do nearer home. The *heathens* of our great cities are nearly neglected; many isolated settlements in our own land are totally overlooked, while the numerous tribes of Western Indians, who have no prejudices to

break down, and are easily approached, have, in sharing the gospel portion, been left out of the calculations. There is no better field for missionary enterprise than among these Indians—the only drawback being that they are too close to populous centres. It may be urged that, in this case, a dollar would be the means of doing as much good as a pound in the case of more remote regions, and we readily grant that this is so. We may then be asked, why are not these advantages, apparent and real, made available, or, at least, some attempt made to do so? This question, apparently simple and easy, is what we cannot even attempt to answer. It seemed to us like some of the inscrutable ways of Providence—past finding out. We have travelled through the lands of some eight to ten tribes; we have been in many of their villages; we have been in communication with them daily; but, in this instance, the generally ubiquitous missionary has failed to put in an appearance. In all that great western region we even failed to hear of him. We can see no reason for this. The Indian is naturally of a religious turn of mind, without any of the degrading superstitions of the Hindoo or Chinese, or the intense love of human flesh which is characteristic of the inhabitants of many of the Polynesian Islands. The rights of hospitality are rigidly respected by him, and he has also sense enough to see that the safety of those who seek to benefit him in any way must be insured. We are glad to be able candidly to say this much for him. Bearing all the facts which we have stated, in regard to the Indian, in mind, let us now turn to the report of an Eastern Missionary Society which lies before us. We do not give it *verbatim*, but the gist of the tract will average something approaching to what follows:—From a a station which we will call Banglewhaugwhurr, far towards the source of the Irrawady, the "news is most cheering." A school is established, and, after a short residence of seven or eight years, there are actually some five or six native children attending the school at fitful intervals. From some incidental remarks of the good missionary, we can see that it is the calico and rice which is distributed, and not the desire for information, which has been the means of bringing these young heathens within range of his gospel fire, and that, without a judicious withholding of the supplies at the proper time, his benches would speedily become empty. We now come to something which is more satisfactory. An adult convert has been made, who appears to be steadfast in the faith in

a wonderful degree. Even this has its drawbacks. As might be expected, his friends are greatly enraged at his apostacy, and after vainly invoking their ugly gods to slay him, have determined to take the matter in their own hands. This soon produces something tangible. The regenerated disciple of Vishnu has to fly to the missionary for protection, who, as a matter of course, has to clothe and feed him. This, we would consider, is about paying the "full price" for him, unless he is a much better specimen of humanity than the generality of his vitiated and depraved brethren. We have an ugly presentiment concerning this fellow. We consider it to be more than likely that the good missionary is the victim of one who is incurably lazy, and who has taken this means to procure a living without the necessity of labor. One good man has converted a "Sutee" while another has baptized about a dozen lusty fellows, and afterwards finds it the toughest job he ever undertook to make them see the difference between this ceremony and their annual dip in the Ganges. Evidently, this baptism will not count for much. Turning to the Celestial Empire, China, we read how the missionaries shaved their heads, eat paddy, rats and birds' nests, and all but smoked opium. Many thousands of pounds were spent in establishing Missions wherever such was practicable, and much endured in the way of personal violence and insult from the people. The meagreness of the results obtained would astonish any one not conversant with the Chinese character. Quite a number were baptized, with about as much knowledge of the ceremony as the child of six months old, and, if not a lover of water, with probably as much disgust. Many of these, like the sow that was washed, "have returned to their wallowing in the mire," and the balance, mostly represented by the symbol O, live in constant dread of their lives. From our intimate personal knowledge of the natives of the flowery kingdom, we would expect nothing more or less. From the South Sea Islands we read of much good accomplished in the way of reclaiming the savage from his degrading pursuits and, in many instances, his conversion to the true faith—these statements losing much of their force by the relation of the barbarous murder of one of these good men (Mr. Gordon). On the whole, the report is eminently unsatisfactory. The sanguine disposition of these hardworking, uncomplaining men has evidently induced them to show everything in the most favorable light, and yet how meagre the result. One half of the energy, men and

means, would ensure the conversion of these western nomads into staid, respectable and law-abiding citizens, which would be an incalculable advantage to themselves and a boon to the frontier settlers not easily estimated. It is not yet too late. We can see what has been done in the case of our own Indians. Where proper encouragement has been given, and adequate means placed at his disposal, he has, considering his previous life, settled down in a manner that is creditable to him. True, he has a love for certain of his roving habits which induces him to leave his home for a certain portion of the year, and to regard with special favor the time-honored bark camp, with all its attendant freedom of movement. This is, in a manner, creditable to him. The habits and hereditary tendencies of a people cannot be thrown away like an old suit of clothes, and there is something praiseworthy in having a moderate regard to the customs and traditions of our fathers. We might as well expect the wild and untamed colt to draw in harness like a steady and well-trained horse; the young scholar to take unto himself the grave air and steady demeanour of the elderly student; or the newly hatched chicken to hold up its tiny wings, inviting its mother to repose beneath, as for the newly reclaimed savage to regard with favor all the appliances of civilized life. To those interested in missionary labor we would say, look nearer home, and when you have trampled out any vestiges of heathenism and irreligion which may flourish there, then look further. Do not hanker after the conversion of unknown and distant tribes while those who have a positive claim on you are allowed to wander on in darkness and barbarism. Don't send a man to far away lands when his passage-money would keep him a year or more in a station where he might accomplish ten times the amount of good. Don't allow the Indian to continue on in habits which clash with the interests of civilization, and which will ultimately cause his extermination. Without trying all proper means, the sin will certainly lie at our door, and when we consider their numbers, such is not to be contemplated without a shudder. The hardships which the missionary would have to endure is as nothing compared with many eastern lands. He need not assume the savage garb; his communication with his civilized brethren is not entirely cut off; he can have an ample supply of provisions at a moderate cost, and as long as he refrains from meddling with the internal affairs of the community, his life is as

safe as in his own house. Should he aim to govern, as many well-meaning men will do, he must take the chances of the turn of the political wheel, which may mean death or banishment. Our Indians, the original owners of the entire soil, are fast becoming a thing of the past, which, to every well-thinking person, must be a subject of profound regret, and ought to lead to some reform by which he may be preserved as a citizen, untainted as much as possible by the vices of civilization.

(To be continued.)

THRENODY.

I.

Now the rose blushes that above his head
Opens its petals to the dews of heaven,
But from my buried rose the blush is fled,
And unto marble my sweet rose is wed,—
How dost thou slumber in thy clay-cold bed,
Rose, from my bosom rudely, rudely riven?

II.

Tell me, O rose! Is it of happiness
Thy blushes are conceived? Is it of sorrow?
Tell me, O rose! Methinks the answer is,
"I blush to feel the South-wind's ardent kiss,
But I shall die and be forgot I wis—
But I shall die and be forgot to-morrow!"

III.

To-morrow? ah, to-morrow!
For this consuming sorrow,
What nepenthe can I borrow
From to-day or from the days to be?
None!
For laughing give me crying:
None!
For living give me dying:
From the light, O, let me hide me in the cloud that mantles thee!

IV.

Like a mirror the breast of the sea is,
Yet in the dark caverns below
Are boiling and seething the caldrons
Of wo, of unspeakable wo!
As deep is the sky as thine eye was,
As sweet as the wind was thy breath,
But who will resolve to me why 'twas
That one smiled and one laughed at thy death?

V.

We are but atoms in this world of sense—
We are but leaves upon the winds of Time—
Dust is our kinsman—we are hurried hence
By blasts untoward—and the pantomime—
The mocking pantomime of our existence ends.
—Around the world a funeral train extends
Whose march began when Time its first fruit bore—
Whose march will end when Time shall be no more.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

CAST ADRIFT.

"IT seems dreadfully hard to be cast adrift at our age," I said.

"At *our* age!" said mother laughing, "you talk as if you were just over sixty instead of just over thirty, Mary. And as to being cast adrift, I have my eye upon a very comfortable haven for us to drift into."

Mother was sitting in the bow-window of our dear old sitting-room that we must soon leave, and as she looked out of the window and along the street as she spoke, I knew she spoke literally, and followed the direction of her eyes.

Facing the end of our street was a house that had once been a very grand gentleman's residence, but was now the principal drapery establishment in Deepford, owned by John Barclay and his sister Viney. The entrance hall and one of the front parlours had been thrown into one and made into a shop. At the back of it the wide oak staircase with beautiful carved balustrades led to the

upper hall which was used as a warehouse. On each side of this hall was a handsome suite of rooms. In one suite lived John and his sister, and in the other, a dear old widowed friend of mother's, Mrs. Irvine, and her two daughters. Mary Ann Irvine, the elder of the two, helped in the shop, and the other, Abby, did most of the housework and spent her spare hours in millinery, for which the Barclays had fitted up a room adjoining the shop. Many a pleasant afternoon and evening mother and I had spent in the old house with one family or the other, for we were equally friendly with both. John Barclay was an honest, intelligent, good humoured fellow, about my own age; Miss Viney was more than ten years older, and a sensible business-like body. Mrs. Irvine was one of the dearest, sunniest little women in the world, always full of spirit, and always finding a bright side to everything.

"Mrs. Irvine was in here last night while you were at church," said mother, "and we had a nice cosy talk. She says we have looked at the loss long enough and now we must begin to look at the gain. And when I told her the extent of our loss, and that we must give up this house so soon, she settled it all in her usual way. She says we must come down and see if we can manage for awhile with those rooms that are not in use, at the back of the warehouse, and then we can look about us. And if you didn't mind very much Mary,—as we must do something—I thought we might—help the Barclays or Abby."

This came out very hesitatingly, and the thought of how it grieved mother to have to say it, made me feel ashamed of my inaction. It was true enough that we must do something, for we had lost all but what would make a bare living for one, and of course mother must have that, and I must go and do the work whatever it was, but I could think of nothing but the drapery or millinery, and to tell the truth, I hated both. However, I told myself at last, it was no good to consult likings now, I must take what I could get and be thankful, so I put on the most cheerful face possible and said, "Well mother, that's a very good plan. Two of the rooms are large and pleasant and there's a small one. If we could only take some of our nice furniture."

Mother's face cleared up at my hopeful tone, and she said, "Perhaps we can manage to save some of the furniture dear, we shall see. There are many things that would be useful to us that would fetch nothing."

That evening we both went down to see the rooms and hold a consultation with our friends, and it was decided that we should move there as soon as possible, and I began to pack up our clothes and the things that we could justly claim as our own, the very next morning. I had not done much, however, before I was called down to the parlour, and there I found uncle John and cousin Nellie. I had not seen Nellie before, since the news came of our loss of fortune, and she sprang up and clasped both arms round my neck so lovingly when I went in, that it brought the tears to my eyes. "Well, Mary," said my uncle, "your mother tells me you are moving, or preparing to. It must be hard to leave your old home. My poor brother was so fond of it."

Mother's eyes went up to the portrait over the mantlepiece at once, and her quiet sigh told that she hadn't forgotten that.

"Well, what are you thinking of doing, Mary?" asked uncle after a pause.

"I haven't quite decided yet, uncle," I said. This was true, but at the same time, I said it partly because I knew he would not like the idea of my serving in the Barclay's shop.

"You have hardly had time yet," he said kindly, "but what do you think you would like to do?" I hesitated and looked at mother. I didn't like to say it before her but I must. "I should like, best of all, to get a situation as housekeeper, or something of that sort, if I could, uncle."

Uncle John looked at Nellie, who clapped her hands.

"Well, Mary," he said, turning to me again, "I know of a situation that, I think, will suit you admirably. Nellie and I want you to come and live with us. Nellie wants a companion, and I want a housekeeper who isn't an artist."

He went on and said a great deal, and then Nellie took up the word and said a great deal, too, that I couldn't write without appearing the vainest creature in the world. There was one good thing about it, though: it pleased mother, and I listened to it for her sake; but when it was finished, and they waited for my answer, I said quietly: "Thank you very much, Uncle John, but I couldn't go so far from mother;" for it hurt me to think they wanted me so much, and didn't want her at all.

"Mary, that's nonsense," said mother sharply, before they could speak a word; "You can't expect to be tied to my apron-strings always. Don't be so silly, child."

"I am glad you side with us, Mrs. Pindar," said uncle, turning to her, "and you don't need to be told how welcome you will be to Benthall. I should never for a moment have suggested separating you; but I had an idea that you were going to some of your relatives."

"No, sir; I have had a home of my own so long that I feel as if I must still have a place to call by that name as long as I live, if it is only one room," said mother so cheerfully, that uncle was quite re-established in his own good opinion at once, and then she told him of her plan of going to live in part of John Barclay's house, leaving me out of the question altogether, as if it were already decided that I should go to Benthall, and I sat there, stupid, insensible block that I was, and let them decide, because I wanted to go, and hadn't resolution enough to stay with mother, and live in two rooms and a half, and do the work that I hated.

"Mary," said mother, the same evening, when I went and sat down on the rug at her feet, "you mustn't have any hard feelings against your uncle for not wanting me. You know he doesn't like to be crowded, only he is fond of you, and so is Nellie, and at any rate I would rather stay in Deepford."

Crowded in Benthall Priory! Well, mother was right, I know, but the Barclays and Irvines didn't feel that we crowded them. Only I knew that mother would have been crowded, too, in the same house with Uncle John, for, I don't know how it was, but there was always a great deal of stiffness and formality between them. Well, I didn't go until mother was established in her cosy rooms. When it was decided that I should leave her, she readily agreed to Mrs. Irvine's proposal that she should board with her, which would save her so much unnecessary trouble, and she would still have her own private rooms. One thing happened very pleasantly; we were kindly allowed to keep nearly all the furniture. It was old-fashioned, and wouldn't have fetched much, but it was very good, and valuable to us. Of course, we didn't want half of it in two rooms, but John Barclay let us have a place at the top of the house to pack away what we were not using for the present. Then I stayed one night with mother, and we had all the inmates of the house in to tea, and spent a cheerful evening together, and the next day uncle's carriage came and fetched me away to my new life. It was nearly dark when I reached the Priory, and Nellie met me at the door, looking so sweet in her

light, lustrous evening silk and pretty jewellery, and after giving me a warm welcome, conducted me at once to my room, and playfully presented me with the keys.

"I am so glad you are come, Mary," she said. "It was so good of you, for I don't think I could leave my mother, if I had one."

Good of me! Dear child, she didn't know what she was talking about. It made my cheeks burn to hear her praise me when I knew how wickedly selfish I was.

What an easy, luxurious life that was at the Priory. It was such a lovely old place, with its great arched door-ways and corridors, and stained glass windows. There was the stone porch at the entrance, looking so ancient, with its deep-set windows and seats, opening into a long arched corridor, lined with pictures and statuary, and the curtained arch that led to the library, with its French windows opening to the lawn, and the great drawing-room, with its beautiful pictures and bronzes, and Chinese and Japanese ornaments, and rare vases and inlaid cabinets. And the Oak Parlor, with its dark cornice, covered with Latin inscriptions in old English letters; and the breakfast-room, with its broad windows and carved oak fire-place, and panelled walls all hung with Nellie's beautiful paintings. Then my room, half way up the stairs, had a queer little cupboard in the wall, with a carved door, and in every room in the house there was something to remind one of the old monks who used to live there, and some relic of their artistic tastes and industries. It was a good atmosphere for a young artist to thrive in, and Nellie throve. My room was soon made beautiful by the work of her brush and pencil, and some found their way to mother's after a while.

My duties were very light and pleasant. The staid, middle-aged servants gave me little to do. I had just to run round in the morning, with my keys jingling a merry tune at my side, and see that everything up-stairs and down was in order, and look into pantries and cupboards (and didn't those old monks know how to build good cupboards), and give orders, or sometimes prepare any dainty that uncle or Nellie particularly liked, and make delicious jellies and preserves and syrups from fruit brought in to me, with all its delicate bloom on. That done, I was free to take my sewing or book, in fine weather, out to the arbor by the lake, or to the stone summer-house on the terrace overlooking the great croquet lawn, where Nellie and some of her friends often amused

themselves in the afternoon. And the evenings—how delightful they were. Uncle was with us then, and there was always a demand for music. He was passionately fond of it, and Nellie only played a little, and did not sing at all, so I did my very best, delighting uncle with my songs and hymns. I was glad I had this gift to please him with, for I loved my uncle very much, and it gave me as much pleasure as it did him, to sit in the summer twilight or winter firelight, singing song after song, while he leaned back in his easy-chair, with Nellie in her pretty light dress at his feet, or close beside him, with her arm round his neck. But still, sometimes I half thought I would rather be listening to Mrs. Irvine chirping her sweet, old-fashioned songs with the little shakes and trills in them that seem to belong to a time gone by.

And then there were the happy, happy days, when we drove into Deepford shopping, and while Nellie was transacting her business in the shop, I slipped up stairs to mother, or sometimes, when uncle had a great deal to do in town, we both went up and sat in Mrs. Irvine's sunny rooms, and she brought out delicate little cakes, and preserved fruits, and home-made wine, that we both declared were nicer than anything we ever had at Benthall. And the visits that mother and Mrs. Irvine and the girls made to the Priory, when we roved the fields and lanes, and climbed the break-neck Cotswold Hills, and played croquet, and laughed and sang, all like larks for gaiety, and they always went home accompanied by great hampers of fruit and game and country delicacies, and baskets of flowers; for uncle knew how to be generous with his good things. I had cause to know that, for during those three years that I spent there, he treated me in all respects as a daughter. He always liked to see me as well dressed as Nellie was, only in a quieter, richer style, as became my age, and besides the generous allowance he gave me for the purpose, he was always bringing me a silk dress, or shawl, or a set of furs, and he remembered my birthdays, and celebrated them, and other gift days, as he did Nellie's, by gifts of jewellery, or elegant presents of some kind. I had dresses enough to last me for years after I left him, out of those that I had put away in my drawers, when he brought them home, to keep until I needed to have them made.

But there had to be an end of all that. Nellie was too sweet a flower to be left there to fade. She had to go and bloom in another home, and there was a pretty wedding in the old village

church, and uncle and I were left alone. If it was dreary for me, what must it have been for him? I pitied him from my very heart when I heard his lonely sigh, and saw the look he cast at the place she had always occupied, close beside him. After awhile he began to be away from home a good deal, and often started when I spoke to him, and then I began to have suspicions and to hear rumours; and one day, scarcely six months after Nellie's marriage, he said to me suddenly, "Mary I am thinking of going abroad. Would you like to travel for a few months?"

I was very much astonished, for I had expected a very different communication, but after a few minutes thought I said, "Thank you uncle, I should like it, but I think, if you have no objection, I would rather go and visit mother for a little while."

"Oh yes, to be sure," he said with a sudden look of intelligence, "I never thought of that. Couldn't you take her away somewhere for a trip, Mary? I should think a change would do you both good."

I thanked him, and we said no more for that time; but I had been thinking a good deal lately, and I thought more and more, that a change must come to my life. A few weeks later I went into town. John Barclay and Miss Viney were very busy, and looked tired and flushed. Half way along the shop I met Mary Ann Irvine with her arms full of rolls of flannel.

"Why Mary Anne, you look tired," I said.

"I'm nearly dead," she said laughing, and then more seriously, and lowering her voice, she added, "we are nearly worked to death all of us, Mary. Do talk to John about it. I do all I can but still he and Miss Viney work too hard."

I stopped at the foot of the stairs until Miss Viney was disengaged and came back to speak to me. While we were chatting John came up to ask his sister something, and I arrested him by saying, "I should think you had a vacancy for an assistant now?"

"Well yes, we have," he said hesitatingly, "but you see we've had it to ourselves so long that we don't like taking a stranger in among us."

"Will you take me?" I asked.

"Yes indeed," he said laughing, evidently thinking it was a joke. But Miss Viney looked at me sharply and said, "There isn't anything the matter is there, Mary?"

"Oh no," I said as I ran upstairs.

Mother was sitting with Mrs. Irvine. I went up behind her and said suddenly, "Well mother, here's your child come home."

She jumped up and threw her arms around me exclaiming, "With pleasure," for it was sometime since I had been in, and then I went over to Mrs. Irvine's chair and stooped to kiss her. The dear little woman was suffering martyrdom with rheumatism, but she gave me her usual cheery smile and welcome. Abby was making toast for tea, and I took off my bonnet and cloak and put out the tea-things on the table and cut the bread and butter; and while I was doing it, I quietly told them I was coming home to stay.

Mother dropped her knitting and cried out, "Why Mary, what's wrong?"

"Nothing now," I said, "there was a great deal in my going away from you at all, mother, but I'm coming back. Uncle John is going abroad, and when he comes home again I think he is going to be married. He doesn't know that I intend to leave him altogether, and he needn't know it until he comes back, and then I know he won't need me."

Well, there was a talk, you may depend, and the end of it was that in a week or two I and all my "portable property," as Wenwick would have called it, were established in High Street

The Barclays had intended for some time to make a show-room of the warehouse, and when the new spring things came, Abby and Mary Ann and I arranged it; Abby opened a case of London bonnets and trimmings; and then I put on one of my handsomest dark silk dresses and made my first appearance as a sales-woman.

It was a little trying at first to wait on some of the ladies I had associated with at Benthall, though, as a general thing, they were very kind to me; but I knew that some hard things were said of me, and of uncle too. Uncle was very much displeased when he came home, and he and his new wife were both a little haughty to me for a long time, but dear, sweet Nellie was always the same, and it was through my shop-tending that we got back our dear old home again; for one day when a gentleman and some ladies were in the show-room, on some one addressing me as "Miss Pindar," the gentleman turned round suddenly and said, "Excuse me, but are you the daughter of William Pindar, late of the firm of Pindar & Hare?"

I told him I was, and he said "I thought so from the resemblance. Didn't you lose by that Wright affair?"

"Yes," I said, "we lost nearly all we possessed."

"Well," he said, "if you put in your claim now you might recover something."

And we did,—enough to buy back the dear old house in Cross Street, and to live on in a quiet way with what I had saved; so we moved back there, mother and I, and Mrs. Irvine and Mary Ann and Miss Viney went with us. But before we left the old house we all went to church one morning, and Abby Irvine came home Mrs. John Barclay; and they set up housekeeping in the old place, and turned our rooms into ware-rooms, for the business had increased so much that they needed them, and we should have had to turn out even if our good fortune hadn't come.

CORRINNE.

HYMN TO EROS.

Yo! for the Never-aging, the boy of the bow of pearl!
Come Hours! put on your sandals: Air, gather all your voices,
Brown daughter of king Pandion, trill: coo, dove; and whistle, merle:
And sigh, sweet breeze that is never away when Nature's heart rejoices.
Sing, small contented humming bee, and every sweet-toned thing,
Come loud-laughed maids of Dian, with noise of rattling quivers,
With chirp of trees and lisp of seas, and rhyme of running rivers,
And choir around the spot in which are sly-eyed satyrs peeping,
Where bends, above the cradle bed wherein young Love is sleeping,
Cytherea the beautiful, singing songs of his father the king,
(The son of ox-eyed Juno, and lord of the spear and glaive,)
And telling the boy in the bassinet how his most royal sire
When captive ta'en by the Mother of Love, became her lord and slave,
And suffered his levin shafts to rust and let out his forge of fire
In the winey isle of Cyprus—that gem in the milk-white ring
Of foam that rims the shelly sands of the Ægean wave.
Pipe the oat! attune the tongue!
Eros! Eros! is young!
Let the hair be loosed, be loosed, and harp be strung.

O summer Winds! bring the roses, at the touch of your flying feet,
And carpet with blushing petals the floor of his bower of boughs,
And O ye rays of the sunlight! illumine the summer seat
Where the lad delights to linger, or, frolicsome, to house
In the pendant sprays of linden limbs, or in nests of birds on high,
To launch his spark-tipped arrows at the maidens passing by,—
Yes! yes! ye balmy-breathing Hours, with all your roses blowing,
Trip on the primrose sprinkled mead and see Child Eros growing,
In ruddy beauty unfolding as moss-rose from its wraps:—
And deepen the pits of his dimples with pats of finger-tips,
And fondle his round limbs beneath his curt and white cymar,
And watch his gambols rushing forth like greyhounds from the slips;
Or see him climb demurely on a knee—triumphal car,—
To please the budding, brown-browed girls with Young Love on their laps,
His warm hands paddling in their necks, and kisses on their lips;
Chaunt in numbers mild,
Eros! Eros! the Child,—
For the love of the child is undefiled.

Touch the rebeck gently; breath the soft Æolian flute;
Beat a gladsome ruffle on the tightened kidskin drum;
Young men! join your voices in, let not singing girls be mute,—
Chaunt epithalamium, for the Bride and Bridegroom come!
He with all the port and bearing of his gallant father, Mars,
She like Venus Aphrodité when she rose up from the waters—
(Fairest child of fairest mother in the court of Saturn's daughters,)
He with odic forces breathing, seething from each beating vein,
She with all her heart responsive throbbing to his heart again,
With her fine eyes fitful blazing like the gleams of mist-swept stars,—
Their hue the hue of happiness, their light the light of chastened flame.
As the orient noontide drinks draughts of sunlight's quickening fire,
So her being, soft, receptive, all his bolder feelings tame,
And her love is glorified by the warmth of chaste desire,
For she feels her vestal angel's hand is letting down the bars

And a tremor shakes, like leaves, the fibres of her delicate frame.
Room for the Bridal! room!
Eros! Eros! the groom,—
Let citron blossoms blow; and torches lume.

Who comes along the highway, girt by guards in gilt cuirasses
And lances shedding rainbows from their tips of diamond flame,
Heralded by braying trumpets and the clash of smitten brasses?
Love, the Lord and the Avenger! Young Love changed, and yet the same.
Spotted panthers, in the harness of his falchion-axled car,
Stealthily, and velvet-footed, march along and champ their tushes
Till from their ensanguined jaws out the blood in red gouts rushes,
Which they lick up,—askance looking at the crowd of frightened faces:—
His own eyes are fierce and cruel as the beasts' that pulls the traces,—
Full of stern suspicion, as dictators' glances are;
Woe! to think that out of love jealously should rise—and scorn!
Woe! for shallow passion sated! Woe! for disappointed hopes!
Woe! the unattainable, that leaves the spirit crushed and torn!
Woe! that heart in wilful bonds should perish tugging at the ropes!
That beneath the masque of love there should lie so deep a scar!
And bitter hate from ashes of rejected love be born!
It needeth much to convince
This is Eros! the Prince,—
Child in his cot a handful of years since.

Falleth the snow in summer? Doth the young beard turn to grey?
Is it not the autumn time when ripes the yellow rye?
Love that is of woman born cannot hope to live for aye,
Though it live in summer time with the winter it must die.
And as winter with ice-lances from the arctic land advances,
Eros wraps him in a mantle of the feathers of the eider,
And the dame bride feels the chill, though she have her Love beside her,
For the maiden's blooming freshness with the summer goeth south,
And her sweets of love have melted with the kisses of her mouth;

For the lava stream of passion in young veins that boils and dances,
Chilleth to a tepid current, and love grows subdued and kind,
Till the mocking mimes of Bacche, with quick eyes and pricked up ears,
Note the change, and scoffing say: "Love he groweth blind!"
Praise to Love the quiet,—constant; praise to Love that loves for years;
Truer than the warmth of passion, warmer far than youth's romances
Is the love that feeds on fondness; and a quiet, loving mind:
Yet must the truth be told:
Eros is growing old,—
For his hair is snowy and his heart is cold.

On the altar wanes the flame, once that made the heart a shrine;
Dims the roseate aureole; Hymen stoops with torch depressed;
All the joys of vanished passion range them in funereal line;
Flamens like the ghosts of mem'ries, all in weeds of violet dressed,
Or the lonesome shades that wait attendant on the unburied slain;
And the Cupids, fluttering wildly, all dejectedly are crying,
With their piping voices; "Aï, aï, Eros lies a-dying,"
For his form is waxing dimmer, till it goes out in the glimmer
And a young Boy Love is lying 'mong the roses in the shimmer
Of the shifting scenes that ope the temple of the heart again;—
Till rejuvenate the glory,—till a flush of roseate hue
Limns upon life's vivid curtain all the pageant of the past,
And in radiant youthful prime, Love the Strong, the Brave, the True,
Stands as central figure grandly, and so very like the last
That the warm blood throbs the question fiercely through each beating vein:—
"Is this the old love or another? Is it the Old or New?"
Pipe the oat! attune the tongue!
Eros is ever-young!
For from the old dead Love new Loves have sprung.

HUNTER DUVAR.

A TRIO OF FORGOTTEN WORTHIES.

BY THE REV. M. HARVEY.

THE general impression regarding Newfoundland is, that there is nothing to interest the world either in its present condition or past history. It is not suspected that a poor colony of fishermen, clinging to the grim rocks on which the wild waves of the Atlantic are ever beating, outside the pale of civilization, and having no share in those great events that stir the pulses of the world and form its history, could have produced any great men, or have been associated, in any way, with those who have moulded the ages, and left "their footprints on the sands of time." It is true regarding England that—

> "Half its soil has walked the rest
> In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages"—

But what glory, it may be asked, has blended with the dust of this poor isle, or what noble or heroic men have made it the scene of their labors? Brief, uninteresting and barren, it is supposed, must be the annals of a few thousand toilers of the sea, and very flat and homely the story of their fortunes. All this, I humbly submit, is a misapprehension. Human nature is the same everywhere, and human toil and endeavor substantially the same in the first and nineteenth century—

> "From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
> To the bleak coast of savage Labrador."

The same passions and emotions, the same hopes and fears, have been bounding and billowing here, beneath the rough jacket of the fisherman, as under the gaudy attire of wealth "in the marble courts of kings." Here has been substantially the same struggle between good and evil as elsewhere,—the same commingling of human nobleness and baseness which, when transacted on wider spheres, history gathers into her golden urn, and preserves forevermore, as part of the precious records of the race. Even in the humble hut of the fisherman, traits of human heroism, pathos, tenderness and unselfish love have been exhibited, such as have furnished themes for the noblest poems, in other lands, and would do so here, had we poets to sing them, and they render their country famous. Who knew or cared anything about Scotland

till Walter Scott lifted the veil and revealed her, not only to her own astonished and delighted inhabitants, but also to other nations who had hitherto despised or derided "the land of mountain and of flood." The future will no doubt produce a Walter Scott for Newfoundland, who will gather up its traditions and superstitions, its tales of peril and heroic daring among its ice-laden seas, the oddities and humors of its fisher-folk, the tragedy and comedy of human existence as here developed, and perhaps weave them into such charming romances, poems and dramas as shall win the ear of the world.

In the olden time some of England's best and bravest men made Newfoundland the scene of their labors, hoped great things of it and attempted great things in connection with it, as a new home for Englishmen. Newfoundland claims the honor of being "The Most Ancient British Colony," and is proud of the distinction. Before Quebec or Boston was founded, or the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi discovered, the modern history of Newfoundland commenced. The first North American land was sighted on this island. Here the first-Anglo-Saxon Colonist planted his foot. Great and heroic men took part in the colonization of the island, and the glory which their names shed on its history should never be lost sight of. In former days, Newfoundland occupied a large place in the thoughts of men who were leaders in those great movements which have shaped the destinies of the world, and whose names hold a distinguished place in the pages of history. The early history of the colony shows that its prospects were once as bright and fair as those of any of the neighboring Provinces and States, which have since grown into prosperity and greatness, and had not that hopeful promise been blighted by unjust and selfish legislation, it would to-day be fully abreast of its sister-provinces. Time, the great redresser of wrongs, has brought about wonderful revolutions; and brighter prospects are now opening before the colony. Most intelligent and thoughtful men are now aware that the island is rich in all those natural resources which are essential to national greatness, and that its commanding geographical position marks it as the connecting link between the Old World and the New. To that New World, by position, it has natural affinities, and more and more, will westward proclivities be developed. The Western Continent, close to which it is anchored, is emphatically the land of the future, on which the wearied eyes

of humanity are fixed with hope. To it men of all languages, of every country, are bringing the most various elements, and preparing the germs of future growth. No one can doubt that it is destined to be the great seed-field of the world, and that its boundless resources fit it to become the home of the most energetic and powerful community that has ever held the sceptre of dominion. Labor will here find its richest reward and triumphs; and human energies will here achieve a prosperity without example. In this prosperity Newfoundland cannot fail to have her share, if her sons are true to themselves, and if, rising above the petty conflicts of the hour, they cherish that enlightened and intelligent patriotism which delights not in depreciating the merits of others, but in promoting the highest and best interests of their country, and advancing it in the path of progress.

There is one Worthy of the olden time, whose name is now almost forgotten, to whom Newfoundland is deeply indebted. I allude to Captain Richard Whitbourne, mariner, of Exmouth, Devonshire. He belonged to that bold race of seamen who in the days of Elizabeth and James laid the foundation of England's maritime supremacy, and discovered those distant lands which are now homes of industrious and thriving millions. For forty years Captain Whitbourne traded to Newfoundland, so that he acquired an accurate acquaintance with the country and people, and formed almost a romantic affection for the island and all connected with it. Having done what he could, during the active part of his life, to promote its interests, he returned to England in his advanced years; and the brave old sailor, to whom the use of the pen must have been rather irksome, sat down and wrote an account of the island, with the view of promoting its colonization by Englishmen. Captain Whitbourne's book on Newfoundland is an honest and truthful one; and making due allowance for the state of knowledge in these days, and the inaccuracies into which such plain, simple men naturally fall, it may be affirmed to contain nothing regarding the island which has not been borne out by after experience. The shrewdness, honesty and good sense of the writer are apparent on every page. A brave man was Captain Whitbourne; one who could fight in extremity as well as write a book and sail a ship. When the Spanish Armada was approaching the shores of England, he fitted out a ship at his own cost for the defence of his native land, and when the invader appeared off Berry Head, he was one

of Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon Captains who dashed out of Torbay into the very thick of the Spanish galleons, undismayed by their size and numbers; and harassed and kept the foe at bay till the London fleet came up, and Britain's Salamis was fought and won. No wonder that Elizabeth called the men of Devon "her right hand;" and among these patriotic worthies was our stout-hearted Captain Whitbourne. He was present in St. John's, he tells us in his book, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of the island; and his voice helped to swell the cheer when the flag of England was first unfurled. He was the first to say a favorable word for Newfoundland, and to make known to Englishmen the great natural capabilities of the country.

Captain Richard Whitbourne's book made a great impression, and must have given a strong impulse in favour of settling the Island and working its fisheries. So highly did King James think of the volume that he ordered a copy to be sent to every parish in the kingdom; and the Archbishops of Canterbury and York issued a letter recommending it, with the view of promoting emigration to these shores. Thus, two hundred and fifty years ago, Newfoundland was a name on the lips of most Englishmen. The Island then loomed large and important in the eyes of statesmen, and was much more generally known than at the present day. Whitbourne, in his little book, told the people very truly that the soil of Newfoundland would grow abundantly "corn, cabbage, carrots, turnips, lettuce, and such like," when duly cultivated, and that it yielded spontaneously "fair strawberries and raspberries," and multitudes of bilberries which are by some called "whortes," (whence our modern corruption "hurtz") "and many other delicious berries, which I cannot name, in great abundance." He told them too of the hares, foxes, beavers, deer, bears and wolves, and among wild fowl enumerated our plump "partridges, hawks, ravens, crows and thrushes, but above all, the penguin, as big as a goose." This was the Great Auk, then abundant on all the islands round the coast, but which has been exterminated by the reckless cupidity of man, so that for the last seventy years, not a single specimen of it has been seen. Of the abundance and excellence of the fish, Whitbourne wrote in rapturous terms. Then, waxing enthusiastic and eloquent, he exclaims, "What can the world yield to the sustentation of man which is not to be gotten here? Desire you wholesome air, the very food of life? It is

there. Shall any land pour in abundant heaps of nourishments and necessaries before you? There you have them. What seas so abundant in fish! What shores so replenished with fresh and sweet waters! How much is Spain, France, Portugal, Italy and other places beholding to this noble part of the world for fish and other commodities! Let the Dutch report what sweetness they have sucked from thence by trade! The voices of them are as trumpets, loud enough to make England fall more and more in love with such a sister land. I am loath to weary thee, good reader, in acquainting thee of those famous, fair and profitable rivers; and likewise those delightful, large and inestimable woods, and also with those fruitful and enticing hills and delightful valleys, there to hawk and hunt, where is neither savage people nor ravenous beasts to hinder their sports."

It is only of late that we are getting to understand how true are these representations of the shrewd, observant old captain in regard to our soil, given to the world two hundred and fifty years ago. We must not laugh at good old Richard Whitbourne's enthusiasm. Perhaps, in his love for the country, he went a little too far at times. So tender was his regard for Newfoundland, that he tried hard to apologize even for our blood-thirsty mosquitoes, representing them as a kind of police-force, very serviceable in driving lazy loiterers to their work. Here is what the delightful old skipper wrote of our mosquitoes:—"Neither are there any snakes, toads, serpents, or any other venomous worms that were ever known to hurt any man in that country; but only a very little, nimble fly (the least of all flies), which is called a miskieto. Those flies seem to have great power and authority over all loitering and idle people that come to Newfoundland; for they have this property, that when they find any such lying lazily, or sleeping in the woods, they will presently be more nimble to seize on them than any sergeant will be to arrest a man for debt. Neither will they leave stinging or sucking out the blood of such sluggards until, like a beadle, they bring him to his master, where he should labor, in which time of loitering, those flies will so brand such idle persons in their faces that they may be known from others, as the Turks do their slaves." This fine old sea-rover must have had a quaint, dry humor of his own. It is very clear, from his exposition, why mosquitoes are so "rough" on all who go trouting. They regard such intruders into their domains as idle scamps, who

are trying to shirk their work, and they send them home branded on the face as "lazy loiterers."

Our dear old captain was not afraid of the devil or of Spaniards, but he had a sailor's dread of mermaids, especially after a narrow escape he had from being carried off by one in the harbor of St. John's. He has left to posterity, in his book, a full and faithful account of his interview with one of these bold, unscrupulous sea-nymphs, who, in the exercise of "woman's rights," evidently designed to hurry him off to her sea-caves, there to make a merman of our stout Devonshire captain, leaving Mrs. Whitbourne a disconsolate widow. The event, he tells us, took place at River Head, where, in the grey dawn of the morning, the captain chanced to be wandering along the beach. Suddenly he beheld "a strange creature swimming swiftly towards him, looking cheerfully into his face, as it had been a woman," and very beautiful and graceful in face, neck and forehead. The soft-hearted sailor could not but admire the fair proportions and well-rounded bust and shoulders of this fascinating female of the deep. But when he saw that she did not pause for an introduction, but came straight towards him, evidently intending to spring ashore to him, he did the very wisest thing he could have done under the circumstances, and, Joseph-like, turned and ran for it. How was he to know whether her intentions were honorable or otherwise, or whether she meant to claim him as her "affinity?" When at a safe distance, he turned and saw her gambolling in the water, showing her white shoulders in a decidedly coquettish way, and throwing reproachful glances at him, for his want of gallantry, from her soft, brown eyes. In these degenerate, sceptical days, when William Tell and the shooting of the apple on his son's head, and poor dog Gelert of our early years, are scoffed at as myths even by youngsters, I am afraid few will be got to believe that Captain Richard Whitbourne, mariner, of Exmouth, Devon, actually "interviewed" a living mermaid in the harbor of St. John's, N. F. An unbelieving generation will heartlessly take all the poetry and romance out of the adventure, by saying that the simple captain merely saw a large seal disporting in the harbor, and that his excited imagination filled up the picture. All true lovers of the marvellous and mysterious will, however, scout such a theory with indignation, and stand up stoutly for the mermaid.

Our brave captain had, however, dangers more real than mermaids to encounter. He tells us that in the year 1612, being

again on his favorite coast, he fell in with "that famous arch-pirate, Peter Easton, who had with him ten sail of good ships, well furnished and very rich,"—an arch-pirate, indeed! Peter appears to have treated our captain very kindly. He had realized a handsome fortune by piracy, and wished now to retire honorably from the profession. After keeping Whitbourne a prisoner for eleven weeks, the prudent Peter dispatched him to England, with a message to the authorities, to the effect, that he was open to accept a pardon. It showed what the spirit of the times was in those days, when we find that a pardon was at once sent to this bold pirate. Before it reached him, however, Easton got weary of waiting, and "sailed for the Straits of Gibraltar and was afterwards entertained by the Duke of Savoy, under whom he lived rich." Wealth in those days, as in our own, covered a multitude of sins, and when a pirate became rich, and had ten good ships and stores of gold, arms and fighting men, even sovereign princes took him by the hand.

In 1615 Whitbourne sailed for Newfoundland on official business, carrying with him a commission under the seal of the High Court of Admiralty, authorising him to empanel juries and reform disorders on the coast. He did his work well, but got only "barren honor" as his reward. In the following year his ship of one hundred tons, laden from Newfoundland to Lisbon, was rifled by a Rochelle pirate, whereby he suffered loss to the extent of £860—a large sum in those days. Once more he made the attempt to colonize the country, and sailed for Newfoundland in a ship of his own, victualled by a joint stock company. Again he fell into the hands of pirates, and his project came to nothing. Then it was that finding his individual efforts futile, he sat down, in his declining years, and penned the appeal referred to above, addressed to the King and people, urging earnestly the settlement of the Island, and this for the curious reason, that it would afford an outlet for the superabundant population. "Considering how your Majesty's kingdom do abound and overflow with people." If this reason held good in the days of James the First, as a justification, how much more would it apply in our days!

In the conclusion of his quaint book, Whitbourne thanks God that although he had often suffered great losses by pirates and sea-rovers, no casuality had ever happened to any ship in which he himself sailed; and he takes this comfort that if, after more

than forty years of naval life, he had reaped little other than the peace of a good conscience, he has at least the knowledge that he had ever been a loyal subject to his prince, whilst he has enjoyed the comfort of never yet, in all his time, having been "beholding to any doctor's counsel or apothecaries' drugs" for the preservation of his health. After all the buffeting of fortune, he enjoyed an honorable and tranquil old age in the land of his birth and was "gathered to his fathers" in peace. "Light be the turf on thy breast," brave, honest Richard Whitbourne!

Newfoundland has also reason to be proud that the name of Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, appeared in the pages of her history. Soon after the departure of Whitbourne, on the last day of the year 1622, Sir George Calvert obtained from James I. a patent constituting him proprietor of the whole southern peninsula of Newfoundland, together with all the islands lying within ten leagues of the eastern shores, and giving him the right of fishing in the surrounding waters, all English subjects having, as before, free liberty of fishing. This Sir George Calvert was one of the most distinguished men of the day, and respected by men of all parties for his moderation, liberality of sentiment, fidelity and capacity for business. Foreign travel had enlarged his mind and liberalized his ideas. He was a native of Yorkshire, educated at Oxford, and was chosen by an immense majority to represent his native county in Parliament. Honors were heaped upon him. He was clerk to the Privy Council, knighted in 1617, and a year after was appointed Secretary of State, with an allowance of £1,000 a year besides his salary. With such brilliant prospects before him, it is surprising to find him contemplating expatriation and settlement on the rude shores of Newfoundland. The explanation is found in a change which his religious opinions had undergone. He had become a Roman Catholic; and no one has ever questioned the sincerity of those convictions which led to a change of his faith and the sacrifice of his worldly prospects. He openly professed his conversion, and at once resigned his office and its emoluments. The King, however, with whom he was a favorite, persuaded him to continue in the Privy Council, granted him large estates in Ireland, and at length raised him to the peerage under the title of Lord Baltimore. It is supposed, however, that he found himself slighted among his own class on account of his change of faith, and he resolved to

retire to some distant spot, where he could practise his religion without molestation, and provide an asylum for his co-religionists who were suffering from the intolerant spirit of the times. He fixed on Newfoundland as his retreat, where already there were several settlements of Puritans who had left England to escape the rigor of Episcopal government. In fact, Newfoundland was one of the earliest resorts of the victims of religious persecutions in those days. The immense tract, granted by royal patent to Lord Baltimore, in Newfoundland, lies between Placentia and Trinity Bays, and is joined to the main body of the island by a narrow isthmus not more than three miles wide. Lord Baltimore named his new possession Avalon, from the ancient name of Glastonbury, where, according to tradition, Christianity was first preached in Britain. It is curious to find, in Newfoundland, this trace of one of the myths of the middle ages, in the name of Avalon. The tradition ran that Joseph of Arimathea took refuge in Britain from the persecution of the Jews, carrying with him the *Holy Grail*,—"the cup, the cup itself, from which our Lord drank at the last sad supper with his own,"—and that he arrived at Avalon, afterwards Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, and there founded a church, on the site of which the great Abbey of St. Albans was afterwards erected. Here stood the ancient Roman town of Verulam. To perpetuate the memory of these events, in the New World, Lord Baltimore called his Newfoundland province Avalon, and his first settlement Verulam. The latter became corrupted, first into Ferulam, and then into the modern Ferryland. In 1623, Lord Baltimore despatched a body of colonists to his new possessions, under the command of Captain Edward Wynne, who established himself at Ferryland, forty miles north of Cape Race, a bleak and barren part of the coast, very unfavorable for agricultural pursuits, and only desirable as a fishing station. Had a site for this new colony been selected on the western coast of the Island, in the Bay of St. George, or Bay of Islands, in all probability the misfortunes which followed would have been averted, and in the fertile valleys of those bays, thriving towns would have grown up, the coal beds would have been worked, and the fine lands of the interior cultivated, and the history of Newfoundland might have been different from what it is to-day. But it was not so to be. Captain Wynne chose Ferryland, built a house, granaries and store-houses, and set to work vigorously to

cultivate the soil. The accounts he sent home were so encouraging that Lord Baltimore removed to Ferryland with his family, built a spacious and handsome house, as well as a strong fort. He spared neither money nor labor in his new settlement, selecting emigrants with the greatest care and using every effort to promote habits of industry and domestic order. The high expectations thus awakened were, unfortunately, doomed to disappointment. The colony did not prosper. The ungrateful soil gave but a scanty return to their labors. The French men-of-war ravaged the coast and reduced the fishermen to great extremity, and although Lord Baltimore gallantly manned two ships at his own expense and drove them away, taking sixty prisoners, yet the French never ceased to harass and threaten his stronghold and cut off his supplies. Sickness, too, invaded his men and his own health began to fail. Wearied out in contending with these difficulties, and finding, too, that he had no security here for the free exercise of his religion, Lord Baltimore, after a hopeless struggle of six or seven years, at length petitioned the king for a grant of land in New England. In reply King Charles wrote a kind, sympathetic letter, and advised him to turn his steps homeward, and desist from further attempts at plantations, for which men of his breeding and culture were not well fitted, and assured him of all honor and respect in the land of his birth. Baltimore, however, could not make up his mind to return home a broken, disappointed man, and renewed his request. Whereupon the king made him a grant of the Province of Maryland. His days, however, were numbered, and before the patent could be drawn up and signed, he died, "leaving a name against which the breath of calumny has hardly whispered a reproach."

Before his death he drew up the charter for the Province of Maryland, which was, in 1632, signed and issued for the benefit of his son, Cecil, the second Lord Baltimore; and under its provisions the colony was established. This charter, which has been so highly and deservedly eulogized, showed that in wisdom, liberality and statesmanship, Lord Baltimore was far in advance of his age. The Catholic nobleman was the first to establish in Maryland a constitution which embodied the principle of complete liberty of conscience, and the equality of all christian sects, together with popular institutions on the broadest basis of freedom. The historian Bancroft says of him:—"He deserves to

be ranked among the most wise and benevolent law-givers of all ages. He was the first, in the history of the christian world, to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of old christian sects. The asylum of papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state." Newfoundland may well glory in being able to enrol among her worthies the honored name of the wise and good Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore.

I come now to the honored name of Sir David Kirke, of whom hardly anything is known in connection with Newfoundland. He is scarcely named in any history of the country. Sir Richard Bonnycastle, in his historical sketch, passes him over almost in silence. He is barely named in Pedley's "History of Newfoundland," as having introduced a body of settlers, "with the sanction of Parliament," the latter part of the statement being incorrect; and the author does not seem to have been aware that for twenty years he was Governor of the colony with plenary powers during that long period. Yet it is true that this brave man, who first conquered Canada and Nova Scotia, and wrested it from the grasp of France, labored heroically to plant a colony here, and may be truly said to have laid the foundation of whatever prosperity has fallen to the lot of Newfoundland. To none of her early rulers is she more deeply indebted than to Sir David Kirke, though, perhaps not one in a thousand has ever heard his name.

A few years after the death of Lord Baltimore, Sir David Kirke arrived in Newfoundland, in the good ship *Abigail*, bringing with him one hundred men as the nucleus of a colony. He landed in the spring of 1638, and at once took up his abode in Ferryland, in the house built there by Lord Baltimore. In those days, sovereigns were wonderfully free and easy in assigning to their favorite subjects unlimited rights over vast territories, unmeasured, save in the imagination of those whose liberality was so boundless. Sir David Kirke came to Newfoundland armed with the powers of a Count Palatine over the Island, having obtained from Charles the First a grant of the whole. In this patent there

was neither restriction nor reservation; everything and every right were made over to Sir David as absolute possessor. The royal granter knew very little of the value of his gift; but Sir David Kirke, who had for years been sailing in the neighboring seas, trading, and fighting the French, was familiar with much of that region now known as the Dominion of Canada, and quite aware of its vast natural resources and military importance. In particular, he had formed a high idea of the value of Newfoundland, chiefly from the rich sea-harvest which awaited the ingathering around its shores. Accordingly, he came to Newfoundland, determined to make it his home, and to establish there a colony of Englishmen. Before leaving his native land, he formed a company to carry on fishing operations in his newly-acquired territory, in which several of the most patriotic and public-spirited noblemen of the day, such as the Earl of Holland and the Marquis of Hamilton, took a part, and aided him with money.

The previous career of Sir David Kirke proved him to be a man of courage and energy, as well as of superior practical talent. He had already done a stroke of work for England in capturing the stronghold of Quebec, and gaining possession of Canada, which was destined to have far-reaching consequences, and to lead ultimately to the establishment of British power on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Descended from an old family of Anglo-Danish freeholders in the county of Derby, he had the blood of the ancient, fighting sea-rovers in his veins. His father, Gervase Kirke, had settled in London, and by his superior business talents, had risen to the position of a wealthy and influential merchant. In those days the passion for maritime discovery and commercial enterprise fired the hearts of Englishmen. Although the discovery of North America was made by Cabot in 1497, yet it was not till the latter half of the sixteenth century, or more than seventy years after, that any attempt was made by Englishmen to turn it to account. At length the news of the rich harvest Spain was reaping in America began to spread, and all England awoke to a perception of the importance of the prize that lay within their reach. During Elizabeth's reign the spirit of commercial enterprize, and the passion for maritime adventure and discovery pervaded all classes. Trading companies were organized, expeditions planned, and projects of "plantations" in distant lands were eagerly discussed. The nobility and gentry took an active part in these enterprises,

not regarding trade as disreputable, and risked vast sums of money in all kinds of commercial adventures. The younger sons of the country gentry flocked to London, and many a rich and noble family was founded then by these traders who had gentle blood in their veins. The father of Sir David Kirke belonged to this class; and with Sir William Alexander and others formed a company in 1627, to trade with Canada and establish a settlement there. His ships were engaged in the fish and fur trade of America; and his eldest son David, born in 1597, had made several voyages at an early age in his father's vessels.

Led by the brave Jacques Cartier, the French early planted themselves in Canada, and under DeMonts and Pontrincourt secured possession of Acadia, and established settlements at Port Royal and elsewhere. The distinguished French navigator, Champlain, explored the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, and built a fort on a commanding promontory on the former river, which he called Quebec. Flushed with the success of their colonizing plans, the French, in 1627, formed the "Company of New France," to which a royal charter granted the whole of North America. Immense enthusiasm was awakened in France; twenty ships were fitted out, the decks of which were crowded with emigrants, to convey food, building materials, guns and ammunition to the new settlements. All looked hopeful, and the French seemed in a fair way of securing an impregnable position in Canada.

At this critical moment war broke out between England and France, and the opportunity seemed favorable for crushing the infant French settlements in America. Without delay a small but well-equipped armament, consisting of three ships, was despatched under the command of Captain Kirke. The result is well known. At Gaspé, Kirke fell in with the French squadron already referred to, under De Roquement, consisting of twenty ships on their way to Quebec. He attacked and captured the whole fleet, set fire to ten of the smaller vessels, and having filled the remainder with the most valuable stores, he sent them to Newfoundland. In a second expedition he made a clean sweep of the French settlements in Canada and Nova Scotia; Champlain surrendered to him the strong fortress of Quebec, and the whole of these vast possessions were thus, by the bravery and skill of Captain Kirke, annexed to the British Crown. But the imbecility of Charles I. rendered these advantages of no avail. He hastily concluded a peace with France, and anxious to secure his wife's dowry and keep on good

terms with the French king, he agreed to surrender the whole conquest won by Kirke. The French were reinstated in all their Canadian possessions, Quebec included; and at an immense expense of blood and treasure England had to reconquer Canada a century later. Kirke got no remuneration for his losses except the barren honors of knighthood.

After some years spent fruitlessly in endeavoring to have his grievances redressed, Sir David Kirke grew weary of inactivity, and finding that Lord Baltimore had abandoned Newfoundland, he asked for and obtained from the king a grant of the whole. Thus it is that, after the disappointments of his chequered career, we find him settled at Ferryland in the spring of 1638, virtually king of the island, in virtue of the extensive rights conferred by his grant. His efforts were mainly directed to the development of the fisheries, as he felt convinced that on the bleak and barren portion of the island where he had settled agriculture could not be prosecuted successfully. Both to British and foreign fishermen he offered every facility for prosecuting their calling, by protecting them from pirates, erecting stages for the purpose of drying their fish, and building houses for their shelter during their sojourn. In order to remove injurious impressions from the minds of his countrymen which might operate against the settlement of the Island, he published a long and highly interesting account of the country. So well did he manage matters, and such confidence did his government inspire, that before the year 1650, more than three hundred and fifty families had settled in different parts of the island; and had it not been for the narrow, selfish policy afterwards adopted, of prohibiting settlement and endeavoring to drive away settlers, so as to make the country a mere fishing station, the colony would have kept abreast of the sister provinces, and its resources would not have been in the undeveloped state in which we find them to-day.

Sir David continued to rule his principality wisely and justly, and under his guidance its prosperity was very decided. Soon, however, the civil war broke out in England; and during the great conflict neither king nor parliament could give any attention to Newfoundland. Kirke was a staunch loyalist, and during the whole stormy period he considered himself as holding Newfoundland for the king, and kept the royal standard flying on his fort at Ferryland. His two younger brothers were officers in the king's army, and one of them was knighted for his bravery. When

the cause of Charles became hopeless, Sir David wrote offering his majesty a safe asylum in Newfoundland; but the imprisonment and death of the king frustrated these good intentions. When the Commonwealth obtained supreme power, his estates in Newfoundland were all confiscated, and a warrant was issued to Captain Thomas Thoroughgood, commander of the *Crescent*, to sail to Newfoundland and bring Sir David Kirke to England to answer the charges made against him. The final decision of his judges was "that he had no authority in Newfoundland under the grant of Charles Stuart; and all forts, houses, stages, and other appurtenances relating to the fishing trade, and established on the Island by Kirke and his fellow-adventurers, should be forfeited to the Government, as the property of delinquents; that Kirke's own private effects should be secured to him, and he be at liberty to send over his wife and servants to take care of his estate." These were the hard terms meted out to the gallant sailor who had fought so bravely for his country.

He was not the man, however, to sit down hopeless under his troubles. What justice could not accomplish for his case, interest secured. He obtained the powerful aid of Claypole, Cromwell's son-in-law, "by making him a present of a large estate in Newfoundland, and promising him a share of the fishery duties." Little "jobs" of this kind were just as rife under the Commonwealth as under the Monarchy, and "lobbying" was practised then under the very nose of the stern Lord Protector. By Colonel Claypole's assistance, Kirke obtained the removal of the sequestration upon his property. With the exception of the ordnance and forts, all was restored to him; and once more he returned to the Island he loved so well to spend the remainder of his days in peace in his house at Ferryland.

But the great sequestrator, Death, was at hand with his resistless claim. Sir David Kirke had been blessed with a most affectionate, devoted wife, and fair daughters and brave sons graced his house at Ferryland. By these he had been cheered and sustained through all the cloud and sunshine of his career; and in the bosom of his family, it might have been hoped, he would spend a tranquil old age. It was not, however, so to be. Two years after his return to Newfoundland he died suddenly, in the winter of 1655–6, being only fifty-six years of age. His dust found a resting-place at Ferryland, near the remains of his predecessor, Lord Baltimore.

DEAD.

I.

DEAD, dead before my gaze she lies,
Closed her once animated eyes,
And when I breathe her name,
All vainly I the silence break,
She will not answer nor awake,
But sleeps, still sleeps the same.

II.

Her hands are folded on her breast,
As tranquilly she lies at rest
With face serene and fair;
Nor could there saint or angel be
More sweetly beautiful than she,
While lying silent there.

III.

I weep not, love, that thou art dead,
Mine eyes no tears of sorrow shed,
My lips have made no moan,
But grief and anguish have their part
In the deep caverns of my heart,
Altho' they be not shown.

IV.

I know that it were all in vain
That I should murmur and complain,
That thou art snatched away:
And so I strive amidst my woe
To patiently support the blow,
Which rendered dark my day.

V.

O let me gaze upon thee still,
Look on thy well loved face at will,
While yet the chance be mine,
Ere mingled with the earth and mould,
To the grim grave-yard dark and cold
Thy being I resign.

VI.

Rest, rest in peace thou spotless saint,
Thou who wert free from sin or taint,
Dear love 'tis better so—
Better, tho' hard to part with thee,
That to fit scenes of purity
Thy guileless soul should go.

JAMES YOUNG.

THE ARCHIPELAGO OF THE PHILLIPINES.

[Translated from the French by F. A. Bernard, Professor of Modern Languages at St. John, N. B.]

BEFORE leaving with regret the delightful Archipelago of the Phillipines, where I had resided for ten years, I resolved to make an excursion as far as the village of Butuan.

It was in this place, at that time unknown to the world, (128° 44″ E. Longitude, and 8° 4″ N. Latitude), situated at the eastern extremity of the island of Mindanao, that in the year 1521, on Palm Sunday, Magellan hoisted for the first time the standard of Castile.

In leaving Butuan behind me, and following as far as possible, step by step, the track of the celebrated navigator, I ought to reach the small island of Mactan, situated opposite Cebu. It was there that, victim of an imaginary point of honour, Magellan mortally wounded by an arrow expired in the midst of his terror-stricken companions. He was buried on a point of the island that I desired to explore; I hoped to obtain there, thanks to its local traditions, some fresh information as to his discoveries and his tragical end.

My friends at Manilla maintained that the scientific interest of such a pilgrimage would not compensate for the dangers which I should be obliged to encounter in order to reach Mindanao. They did not cease repeating to me that I was going to pass through territories infested by pirates and seldom visited by Europeans. If I in reply told them that I carried with me a letter of introduction from the English Consul to an Englishman of the name of Dickson, and if I asserted to them that his protection could not

fail me in such a sad case as falling alive into the hands of the Pirates, they recalled to my memory that the crew of a French boat had been massacred quite recently at Basilan, that is to say in the very place inhabited by this man Dickson. The Dutch interpreter who accompanied the party being the only one spared. He had himself related to me that he owed his safety only to his sickly state of health, his extreme youth, and to a ransom of two thousand doubloons which the Spanish government generously paid to save him. Again, some years later, a young and beautiful Creole, affianced to a magistrate of the province of Misamis, was kept prisoner by these pirates, every sum of money offered for her ransom having been refused.

Now I must admit that there was some truth in the apprehensions expressed for my safety, but can there be any pleasure more exciting than the strange incidents of these far away explorations, with which are connected historic recollections. I was thirsting after such delights, and consequently I set out.

The season of the great rains had just come to an end. Favoured by the north monsoon, which was now blowing in its regular course, we could cross over in ten days, the distance which separates the island of Lucow, of which Manilla is the Capital, from Mandauas, which latter place I wished to visit. Two monsoons blow alternately on the eastern and western slopes of the Archipelago of the Phillipines. The one brings six months of incessant rain, the other six months of the finest weather.

The first monsoon from the south-west begins at Manilla in May and only ceases blowing in October. It is difficult to imagine a more lowering sky, or swollen and more angry torrents. On land, when the storm reaches that terrible pitch of violence known as the Typhoon, the crops are ruined, the dwellings all levelled with the earth; rivers transformed into torrents, carry away, destroy, and uproot all that comes in their course. The Indians of the mountains, superstitious, very simple hearted and simple minded, content themselves, when they hear and see coming from afar the avalanche of waters, by ascending the nearest heights. There, squatting themselves sadly down with hanging heads, they roll between their fingers, with their usual indolence, the never failing cigarette.

Nothing can be more strange than to see them following, with a careless eye, the muddy waves which bear towards the sea their

buffaloes, their crops, their houses, their entire possessions. And yet others are to be found still more unfortunate. The Indians who inhabit the plains, can only escape the danger by climbing like monkeys to the top of the bamboo canes: clinging to these frail and smooth supports, they wait until the waters subside; but often the Typhoon rages during many long hours. Chilled through, by the rain and the night cold, their hands let go their hold, and they fall to the inundated earth like the fruit from a tree too violently shaken. For these poor wretches there is no burial, which is one of the greatest sorrows those whom they leave behind can experience. If they are not suffocated by the mud, they are carried to the mouths of the rivers, where thousands of sharks await them, and fight for their bodies. In the roadstead where nothing can stop the fury of the cyclone, the shipping get entangled and are thrown against each other, crushing those who are found on board. In vain do ships of large tonnage throw out the sheet anchor, and fire minute guns of distress; nothing can prevent them from going to wreck on the sands, or breaking up on the rocks. The danger out at sea is not so great, provided the captain is prudent and consults carefully his barometer. But should the ships be caught outside whilst under full sail, there is no hope for them. A few years ago between Formosa and Hong Kong, the ship *Evening Star* saw a Dutch vessel disappear in this manner in a kind of leaden coloured whirlwind from which came forth thunder and lightning, and this before the English ship could hoist the red flag, the signal of danger.

The second monsoon, called the *Nortadas*, begins at the period that I had chosen for my departure, that is to say in October, in order to finish by May. It is the period of fine weather; but a sun which shines perpetually during six months, becomes a very tiresome planet. In China, as in Europe, *ennui* arises from monotony of existence. One sighs for the appearance of a cloud, as after six months of rain one asks in despair for a single sunbeam to rejoice the weary heart and relieve the satiated eye.

The Captain of the brig *Nuestra Senora De la Merced*, on board of which I had taken my passage, answered to the pretentious name of "Perpetuo Illustre" (forever illustrious). He was an Indian, sufficient excuse to keep from his ship the Spanish Creoles, much more particular than myself about race and color. He belonged to that wonderful "tangale race" from the Island of

Lucon, recruits from which were the emulators of our own soldiers at the time of the conquest of Cochin China. The resignation shown by these brave men when fevers decimated the expedition, was only surpassed by the courage which they displayed when the "Ananites" came to Saigon in order to assail the Hispano French troops with a force four times superior to ours. Many amongst them, attracted by the cordiality of our French gaiety,—one becomes the more light-hearted out of France, because one feels oneself freer—have asked to remain with us.

The very morning of the day on which we were to set sail, it was rumoured in the roadstead, that a great number of *pancos* or in other words, pirate boats, had shown themselves in the Straits that we had to go through in order to reach Mindanao.

People assured us that they had even come within sight of "Corregidor," such is the name of a small grassy island placed like a look-out some miles outside of the roadstead of Manilla. Now this certainly was exaggeration, as for an example of similar audacity, it was necessary to go as far back as the days of the Spanish Conquest. However, these rumors were so often repeated that the Captain of our brig took alarm at them. Our departure was put off for a day, in order to reinforce the crew. Old-fashioned blunderbusses were put in a fit state for use, frightfully rusty culverins were loaded to the muzzle with grapeshot, and finally sixteen old flint-lock guns, much more dangerous for those who had to use them, than for the pirates who might present themselves, were bought from some Chinese gunsmiths and carried on board with much loud boasting and warlike gesticulations. These preparations ended, the crew received orders to watch narrowly all suspicious crafts that might approach us during the night.

I had so often heard of the depredations committed by these pirates, that far from fearing to meet them, I found myself wishing such an event most earnestly. "Perpetuo Illustre" appeared to share with me this instinctive desire to fight them, and though a government steamer was to set sail in a few days, in order to clear the Straits, "Perpetuo" put boldly to sea without waiting for it.

He felt himself perfectly capable of holding his own against the pirates, with his crew of sixteen men, and his rusty old fire-locks. Brandishing his *bolo*, or large bladed knife, with which the Indians are always armed, he assured me that he wished for nothing better

than to have a downright good brush with the traditional enemies of his race. Nor would this be his first experience: he had already had some skirmishes with them. He knew intuitively that his ancestors, the aborigines of the Phillipines, had seen, as far back as the ninth century, nearly the whole of their territory invaded by these powerful freebooters. At that period the followers of Mahomet, landing from Malasia, overran the territory near the Soudan. The first islands which they met with—Borneo, the Soulva group, and Mindanao—became subjected to them: they have remained so to this day. The Archipelago of the Phillipines was also under their control; but the Fagales and the Cebuanos, having embraced Christianity, drove them back towards their possessions in the south, and from that time an implacable hatred existed between them. Notwithstanding the presence of the Dutch at Celebes, at the Moluccas, and at Borneo, and in spite of the Spanish merchants of Mindanao and of Balabac, war is still kept up between the descendants of the Malays and the native race.

Living in small huts, concealed in the woods, the "Moros"—such is the name given to them by the Spaniards, most probably in remembrance of their everlasting enemies, the Moors of Africa—commit frightful depredations upon those who have submitted to the Europeans. Swooping down like birds of prey upon the Christian villages, they, like their Moorish co-religionists before the year 1830, live only by plunder, peopling their Seraglios with the most beautiful Indian women, whose husbands they likewise very often reduce to slavery. It is even said that frequently a fair captive has been known to avenge herself for old conjugal quarrels, upon her former better half, who, a captive like herself, has been obliged by her to perform those household drudgeries, which are never supposed to be done by the husband. In ordinary circumstances, the Indians of the Phillipines prefer slavery to the shame of repudiating their faith. Lands, liberty, wives are offered to them if they will become Mohamadans; but the converts are very few. On the other hand, the descendants of the Malays have not the same strong religious feeling, and as a general rule, when any of them are to be shot for piracy, they ask to be baptized, persuaded that such apostacy will cause them to be spared. The Spanish missionaries, not very particular how they make converts, are in the habit of keeping those that are con-

demned to death buoyed up with the flattering hope of a free pardon, provided they embrace Christianity; but an Indian, strong in the primitive purity of his faith, resolutely suffers death rather than forsake his religion.

Pirates such as we were expecting to meet with, frequently attack in numbers of two and three hundred any craft of the tonnage of our brig. The Indian sailors who are perfectly well aware that they have no quarter to expect unless they surrender at discretion, fight with desperation. They nearly always succeed in beating them off if they have time to prepare for their defense. But if they should unluckily be surprised during the night their massacre is certain. Throwing into their canoes every valuable object which they find on board, the Moros withdraw after setting fire to the pillaged vessel, and this is not done with the intention of concealing any trace of their piracy but simply through a wanton spirit of destruction. Our first days at sea were uneventful, the absence of danger and the indolent life of an Indian crew would have quickly brought on a fit of ennui, if at each moment our voyage had not been relieved by some new development of scenery. We also frequently discovered Coral Islands of recent creation. These small islands are formed of Polypos, which united to branching corals become in time formidable reefs. And these reefs in their turn, after many years, become islands covered with a thousand remnants of wrecks carried thither by the waves and with the aid of birds and winds, they soon become covered with vegetation.

Graceful clusters of cocoa-nut trees, with their quivering leaves, shoot up round a lake, whose waters rival the brilliant hue of the sapphire, indicating to us reefs, which after the struggles of many years, have finally gained a triumph over the briny element. I always obtained from "Perpetuo" whenever I desired it the liberty of visiting these "Ocean Oases," and I reached them carried on the shoulders of our Indians, who for their part asked no better fun than to be up to their waists in water. I found the shores of these little islets covered with an infinite quantity of shell fish and microscopic crustacea. I used to gather a most abundant harvest of the most beautiful sea-shells, and seldom have I found any insect, reptile or bird, in places where vegetation had sprung up. My chief amusement consisted in giving to these islands the names of my friends in Europe. For instance, I used to write on a thick piece of cardboard the beloved name with which I wished to

christen my island, I then nailed it to the first cocoa-nut tree I came to, and I returned on board happy with sweet remembrance left in these ocean solitudes. Oh! ye navigators, should it ever be your lot to land on the islands "Susan" and "George Sand," let your kindness respect and preserve these names so dear to me.

Night in the tropics is something never to be forgotten. The constellation of the Southern Cross shines with the purest light, and the phosphoresence of the waves is at times so bright, and more especially so before a storm, that one appeared to be sailing in the middle of a luminous cloud. A great surprise to the traveller, is to see how full of life the night becomes when drawing near the coast, or sailing up the Straits.

In every direction is to be seen the bright glare of numberless torches which the fishermen light in the stern of their boats, as soon as the sun goes down. The fish, inquisitive and fascinated by the blaze, hasten to disport themselves within the reflection of the bright flame, and are speared with the greatest ease. It is owing to the great number of lights visible along the shores of the Straits which bear his name, that Magellan, according to report, gave the picturesque name of the Land of Fire to the western part of this passage. I had continued smoking one evening until a rather late hour, upon the poop of the brig. The weak light of my cigar alone lit up now and again the darkness caused by the overhanging shade of a point of "Negro Island" and which a contrary wind prevented us from doubling. All at once I saw a light appear as if from the very midst of the precipice just above me. Under some rocks, whose whiteness equalled that of marble, and which projected over the abyss, reddish flames appeared. I was soon able to distinguish round some burning logs, a crowd of Black men, very small of stature, totally naked, and with large hands and slender crooked limbs. Some of them were engaging each other in sham combats, others armed with bamboo lances were menacing each other from behind long pointed bucklers of which one end was stuck in the ground.

My worthy captain woke up by the sudden light of the fires, came to my side on the poop, and informed me that we had before us some real savages known by the name of "Negritos" at the Phillipines. The burning logs around which I beheld them amusing themselves, not only protected them against the night damp, but also supplied them with the thick coat of

ashes which protects them against the mosquitoes. In fact I remarked that at any spot where the fire became extinguished the dances and the mock combats ceased, and without doubt, as Perpetuo had mentioned, they had rolled themselves in the ashes, and were enjoying rest under the shelter of this singular mosquito curtain. The "Anthropologists place these savages in the class of the endemical branch."

In the course of my travels, I have seen several of them, and have always found them to be of very small size, with short hair, less woolly than that of the common negro, flat noses, thick lips, and the same shade as the blacks of Semaar. They live on the almost inaccessible mountains of the Polynesian high lands, and principally at the Moluccas and the Phillipine Islands. They are most probably aboriginals of Oceanica; the Asiatics, by intermarriage with them, have supplied the different races which occupy the sea coasts of the Spanish possessions, and they are known under the names of Tagales, Illanos, Pampangos and Cebuanos. Several Spanish monks, sent as missionaries to these Lilliputian negroes, have assured me that they could never find among them the slightest trace of any form of worship, or knowledge of a Supreme Being.

Up to the present century they have refused all attempts at civilization. Although their nature is very gentle, they are extremely distrustful, and they never sleep twice in the same encampment, through fear of being surprised. They are ignorant of the use of fire arms, the explosion of which fills them with fear, and on seeing us bring down a bird on the wing, they imagine that we command the thunder. In order to kill the wild deer and wild boars, which are very plentiful in their forests, they use only bows and arrows whose points are harpoon shaped and they never go wide of their aim.

The most singular feature in the character of these savages, and which has always distinguished them from the other Polynesian tribes, is their unconquerable love of freedom. Their resistance against everything likely to restrict their liberty, or change their manners of life, will always render them interesting objects to travellers.

Here is an example of their love of freedom. In a battle held in the island of Lucon, by native soldiers, under command of a Spanish officer, for the purpose of capturing some Negritos who

had plundered certain sugar plantations, they took prisoner a little negro about three years old. They found him trembling with fright, close by a grave, not very deep, and newly dug. When Negritos are pursued too hotly, they abandon all children at the breast, or too weak to follow them. The mothers declare to the leaders, that they can no longer carry them, and with bitter tears and averted face, they place them on the ground. But as the wailing of these poor abandoned little ones would point out the direction taken by the fugitives, they are sacrificed for the general welfare: a grave hastly dug receives the living victims.

The one whose life was saved by the Spanish officer, continued for a long time restless and silent, and avoided the eyes of its deliverer, as might be done by a young monkey just carried off from the forest. The young Negrito was taken to Manilla. An American gentleman living there, and who wished to adopt it, obtained the child from the governor, and the young savage was christened under the name of Pedrito. As soon as he was old enough to be taught, every effort was made to impart to him all such instruction as could be obtained in these far away countries. The old residents of the island, thoroughly acquainted with the character of the Negritos, would laugh to themselves on seeing the attempts made to civilize the latter. They foretold that sooner, or later, the young savage would return to his mountains. His adopted father, who was well aware of the jeering remarks at the expense of the object of his solicitude, felt hurt and informed all his friends that he was going to take him to Europe. Together, they visited New York, Paris and London, and at the end of two years travels, he brought him back to the Phillipines.

With that talent for the acquirement of languages with which the black race is gifted, Pedrito, on his return, could speak Spanish, French and English: he would only wear the very finest of French patent leather shoes, and to this very day every one at Manilla remembers the gentlemanly dignity, with which he received the advances of persons to whom he had not been introduced.

Two years had hardly gone by since his return from Europe, when he disappeared from the dwelling of his patron. The sceptics were triumphant. Most probably, nothing would ever have been heard of the adopted child of the philanthropic Yankee, but for a singular meeting, between the young man and a European, which afterwards occurred.

A Prussian naturalist—related to the celebrated Humboldt—made up his mind to climb the Marivelés, a mountain which flanks the Bay, into which the river Pasig flows, and which is inhabited by numerous tribes of Negritos, notwithstanding the proximity of the Capitol of the Phillipines. The naturalist had already almost reached the summit of the peak, and was gathering plants, accompanied by some Indians carrying his luggage, when suddenly he saw himself surrounded by a swarm of little Blacks. It was a tribe of Negritos, who feeling themselves sufficiently strong in numbers had not feared to approach them. Their bows being carried under their arms, as hunters carry their guns when at rest, and their bamboo quivers slung at their backs, they appeared peacefully inclined. They seemed struck with surprise at sight of the first European, bold enough to trust himself in their forests.

The Prussian, at first rather astonished, soon recovered from his surprise, and taking his pencils, he prepared to sketch some portraits, when all at once, one of the savages coming up to him with a smile, asked him in good English if he was acquainted with an American of the name of Graham, and behold, this was the lost Pedrito. He related his history, and when he had finished, the young botanist tried in vain to induce him to return with him to Manilla. However, the young savage kindly offered to help him in his botanical researches, and even gave him some very valuable specimens of shells, fossils etc., after which, at night time, he departed with the rest of his tribe. At long intervals, the Prussian and his guides heard afar off among the mountains the echo of a shrill cry. It was the warning signal uttered by the Negritos, when they believe themselves threatened by any danger. This occurred in the year 1860.

Doubtless, at this moment, at the very summit of the Marivelés, sheltered by some huge crags, and basking in the warmth of a fire, with the ashes of which he will at length cover his naked body, his eye perhaps fixed upon some distant vessel, bound for Europe, Pedrito is describing to his wondering companions the marvels which he has met with in other latitudes. Should we regret his repugnance to adopt our modes of living? Let each of my readers reply in accordance with or unto his own ideas, but it can easily be credited that many who enjoy all the advantages of the highest civilization would envy him the free air of his mountain home, and that he most certainly would not envy their existence in the tainted atmosphere of our populous towns.

(Conclusion next month.)

ARACHNE.

BY MARY BARRY.

ARACHNE boasted of her skill in spinning,
And great Minerva to the spinner came,
In lowly guise, as of an ancient dame,
To view the work that all men's praise was winning.
And then these two, the goddess and the woman,
Did straight contend which should most skilful be,
And the Immortal yielded to the Human
The palm of victory!

Yielded, but not with grace, for goddess fashion,
She heaped upon her rival scorn and spite,
And with the wrath of an unhallowed might,
Broke the fair spinner's distaff in her passion,
And changed her to a spider. Now she spins
Threads that she never could have spun before;
From ruined spindle and marred life, begins
The web of gossamer!

Read ye the lesson of the mythic story?
Who will excel, must face the frowns of hate;
Who will excel, shall pluck from darkest fate
An added glory!

Saint John, N. B.

THE HUNCHBACK.

I AM a misshapen hunchback; my head sits almost neckless on my shoulders; "reason's mintage" is with me distorted and unlovely; by a full foot does my stature come below the average; and, withal, I walk with a limping gait. What is this but saying that I am despised, and mocked, and downtrodden? What is it but saying that I am unhappy, and an outcast from the world? Most men are enamoured of the abstract virtue of kindness, and, in positions not peculiarly disadvantageous, it can be practised too. But how passing seldom is unmistakable beneficence exhibited when, in order to its exercise, unreasoning chronic hostility

has to be overcome! You already half love and pity an unfortunate who comes invested with circumstances commendatory to your taste. Had the adverse fates less hideously endowed me, the tender-hearted, might in my behalf, effect a compromise between their prejudices and their humanity. As it stands with me, however, I am quite out of the pale of human sympathy; I am shut up in the lazar-house of a hopeless isolation. In the lazar-house? The figure was absurdly misapplied. Even poor lepers have some society: they enjoy the melancholy companionship of their stricken fellows. But under what sky do dwarfish hunchbacks consort? Being universal eyesores, they should be as gregarious as the sheep, and as secluded as the bittern. In such a community, existence might be tolerably enjoyable; nay, there I might command those honors which are merit's due; for he would be a strange fish indeed who should carry off the palm of ugliness from me.

Even amid the only partially developed repulsiveness of boyhood (my years now count nine-and-twenty), I was cut off from all friendly communion with the species. Even then I saw that I had no business to be in the world at all. By the popular voice I was pronounced a nuisance. First, there was my aunt, to whose tender mercies, in consequence of the untimely death of my parents, I was early consigned. The only conceivable end that, in the estimation of this relative, my presence beneath the sun in any degree served, was to furnish a mark for the full brunt of her violently and capriciously explosive temper; as well as to contribute to the warming her far from torpid fancy whenever some luckless neighbour became sufficiently obnoxious to demand a special effort of scornful eloquence. Were it for nothing else, however, than the aid afforded after this latter fashion, some little credit (as, with the grim humor of despair, I more than once only remarked) might well be vouchsafed me. So long (and, alas, it was long to incessance) as I occupied a space in aunt's bodily or mental vision, unslumberingly vigilant would he be who should detect her marring her oratory by hiatus or insipidity. Whether the particular *role* was sparkling badinage, or pungent sarcasm, or fiery, clangorous declamation (in which she shone resplendent) exquisitely could she appropriate images borrowed from my multiplex defects—now a flashing simile, now a felicitous analogy, and anon a pat allusion—to point and to adorn. The person of the "odious, misbegotten varlet" (her favorite designation of me)

was in truth a sort of quiver containing shafts suited to every imaginable modification of malevolence. However, the "whirligig of time" at last brought round its revenges. By the tardy effusion of my weary nonage, I was not only constituted my own uncontrolled warder, but by coming unto the possession of a moderate yet adequate patrimony (but for which life's grief fever would soon be extinguished in the cold, dark, narrow house—for how should I earn my bread? who would employ me?—and the hunchback was much too proud to beg or steal), I was enabled to yield my aunt, as, poverty-struck and desolate, she lay on a bed of death, the substantial aid so sorely needed. Men of a certain mental idiosyncrasy might feel disposed to square accounts with aunt; but, for myself, when I heard my high spirited relative humbly mingle thanks for my kindness to such a "pagan undeserver" with bitter self-reproaches for past misdemeanours, my Nemesis was satisfied, and satisfied to repletion.

I have said that not even the insignificance of early youth could yield me immunity from the iron heel of oppression. Unreservedly and invariably true was the affirmation respecting people of ordinary flesh and blood; they of course acted characteristically: it was no new thing under the sun to mistake misfortune for crime. But there was, nevertheless, one noble being whom I not unseldom, in the fervor of my gratitude and admiration, felt constrained to regard as of ethereal mould, as belonging to another sphere, who shed a solitary yet indemnifying ray—a ray that was sunbright—through the moral gloom, darkness Egyptian, that environed me. Were I the beautiful Adonis, or Apollo the graceful, and possessor of all the virtues as well, Dick Redton could not have more affected my society. I was fairly beset by him. Day and night he waited upon me like my shadow. Never squire was more faithful to his lord. It was not that Dick suffered from the infirmity of blindness. But upon his nose there sat the spectacles of ardent affection: and how those transfigured and transmuted every thing pertaining to the hunchback! Frequently indeed has the thought glided through my mind that my friend accounted me rather handsome than otherwise. Much too careful of unwittingly wounding the feelings, and withal (young though he was) too well bred to allow of his making my bodily shortcomings a subject of familiar talk, he, notwithstanding, from time to time could not refrain from essaying to enhearten me by excogi-

tating resemblances—questionless conscientiously conceived, but, alas, fallaciously—between sundry of my physical peculiarities and those, imagined or real, of the *elite* of his acquaintance. Now, he had all the morning been impatient to tell me that my nose was a marvellous *fac simile* of the organ olfactory of no less a grandee than my neighbor the church-warden; now, my forehead presented an unmistakable likeness to the learned sinciput of Mr. Perkins the attorney.

Of course, amid the wide-spread hostility that attended me, Dick's distorted judgment was occasionally somewhat rudely corrected. Painfully disenchanting, especially, were the many-voiced greetings of the rabble whenever I appeared in the streets—for I, too, had, after a certain sort, "the pomp and circumstance" of a kingly "progress." He might generously feign ignorance of the occasion of the display, or even the existence of the ovation, but lucky was it if a shower of heterogeneous missiles did not sensibly undeceive. At such a too common conjuncture, my trusty friend, though ordinarily one of the most unwarlike, appeared the very counterpart of the youthful Ali when offering himself as Mohammed's lieutenant: "he would rip up their bellies, he would tear out their eyes." With what expressive vehemence have I heard him yearn, in his fierce devotion, for twenty-four hours' tenancy of the power of an Alexander or a Cæsar, that he might subject the entire population to a lengthened exposure on the pillory for their treatment of me—blinking, dear soul, the cardinal consideration that, not to speak of the mutual countenance derived from such an enlarged community of suffering, the absence of spectators would not exactly answer the end of that particular development of penal legislation.

No longer in the roll of the living appears the name of poor Dick. During fifteen years has he slept under the "watery floor" of the Pacific, for his was the not uncommon fate of the emigrant. Yet throughout that sombre period, even under persecution's hottest fire, my friend, canonized by memory, has never failed to whisper to me the old true-hearted words of hope and courage.

Has fifteen years' subjection to buffetings, literal and figurative, blunted my original sensitiveness to insult? Do I now take kindly to oppression? Ah, no! There have been men philosophic enough to grow merry over their own infirmities—men who could forestall the sallies of malignity by complacent self-ridicule. I should be

one of those. I should be as impassable as a statue. But, on the contrary, the plastic wax is not more impressible; I wear my heart on my sleeve if ever man did. Yet is there nothing of wounded vanity in this? I simply long for sympathy—long, as the parched traveller pines for the fountain. I possess a heart that overflows with unappropriated benevolence, affections loudly demanding employment, but no one seems to credit the hunchback with a heart, or charity, or anything good. Yet can it be that there are no harassed spirits to soothe? No moral sores that need mollifying with the ointment of kindness? Do all perplexed ones enjoy an overplus of loving counsellors? How proud should I be to become the confidant of the lowliest! No new-fledged statesman ever stepped so trippingly to his first cabinet session as I should hurry to the presence-chamber of the unwashed artificer. On two occasions, and on two occasions alone, since I could write myself a man, have individuals with eyes, with judgments, seemingly with all the accessories of rational beings, saluted me as they passed on their ways. The precise words were—"Good morrow, sir!" No very perilous confidence in sooth—scant argument for rejoicing—as all besides would deem it. But to one whom undeviating usage had virtually adjudged a place with the ox and mule, even that was much. A crumb it was, but a crumb in which I have found much good honey.

As is natural in my circumstances, I thrust myself but little on people's notice. Night is with me the season consecrated to going abroad. The great flaring sun commands about as much of my regard as it gets from the owl or the thief. Let those that will expatiate on the amenities of days of polar length; the winter solstice has most of my love—though it is love qualified, inasmuch as then night's "ebon throne" begins anew to lose dominion. Town and country ways alike resound to my nocturnal saunterings. Except, however, as it may speak of other hearts knowing their own bitterness, the populous hive possesses small interest for me. It is when hobbling through an unfrequented rural district—musing till the fire burns—that my tastes are best answered. And to what brave lengths do I sometimes venture on such occasions! More than once has it been midnight's "iron tongue" tolling the solemn hour from village steeple that arrested my persevering steps and turned me homewards; and the matin stave of the early laborer has sounded shrill and startling ere "blessed sleep" enwrapped me in its friendly cloak.

How the overwhelming sense of my great misfortune warps my estimate of the orders and divisions of society! Conventional usage distinguishes men by such designations as rich and poor, learned and illiterate, polite and vulgar. According to my private classification, all mankind are resolved into two parties, persecuting and tolerant. I am selfishly unconscious of any other. An enormous actual dissimilarity in verity there is between gay apparel and rags, between affluence and penury. But the discrepancy is after all imperceptibly insignificant compared with the stupendous difference between both and such as I. Peaceful Lazarus traversing the streets enjoys about the same exemption from affront as inoffensive Dives. The most despised, woe-begone mendicant can afford to smirk at, and hoot, and dog the steps of the hunchback. And, be it said to their lasting shame, many and many a time have the staring eyes and gaping mouth of quality itself confessed to the piquancy of the sensation.

Though, however, thus hopelessly shut out from all intercourse with my fellows, there is, nevertheless, one grand community—the spirit world of books—to which I am ever welcome, and which, besides, I unfeignedly relish. The company here are all right worshipful, yet they make not a condition of friendship that my limbs be symmetrical or my mien majestic. The lowliest among neighbors in the flesh persistently load me with obloquy and derision: in this presence, I unreservedly converse with kings and warriors. Here I am admitted into the secrets of diplomacy. Cleopatra does not mar her charms by the scowl of ungenerous abhorrence. The philosopher here is free from inconsistencies; deformity is treated with equal consideration with beauty's nonpareil; and my heart beats high as he discourses even to me of life, death, judgment, immortality. In this society, I am apprized of illustrious examples of wisdom and uncouthness in unison; nor do the maxims of an Æsop or a Pope strike me with less force because nature denied the preacher his due complement of bodily endowments. Here I learn of one Tyrtæus who, within an ungainly, blemished exterior, possessed a soul of martial daring that could infuse into an army an energy irresistible, after the banner had began to droop, and the sword arm to grow nerveless. But more than all, in this spiritual commerce, I am conversant with apostles and seers; associated with such, much of life's mystery is unriddled; of the marvels of futurity, I obtain enravishing glimpses; and I

am taught to believe that as respects myself, the uncomeliness of the present moment is perfectly compatible with an existence hereafter of spotless beauty and perennial youth.

WALTER GRAHAM.

Toronto.

LOVE'S WELCOME.

BY S. IRENE ELDER.

Blow summer winds from Orient Isles,
Through summer days prolong
Your incense breathing choruses,
In fullest tide of song,
For Love has come.

Bloom summer flowers in summer fields,
Empty each perfume cup
Upon the bosom of the winds,
Let glad hearts drink it up,
For Love has come.

Gleam Eastern skies with rosy light,
Flash out your golden beams
Across the zenith, to where dips
The Western Isle of dreams,
For Love has come.

Shine bright upon us, stars of night—
From azure field afar
Build up to Heaven a shining track
For life's triumphal car,
For Love has come.

Riverbank, N. S.

IMILDA; OR THE FATAL FOUNTAIN.

A SICILIAN TALE.

O thou pervading power of love! Thou art to some, sweet as the bubbling fountain of freshness to the burning brow of the desert-worn traveller;—but to others, terrible as the fiery pestilence, or the breath of the unmerciful Simoon.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCENE—THE HEROINE.

THE room was small, but what it wanted in size, it amply made up for in luxury, being furnished in a splendid and almost oriental style of magnificence. The walls of crimson velvet; the velvet settees—the frames of which were elaborately carved and richly gilt—the low, broad-backed velvet chairs, with deep gold fringe round the seats; the large mirror, the splendid pictures, whose style bespoke them from no less masters than Titian and Paul Veronese, all told of wealth, taste and elegance. The floor of the apartment was of the purest white marble, and in the middle stood, on a table of *lapis lazuli*, a rich porcelain vase filled with a profusion of the rarest and most luxuriant exotics, which lent their perfume to the boudoir.

Books and engravings strewed the table, but they lay untouched and unopened—and on a small ebony and ivory table, lay a mandolin, but several of the strings were broken, and by its side was placed a splendid illuminated missal, cased in all the luxury of the most costly filagree. On a beautifully arranged toilette table (which with the frame of the looking-glass, was composed of richly embossed gold, inlaid with precious stones) among other rich and sparkling gems, appeared within an open casket, a long string of large sized oriental pearls. A Greek lamp of gold, filled with perfumed naptha, stood upon the table.

Beside a Venetian window, opening into a marble balcony which imitated a garden in its profusion of rare and exquisite flowers, on a low ottoman, sat, or rather half reclined, a fair being who might have been thought as inanimate as the objects around her, but for the gentle heaving of her bosom.

Though gazing out at the scene beyond, her thoughts were otherwise employed than in admiring its beauty, though it seemed

a perfect paradise, where even the unsatisfied spirit of man could do nought but bask in the sunshine of enjoyment; and it was the hour, when the heart, if ever, must be replete with benevolence to all mankind.

The lingering twilight that had clothed the surrounding heavens with the varied tints, and romantic beauty so peculiar to Italy, was giving place to the rose-colored clouds, which threw a sort of vapory mantle, of rich, vivid violet color over the distant hills; the stars were coming into view, one by one, seeming to take their stations in the cloudless vault, as the guardians of the night over the lonely world. The moon, slowly emerging from a grove of Spanish chestnuts that crowned the neighboring hill, poured its silvery flood upon the polished lake. A row of citron trees skirted the margin of this tranquil sheet of water, and a beautiful pleasance (the vivid green of whose velvet sward looked as though it had never been pressed by anything heavier than fairy footsteps) rising gradually from its edge, extended to the building. The musical trill of the distant waterfall, the chirping of the cicala, even the humble lowing of the cattle combined to form a scene—one of enchantment, so sweet, so placid, so fairy-like it seemed.

Turn, however, from this scene and behold the occupant of the apartment, and say if happiness necessarily dwells with wealth and splendor. Sorrow and anxiety were depicted on her countenance, but even in her sorrow she was an exquisitely beautiful creature; the infant-like delicacy, yet affluent bloom of her countenance, the head of Grecian-like dignity, the profusion of hair—

> "Whose glossy black to shame might bring
> The plumage of the raven's wing"—

which overshadowed without concealing the intellectual loveliness of her face, confined simply by a pearl bandeau, was parted on a forehead of dazzling whiteness.

Her dress was of blue velvet, flowered with silver, confined at the wrists and waist by bracelets, and a girdle of emeralds and brilliants. The girdle clasped a waist as slender and symmetrical as that once held, according to fable, by the cestus of Venus. A rich twisted necklace, pendants of diamonds, and blue velvet slippers constituted the costume of the bright and lovely being who adorned and wore it. The whole figure was pre-eminently beautiful, but it was the countenance that rivetted and entranced the attention, exemplifying the transcendant style of ideal beauty, which "deifies

the canvas" of the great master Titian: the features, the outlines, and complexion of the individual were as faultless and striking, the expression as vivid and bewitching. Above all, in the large, clear and lustrous dark eyes, lurked the spell of resistless fascination, by turns melting with tender languishment and lighting with all the fervent passion of love, or sparkling "with a volley of rays that seemed to say a thousand things at once." Still, in their wild and ærial glance, an accurate observer might detect, at times, somewhat of the impetuous and fiery spirit which harbors in the breasts of the Italians. But, in the present aspect, there was nothing ominous betrayed; the whole countenance was overshadowed by a cast of deep and pensive thought, amounting to absolute melancholy, which added to its sweetness and purity, by softening its natural glow, like the gentle twilight, throwing its vapory mantle over the brilliant hues which emblazon heaven and earth, in the glorious sunset hour of a summer's eve, in her own fair and sunny land—the Helen of nations.

Imilda di Gieremei was a Sicilian by birth, and the only child of the Conte di Gieremei, who had extensive dominions by right of his wife, a lady distinguished for personal attractions, but of grave temper and retiring manners. The father—proud, worldly and ambitious—doted on the beautiful child, who, reversing the ordinary attachment of girls, repaid his love with interest, while towards her mother, whose melancholy turn and religious exercises, acted as repellants on Imilda's affections, she was much less warmly disposed. His charming and cherished child, under his tutelage, became the pride and admiration of his country. The celebrated Cecelia was scarcely more deified and idolized, and the fond parent beheld, with a feeling of gratified pride, the reception she everywhere met with. Beautiful, daughter of one of the richest and highest nobles in Sicily, and allied to many aristocratic families of the land, it was not to be wondered at that Imilda was courted by many noble lovers, who poured into her ear the incense of exalted admiration. From amongst these her father would gladly have permitted her to select a suitable companion. But her affections were inalienably engaged to one who had, ever since her recollection, been the companion of her childhood, but whose birth and fortune could not entitle him to the honor of so high an alliance.

The Conte having no son to succeed him in his rank, his pos-

sessions, and his ancient name, it became doubly important, that Imilda, who inherited them all, should wed early and splendidly. He immersed her in gaiety, and spared no expense to encircle her with the pleasures of art and appliances of luxury. She visited gay ladies and courts, with a view to the finest and most expensive cultivation of her favorite tastes. She entered into the fashionable world, for which she was formed to be, if not its brightest, at least an unusual ornament—into these scenes she has so often entered in her waking as well as midnight dreams. The fickle breath of popular applause and admiration, she sighed not after, for though inexperienced in the language of the world, her discriminating judgment and true delicacy of sentiment easily distinguished the difference between the outpourings of the heart, and vain and senseless adulation.

Perhaps in no country does the master passion visit girls so early as in Italy. At the early age of fifteen, Imilda knew, what first love—passionate love—was, but as before mentioned, the person who had inspired the tender passion, unfortunately had not, she supposed, the pure and rich blood of aristocracy flowing in his veins.

It was at a marked festival at the palace of her father, that Imilda leaned upon the arm of a youth, who during the evening had poured into her ear all the "tongue's utterance of love." The graceful pair had wandered almost unconsciously into a garden, breathing with the freshness of the midnight air, and rendered still more enchanting by the odoriferous scents of innumerable flowers.

All was silence and deep repose. The moon was climbing the blue depths of the starry heavens, and pouring down upon them a flood of mild and soul subduing radiance. Every object—above, below and around them, was calculated to awaken the most intense and rapturous enthusiasm. The hearts of the youthful pair yielded to the melting influences of the hour.

Presently there comes floating on the air the soft breathings of a lute, and then followed a full but mellow voice, uttering in song, an avowal of passion couched in the honied tones of a first and soul absorbing love. The youth was fair to profit by so sweet, so auspicious an opportunity. He unmasked his face, and kneeling down, avowed his passion with all the fervor and enthusiasm of which a youthful heart is capable. How mournfully delicious were Imilda's sensations when she discovered in her suitor, the

long treasured divinity of her bosom—the playmate of her childhood, the companion of her daily walks, one, in fact whose form had haunted her by day, and visited her pillow in her dreams by night. Not that she was surprised at the discovery, her heart had told her but too truly, that he who was then sueing for pardon and pity at her feet, could be no other than Bernardo Vernaldi, the dependant of her father. Manhood had scarcely darkened his cheek, yet had his prowess in the fight been frequently put to the test, and fame had already blazoned forth his name as a bold and brave cavalier.

That moonlight hour was to him the fatal Rubicon of life; his heart was irretrievably lost. Never had she appeared to him so surpassingly lovely, never had he before felt the united force of her beauty, her wit, and her gentleness. Nor was the blushing and trembling maiden insensible to the noble bearing of Bernardo. Their passion was reciprocal: they loved, but their love was like the Persian flowers, redolent with poison and with death.

Days, and weeks, and months fled in rapid succession. In the frequency of their delightful intercourse, the lives of the young lovers glided away in one uninterrupted dream of wild and rapturous bliss, but they were fated to be awakened to the sad realities of time.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOVERS.

IMILDA was sitting alone beside the Venetian window, busy with her own thoughts, and they all centered at one point. She was not sorry to be alone; no one is sorry to be alone when the mind is much occupied, though solitude always gives a melancholy turn to our reflections. She sat at the open window recalling the past, and dreaming over bygone moments. Sometimes her eyes wandered to the door, as though she expected the entrance of some one. The evening was drawing to its close, yet she did not choose to send for lights; she preferred remaining by the open window, keeping watch over the retiring day. The solitude she was in, enabled her to distinguish easily the tread of hasty footsteps. She rose, and the next moment the door of the apartment flew open, and Bernardo Vernaldi appeared before her.

"Bernardo!" exclaimed Imilda in astonishment, at his sudden and hurried manner.

"Yes Imilda, I am come to see you; perhaps for the last time," answered Bernardo as he advanced into the room.

His form was finely proportioned, his features marked and regular, rather than extraordinary, but his finely chiselled short upper lip, in its full and exquisite curve, reminded one of the bewitching graces playing about the mouth of a Grecian statue; his forehead was broad and high, his hair dark, thick and glossy, and his full dark eye could one moment flash forth the lightnings of its wrath, and the next melt with all the tender languishment of love.

The evening was gradually obscuring the apartment, and to Vernaldi, the only visible object in it was Imilda di Gieremei, standing, and uncertain how to act. Extreme pleasure was the most natural feeling at first beholding her lover, and it prevented her reflecting upon the impropriety of his visit at that hour, and when she was alone. Yet, had she been expecting him, and more, anticipated the recital of unpleasant, if not painful news.

Imilda did not ask him to sit down, and she was yet bewildered by his presence, when Bernardo, hurriedly addressed her; his manner passionate and eager, and his face flushed, although he seemed fatigued.

"Do I offend you," he said, in subdued accents, "by being here? But if I do, you will forgive me, dearest Imilda, for I am here to bid you farewell, and for a long time; perhaps forever."

"Bernardo," said Imilda, reproachfully, but turning pale at the same time; "what means this jesting?"

"Dearest girl, I wish that it were but a jest," he replied, sorrowfully. "I am speaking in sad and sober earnest; so Imilda, you will forgive my abrupt intrusion, will you not?" continued he, with gentleness.

Drawing a heavy respiration, he informed her that her father had that day haughtily remonstrated with him for his audacity in looking up to his daughter, at the same time bitterly animadverting on the ingratitude and treachery of dependants. The young man's proud spirit was instantly aroused: he returned an angry reply, words "flew fast and furious," and the quarrel terminated in the Count's expelling him the palace.

The announcement overpowered Imilda: she burst into tears. In vain she tried to speak: she sat down and hid her face in her hands, and sobbed convulsively.

"Dearest!" said Vernaldi, while he knelt at her feet, "do not grieve. I cannot bear to see those tears: if you do, I shall weep too, and I shall suffer more than you do. Imilda, give me that little hand;" and Bernardo forced away the fingers that were stemming the flow of Imilda's tears; he took the hand and kissed away the drops.

But even this action passed unheeded by the unhappy girl, and her bosom seemed bursting with its anguish.

"Going!" she murmured, and a wild scream hovered upon her lips. Her heart swelled with a degree of sorrow which has nothing in common with words or with tears; her utterance was choked, and stifling sobs were heaving her bosom with their bursting throes.

It was such a helpless, hopeless sorrow—to see no more the cherished object of her deep affection. For well she knew once the door was closed upon her lover, never, never would he be permitted to repass the threshold. The darkness of a grave would have seemed less appalling than this curtain of woe cast over all that so feeling a heart held most dear.

To live but for one, to dream of him, to speak of him with rapture, to thrill when the music of his name is heard, to know what heaven is in his presence; to exist by his remembrance, to listen for his very breath, because his breathing is more to your existence than your own; to devote your life, your future, your aspiration, your whole soul to one object, and that object be withdrawn from you—oh! reader, if you have escaped this, think not that your burden has been great,—be not misled, overrate not your afflictions, nor rashly compare them with such as these. Was the passion of Bernardo sincere?

Aye, he loved her with a depth of devotion that is rarely equalled, and which being restrained from public expression, was rendered more intense. There had dwelt in the unstirred depths of his breast, a fond and energetic attachment—a fund of impassioned feeling, which tranquilly reposed as the waters of a sealed fountain, but like them burst forth in a pure bright stream at the liberating touch that brought it into motion. That breast had been touched, the fountain poured forth its living waters, and the warmth and sensibility of his nature made him the enthusiastic votary of his Sicilian divinity. It was not alone because she was the gifted heiress of a noble house—the beautiful,

the brilliant, the admired, the adored, that entranced his soul, whose magic spell claimed omnipotent rule; no, it was the kind and sympathetic manner, the charms of her mind, and the delicacy which had studiously avoided any allusion to his unknown origin.

What was his origin, or who were his parents, no one could tell, if the father of his beloved be excepted, but if he knew, he maintained a profound silence on the subject. All that was generally known, was that at the early age of four years, the boy had been brought to the Count's princely residence, and though in his boyhood he was nurtured and all his wants amply supplied, still he was only regarded as a new appendage to nobility. Hints and surmises were naturally whispered about, but none dared openly to give vent to their thoughts, or venture to enquire of the haughty Seigneur who the child might be.

Arrived at the proper age, he received his education along with his beloved daughter, shared in her studies and pleasures, and eventually became a sort of private secretary to the Conte, but with this seeming generosity and happiness were blended mortifying truths. The Conte ever treated him haughtily: his superiors, on account of the position he maintained in the establishment of his patron, were in a manner reconciled to his handsome person and fascinating address, though many and bitter were the insults he received and apparently endured from the young Sicilian nobles—while his inferiors, though not openly expressing their envy, contrived in various indirect ways to wound his feelings. The only redeeming feature in this life, in fact that rendered it supportable, was the knowledge of his being beloved by the beautiful and high born Imilda. Indeed, had it not been for this knowledge, his proud spirit, shrinking from such underserved treatment, would long since have rebelled, and he would have sought another home—another clime—where, if the sphere he might move in would not be as high, his feelings would not be subjected to unmerited persecution.

CHAPTER III.

THE SEPARATION.

BUT to return. Bernardo, after taking the maiden's hand, and kissing away the drops, waited till she was calmer, and it was not till the violence of her grief was exhausted that she spoke.

"Is it true, Bernardo, what you have told me? Has my father

discovered our secret, and in consequence banished you from his presence, and—and from me—forever.

Vernaldi, in reply to this interrogatory, without circumlocution, and in sad accents repeated what he had previously told her.

"But you will return?"

"No," he replied shaking his head sorrowfully, "why should I?"

"Is this, then your affection?" asked Imilda, almost with anger.

"Listen to me," answered Bernardo, as he still knelt at her feet. "Your father has vowed to wash out the supposed stain upon the honor of his house with my blood, should I ever again put foot upon his land. Depend upon it, he will redeem the pledge. His threats I value not—they pass by me as the idle wind, but it is too evident he is determined to remove me, to banish me for ever from a spot, where enchained by early associations, and excited by the continual presence of my beloved, there could be no probability of my overcoming what he denounces as a degrading and ——"

"Say no more—say no more," she said piteously, interrupting him.

After a silence of a few seconds. "I am going to leave you, dearest," he said, mournfully; "and the bitterness of my despair will ever be unknown to you—your mind cannot comprehend the wretchedness of mine now. Your single regret at my absence will be as nothing, Imilda, compared to my endless sorrow, which will live while I live—for life itself is old with me—and you are all to me—all—my youth—my hope—my every joy—the only thing my soul desires—the only being that I rejoice in. I cannot look forward—the world possesses no charm for me—only you are my world—not this one, Imilda, but a better one, and—and I must resign you. Do you hear me, dearest? oh! look at me, and speak to me with your eyes at least!"

The maiden looked at her lover, and his mournful countenance seemed to give assurance to his words.

"You have broken my heart," was her earnest and sad reply.

"Rather say, your cruel father has brought this dire misery on you—this despair on me. But ——" He hesitated.

"But what?" inquired Imilda, tremblingly, as though seemingly afraid to ask the question.

"There is a way to escape this tyranny," he answered quickly. "Fly with me!" he exclaimed, with sudden fire; "fly with me—you shall not repent it. I will adore you while I live, and if I die,

I think my spirit would break its bonds to watch over you! Fly with me, and in the universe—which will be a chaos without you—you will be all in all to me. I could not have another hope; I could not know another happiness. Fly with me, dearest, and I will teach you the boundlessness of my affection. Oh! fly with me, and be worshipped by a heart that owns you for its very religion. My own Imilda, dearest, dearest one! do you hear me; have you listened to my ——"

"For the Virgin's sake, have pity on me, and tempt me not," exclaimed Imilda, interrupting him.

The agitation of her voice denoted the intense pain of mind that she was enduring; and her beautiful face—beautiful still with its streaming tears—was bent over Bernardo's, with the expression of an angel, pleading for compassion. He went on imploringly, and he spoke but the truth; and its powerful evidence carried conviction to the unfortunate girl.

"Imilda, I would resign my existence to call you mine; you cannot doubt I would do it gladly; say you know it to be so, my beloved, or I shall think you never have appreciated my affection, and are incapable of probing the depths of my devotion."

There was a deep silence for some time, broken at length by his saying, with a faltering voice:

"To-morrow, dearest, I depart, but you must go too; indeed you must—you would not abandon me. Imilda, I ask, I beseech you for your pity. Oh! forsake me not," cried Bernardo imploringly, and he buried his face in the lap of Imilda, while his quick drawn breath and broken sentences betrayed his agitation.

"Leave me alone, I entreat you, Bernardo; you are breaking my heart," said Imilda, and with her slender hands she tried to raise her lover from his kneeling posture.

What a world of misery was tearing the hearts of these two young persons. Oh! who that has a heart will not lament over the grief of such moments—the parting of those whose existence is each bound up in the other's; for, at this moment, it seems so, and to feel they may not meet again.

Vernaldi pleaded all that passion urged him to—he prayed, he wept, he adjured her to accompany him—what did he not say.

The feelings may be rent, but the very nature of a man's violence in such cases, alarms the timidity and delicacy of a pure high-minded girl, and gives the power, as well as the desire to resist such undutiful entreaties.

"Bernardo, I love you so. I would brave all—the world's contempt—I would encounter disgrace—I would leave my home—I would beg for you—I would forget that I am heiress of a noble house; but Bernardo," and the quivering of her lip evinced the intensity of her suffering, "my father, my dear father and his misery, his deep affection—to know I had rewarded it by leaving him alone and desolate;—the upbraidings of my conscience—I would stifle them. But would my God ever forgive me if I deserted my dear, dear father. Bernardo, do you hear me?" The unhappy girl appealed to her lover in a tone of anguish that obliged him to turn towards her. He beheld in her countenance the nature of her feelings, he once more flung himself on her generosity.

"Do you think my love can do nothing for your happiness? Think, how am I to believe you care for me, if you place so little faith in my affection? Oh, Imilda, dearest Imilda, can you not conceive some happiness in having me ever devoted to you, and anxious to save you from all evil. Bound to you by the holiest of ties—by gratitude—and a passion that has not its equal, can you picture nothing to yourself but misery if you go through life with me—my dearest one—my love—my only joy—oh! listen to me, and think how I have loved—how I do love."

Bernardo seized the hands of the maiden, and covered them with convulsive kisses. "Be mine, and fame shall blazon forth my name amongst the noblest of Italian chivalry. Oh! by what prayer shall I adjure thee."

By this last appeal Imilda's heart was almost vanquished; but she was still checked by the feminine delicacy which ruled her character so conspiciously, and which made her feel that independently of the laws of duty, the eloping with her lover was an open act of impropriety that her nature shrank from.

When Bernardo perceived that she persisted, mildly, but firmly in her refusal to accompany him, he changed his tone, and reproached her with selfishness and with deception.

"Yes," he exclaimed "you have deceived me. I put your affection to the test, and what has become of it? Where is your boasted love for me? You prefer your father to me. What has he done for you more than the laws of nature have forced upon him? You say he loves you—do not all parents love their children? You say your absence would grieve him. Do you think for a moment,

that when he loses you, his sorrow will come up to the tenth part of my despair when I am alone, with my memory of you for my only pleasure, and your abandonment for the solace of my unhappiness? Oh! that I could despise the heartlessness that mocks my anguish!"

And Bernardo, striking his clinched hand against his brow, paced the room with a tempest in his bosom.

Suddenly he was restored to calmness. Approaching her he said "My darling love, forgive me. When you think of me hereafter, it must not be in anger. Perhaps it will be better not to think of me. I do not ask it—do not deserve it, love. Be happy if you can, it will render me less wretched."

He tried to smile, as pressing her convulsively to him, he imprinted on her lips, a long lingering kiss, then before she was aware of his intention he darted from the room.

Oh! what a burden life seemed to her at that moment, and how frantic was that wretchedness unable to struggle with such an excess of grief.

The evening of the following day found the banished Bernardo many miles from the abode of his childhood—the home of his beloved, on the road to Spain, with the determination of entering the army; having always had a predilection for a military life, besides enjoying thus an opportunity of seeing the world after his own way; he knew, for an adventurer, it was the quickest road to preferment.

CHAPTER IV.

A SACRIFICE—THE INTERVIEW.

Two years flew rapidly round. During this time Imilda had never heard from her lover. Conjecturing from his long and premeditated silence, his vows of eternal fidelity were forgotten, or remembered only as an idle dream, she consented in an evil hour to become the bride of the noble Conte Borgia Lambertazzi. This cavalier, who was remarkable for his wealth, his accomplishments, and his handsome person, though still in the flower of life, was of an age that nearly doubled that of his intended bride. His family and wealth sufficiently recommended him to the father of Imilda, but having prevented his daughter from choosing the object of her affections, he resolved at least not to force on a match disagreeable to herself; and therefore while he testified his own readiness

to accept the offer, referred the cavalier to his daughter for a final answer.

Though time and absence had not obliterated from her heart the impression made on it by Vernaldi, yet seeing the apparent impossibility of being united to her early love, and reflecting that Conte Borgia had long been one of her most impassioned admirers when he pressed his suit, as one smitten by a passion consuming and uncontrollable, and with an importunity that removed all difficulties, she finally promised to be his wife, but that the marriage was to be postponed for six months.

Imilda felt that, though she might wed the Conte, she could never give him the affection already bestowed on Bernardo, but true to her character, she considered it a duty to obey her father; and to gratify him was sufficent to induce this high-minded girl with a generous self devotion, not unworthy the Grecian daughter, to surrender the dearest privilege of her sex.

Alas! how many pure, lovely beings, are daily sacrificed to gratify the sordid desire of avarice, indomitable pride, or inordinate ambition; how many guileless hearts that beat with the joyous anticipation of life, which the truth can never realize, have lingered through a hopeless existence!

The happiness of two human beings, united by the most indissoluble tie, can never bloom with that resplendency so essential to conjugal felicity when the affection is not reciprocal. Would but parents, who are sacrificing their daughters at the altar of avarice or ambition, reflect on this important truth, then innocent offspring would not so often sink into an untimely grave! They would not so often see "Consumption, like a worm, feed on the damask cheek," and cut off in the spring of life, the beauteous flowers.

Imilda had parted with her lover at that period when woman may be said to be predisposed to love—at that happy age when girlhood is opening into the more matured bloom of womanhood, and the idea of being banished from his remembrance at such a period, gave rise to a feeling of disappointment, in which chagrin was deeply mingled.

But when she thought of their parting—his solemn vows of unalterable attachment: his speechless agony as, pressing her to his breast, he imprinted on her lips a long, lingering kiss—an undefined sensation stole over her—a something whispered she

was guilty of profanation in consenting to become the bride of another. But she could not conceal from herself that she was forgotten; and to think of one who had deserted her, to say the least of it, was unpardonable. Moreover, supposing the sentiments he had professed remained unchanged, an insuperable obstacle intervened to the accomplishment of her wishes. Of this one fact she was certain—her father, the ambitious, proud patrician, would never consent to his daughter's becoming the wife of a plebeian, of an unknown, nameless adventurer.

It wanted but two months when her marriage with the Cavalier was to be celebrated, when to her astonishment, joy and dismay, she received a letter from Bernardo, briefly containing expressions of fervent affection, and earnestly soliciting an interview. The agony she experienced whilst perusing this epistle amply atoned for her thoughtless haste in permitting herself to suppose her image was obliterated from her lover's memory, and had it depended on her will, at that moment, she would have renounced Count Borgia; but, unhappily, she had gone too far to recede; she had placed her fate beyond her own control.

After long and anxious consideration she acceded to his request.

The silent hour of night, when all nature would be wrapped "in blest repose," was fixed for the interview; and cold, though not motionless, as a statue, Imilda di Gieremei reclined on the ottoman in her boudoir, awaiting Bernardo's approach.

Every one has doubtless experienced how utterly impossible, at times, it is to dismiss from the mind presentiments of evil. At such periods, the most insignificant external circumstances possess the power of casting shadows over the mind. So forcibly did this fear possess her excited imagination, that at one period she had risen from her seat with the intention of calling her tire-woman, when the almost inaudible sound of approaching footsteps beneath her window rivetted her attention. The next instant Bernardo Vernaldi, dressed in the handsome uniform of the Spanish Guard, stood on the balcony before the casement.

Though expecting, even wishing him every moment to appear, her agitation was in nowise diminished, as springing through the open casement, and falling on one knee, he seized her trembling hand.

"Dearest Imilda!" were the first and only words which, for some minutes, he could utter.

Cold and immovable remained the unhappy girl. All power of thought, action or utterance she seemed deprived of. Not attributing it to its legitimate cause, sorrowfully rising to his feet, at length he said:

"Is it thus you receive your faithful, devoted Bernardo?"

"Oh! Bernardo, would that you never had loved me!" sighed Imilda.

"Nay, dearest, say not so," interrupted her lover. "That love has been my guiding star; that love has buoyed up my spirit in trouble, in affliction, in danger—has been my shield in the day of battle, my solace in the hours of solitude and sorrow. Do you grieve, then, that I have loved thee with a love that can have no equal. Answer me, dearest," he continued, as he encircled her waist with his arm.

Involuntarily she shrank from him as she sighed "'Tis too true."

"Oh! heavens!" exclaimed the young man, in a deep tremulous tone; "then I am to believe the report that greeted my ears on my arrival here. Keep me not in this awful suspense—tell me—let me know—and at once, the utmost of my misery; are you—are you——"

The sentence remained unfinished. The words appeared to choke him in the attempt to utter them.

"'Tis the will of my unhappy destiny, combined with the wishes of my father," said the unhappy girl.

I fondly dreamed that you loved me, Imilda—that nothing could alienate that love—that like mine it would be unalterable," said Bernardo, in a tone in which disappointment and reproach were strongly blended, "but I now see that I have been deceived."

"Blame me not, Vernaldi. Could I imagine—could I hope your heart retained its faith, its fondness, after your long, long silence," returned Imilda.

These words seemed to petrify him with astonishment.

Suffice it to say, an explanation immediately took place, whence it appeared he had repeatedly written according to promise to Imilda, but received no answer. In fact, his letters had been intercepted. It happened that the attendant who had countenanced and promoted the stolen interviews of Imilda and Bernardo, was herself engaged in an intrigue with one of the attendants, who was no friend to Vernaldi. In the weakness of her heart she divulged the secret intrusted to her fidelity to her

paramour. He lost no time in communicating the intelligence he had thus acquired to the maiden's father, taking care at the same time to make his story susceptible of the worst possible construction. Through this man's instrumentality the letters had been intercepted.

Again, and again had Vernaldi written, but always, of course, with the like success, until his pride forbade him to write again. But his love had survived, notwithstanding, the apparent neglect and coldness of Imilda, and he had determined to see her once more, and learn the truth, from her own lips.

Long and eloquently, as love ever does, pleaded Vernaldi after the explanation. He conjured her to recall those dear, precious moments, they had spent together, when their young hearts beat in unison with the music of all nature. Finally, he conjured her to fly with him.

"Do not remain and enter into union with a man whom you do not love," continued Vernaldi with earnestness. "Had any action of my life rendered me unworthy of you, I would not urge you to elope. Could I gain your father's esteem, and convince him of his error respecting me, the step I propose would be unnecessary, but a plebian—an adventurer—without rank or riches, 'twould be madness to ask, or expect his consent. And yet," he said proudly, "*the orphan-boy has gained a name—an honorable name, even from his bitterest enemies.*"

"Remember, my duty to my dear father, and is his request to go for nothing," murmured Imilda.

"But what does that father request? what would he do?" said Bernardo, somewhat bitterly. "Sacrifice the happiness of his only child—for what—because I am not, or rather because I am poor and lowly. Imilda, you well know I ask not, I do not want your fortune. 'Tis true I *am* poor, but if faithful to me, and the constant endeavor on my part to make you happy, can compensate for the luxuries, the splendor of your home, then consent my own love, to be mine."

"You know not what you ask," she cried in anguish. "'Tis horrible to brave the world's contempt—the scorn of your equals, above all the malediction of a parent. Wealth, power, luxury, fortune—all these I could willingly forego. I could forget I am the daughter of the proudest noble in Sicily, but I cannot brave a father's curse. I cannot forget his kindness. Do you think

an hour's happiness would ever be his, if I robbed him of my presence; and would you feel no compunction, when you looked on the poor miserable, broken-hearted being to which you had reduced my once haughty, but noble-minded father. Had he ever shewn the slightest unkindness,—had he ever thwarted my slightest whim, there would be some excuse for stripping the old tree of its last green leaf."

After a pause, she continued in a firmer voice.

"Besides, you forget the dangers we should incur. Think how we should bear and brave, the cold, bitter, scornful world, when once the fiat of the podesta had been issued against us—for assuredly it would be."

Young and inexperienced, yet were the maiden's words—words of truth, sad, sober truth. Yes! the world exercises a command over those who live in it, which it never relinquishes. We may hate it, despise it; we often do, but unhappily, though we would abandon it, the world will still cling tenaciously to us, and with an iron sway, and often, perhaps a wholesome one, it grapples with our best and our worst feelings. We fear its irony, we so dread its pity, we dare not be unlike all others, for, who is exempt from yearning to seem as he sees all others are.

But at that moment, the world and its belongings was swept away, or forgotten, in the one vivid, overpowering devotion, which raged and devoured the springs of life itself in his bosom.

"With thee, dearest, at my side, I could brave ten thousand dangers," he said with ardour.

"But the Council of Ten, Bernardo—or the assassin's stilletto, for there is nothing the hot anger, the devouring jealousy of Conte Borgia would not attempt."

And the beautiful girl shuddered as she contemplated the gulf into which he would precipitate himself.

"Fear not for me," replied Vernaldi, confidently, while yielding to the soft delusion of hope. "Ere the vengeance of a vindictive nature could reach us, we might be far away."

The lovely Italian maiden answered not,—a violent struggle was going on in her young heart.

It has been said that a woman's generosity is never appealed to in vain, when she loves. This may be true generally speaking, but a noble-minded girl will not seek the gratification of her own feelings, or her own individual happiness, when by so doing she

entails misery on those most near and dear to her, and who moreover, have a paramount claim on her affections and duty. Imilda loved Vernaldi, and that love urged her to quit the parental roof; but several reasons, which if taken separately might not have been powerful enough to conquer the first resolution, combined, were sufficient to counterbalance it.

Affection to her kind, indulgent father seemed to her excited feelings more potent at that critical moment than ever, and the bare idea that she might never behold him again, made a strong an impression on her mind. Then, to leave Sicily, from which she but too well knew she would be forever banished, and the love of country, with an Italian, was, in those days, a sacred feeling, scarcely eradicated but with life; to leave that country—the old palace walls (the home of her childhood) that had contained so much glory and so much honor and renown. And though last, not least, to entrust her happiness to one who, though of a noble and generous nature—when the sunny hours of life had fled, when the frowns of stern, unbending penury stared them in the face—might droop beneath the storm, and, destroying the illusions of love's most hallowed mysteries, tear away the veil and leave her, when his vows and her heart were alike broken, to awaken from the halcyon dream to bitter reality! This last thought overpowered her.

Exhausted by her emotions, she sunk back on the ottoman and burst into tears. Bernardo attempted not to restrain this fit of weeping. In it he fancied he saw signs of hope. He interpreted the tears that flowed so fast—to regret only at leaving her father, her home, her all, to unite her destiny with his. But how fearfully was he deceived. The burst of feeling had gone by; with her tears vanished all traces of weakness; filial affection prevailed over love.

"Leave me! leave me!" she said, rising from the ottoman, "It is a sacrifice I appeal to your honor to make. I have gone too far; I am pledged too deeply to retreat; I cannot go with you, or I would; therefore, in mercy, leave me—leave me, I conjure you."

Vernaldi, who had risen mechanically with Imilda, stood as if he had suddenly looked upon a Medusa, and had been turned to stone. As soon as his paralyzed blood began to flow, his muscles

to lose their spell-bound rigidity, and his tongue able to perform its office: "Imilda," he cried in bitterness of spirit, "you have never loved me. Oh! if my heart could speak to you instead of my tongue, you would not, you could not resist its appeal—for you would then know—it has but one feeling—love—for you."

"I have loved you," she replied passionately, "I do love you, heaven only knows how much, but I cannot fly with you. In pity's sake leave me to my unhappy fate; and do not increase my wretchedness by entreating what I cannot, dare not accede to. Farewell! Strive to forget me," the tears again stood in her eyes, "and if memory should ever recall Imilda di Gieremei to your mind, think of her as one who sacrificed her own happiness, sooner than break her father's heart." And overpowered by her feelings, she again sunk on the ottoman, and hid her face in her hands.

"Think of her as one who ruthlessly destroyed my peace of mind," frantically returned Vernaldi; "who blasted my hopes of happiness, turned the current of my soul, and converted the love I had for one beloved being into universal hate! But oh! pardon me, pardon me," continued he, throwing himself on his knees, and again seizing the hands of the trembling girl. "I know not what I say—I am mad—mad. Your cruel words have driven reason from her empire. Imilda, you do not, you cannot mean what you but now said."

Finding that the afflicted maiden was still silent, he continued vehemently: "Let me not leave you with the worst passion of human nature aroused. Tortured by the pangs of an unrequited love and a devouring jealousy; your favored lover, or husband, will become the object of a hatred too deadly to be depicted by language."

Silence succeeded this terrific outburst of the bad passions which raged, with such irresistible sway for the moment, in his lacerated breast.

Again he cast his eyes on the tearful face of his beloved, and again all his feelings underwent a revulsion. Again he was bending over her, hardly less pale and cold than she herself was. He was not the same creature he had been while lately raving in the delirium of passion; and if his feelings were as deep, they appeared to have assumed another form.

"Imilda," he pleaded in the gentlest accents, "say you will be

mine, even years hence, when there may be none to control you, and I will bless you to the latest moment of my existence."

"Bernardo," she replied sorrowfully, shaking her head, "it cannot be. Why wish me to raise hopes that can never be realized."

"Oh! merciful heavens! why was I not spared this trying hour! Why was I not slain on the bloody field!" and he struck his hand violently on his forehead.

"Farewell!" was sobbed out by the agonized girl.

"Farewell, then, and forever!" was echoed with fearful emphasis by Bernardo, as he rose from his kneeling posture.

How mysterious and inexplicable the feelings of the human heart! In one short moment, a hasty word, a scornful tone, or an averted look, can convert the love that has endured for years into the most inextinguishable hate! What unkindness, what neglect will it not unflinchingly endure; and yet, in one critical moment, its softest yearnings may be changed into adamantine hardness!

The last words of Imilda fell on Bernardo's heart like the bolt of death. He felt conscious of a mighty and painful revulsion of feeling taking place within him. The hope that had buoyed him up for the last two years, and like the light of the god of day, whose beams warm and invigorate all nature, cheered and rendered him happy under its inspiring influence, was suddenly destroyed. A thunder cloud had passed over his heart. Indignation, agony and despair usurped the place of love!

"If," said he addressing her with extreme bitterness of tone and words, "If I become dispised, scorned, hated, who will have been the cause of it? *You!* If I become a vagabond,—a villain—a misanthrope, who will have been the cause of it? *You!* If my maddened brain leads me to commit deeds of violence, to spurn all laws, but my own will, who will have been the cause of it? *You!* If my end be miserable and ignominious, as my life will be wretched and inglorious, who may I thank for it? *You!*—the high, born immaculate Imilda di Geiremei!

A deadly pallor overspread his manly countenance. In his eyes was a fixed, cold, unearthly glare. A moment he stood as though forming a portion of the marble floor, then striking his forehead violently with his clenched hand, he darted through the casement, and vanished from her sight.

"Vernaldi, Vernaldi, return and I'll consent. I'll consent," almost screamed Imilda, as she rushed to the open casement.

It was too late: he was far beyond her hearing.

"Oh! Holy Virgin! have mercy on me; my heart will break," and overpowered by the anguish of her mind, and the high wrought spell, that her lover had employed to induce her to fly with him, she sunk senseless on the floor.

Her tire-woman entering soon after, found her mistress pale, cold and senseless, and she surmised, but too truly, who had stamped those features with the hue of death, and so bruised an angelic spirit, that it had sunk beneath his violence.

The attendant employed herself immediately in restoring Imilda to consciousness. She recovered slowly, and began to remember the cause of her over-excitement; but from that moment strove to banish the dread remembrance from her mind.

(Conclusion next month.)

AT EVEN-TIDE.

O lonely rock with shadow crowned,
Sea-weed and shingle round your feet;
The tide is out; you hear afar
The fickle heart of ocean beat.

For morn lights up the eastern sands—
The shimmering sands, that warmly glow,
Run out to meet the breaker's kiss,
And sparkle brightly through their flow.

Ah! lonely rock! against your pride,
Such love might spend itself in vain;
What hope that you, so dark and chill,
May ever win it back again?

* * * * * * *

The sunset-colors fill the west,
The eastern sands are pale and cold;
But all the rock is clothed in light,
Her crown of shadow turned to gold.

While o'er the shingle, softly, slow,
The wearied tide, all passion-spent,
Creeps up to reverent touch her feet,
And lingers there in deep content.

O steadfast rock with shadow crowned!
O lonely heart with longing tried!
We'll patient wait throughout the day,
For love's return at even-tide. T.

St. John, N. B.

THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH.

THE Rev. Francis Partridge, M. A., Rector of Rothesay, has "published by request," a sermon upon "The Apostolic Origin of the Church of England." It is inscribed by "His Lordship's permission" to JOHN, Lord Bishop of Fredericton. This discourse purports to have been "preached in Trinity Church, St. John, N. B., on the anniversary of the Diocesan Church Society, July 2nd, 1874." It, therefore, comes before the public, possessing not only the weight of the author's name (whatever that may be), but also the high sanction of Episcopal authority. Had this sermon merely been delivered from the pulpit for the especial edification of the adherents of the particular Church convened on the occasion of the above-mentioned anniversary, it might, perhaps, be overlooked as an excusable "glorification" on the part of an enthusiastic young clergyman. But when it dons the dress of printer's ink, and that, too, "by request," under the sanction of the Bishop, and parades itself upon the counters of book-dealers for promiscuous sale, it becomes public property, and a fair subject of public criticism. Its publication under such circumstances is tantamount to an open challenge for discussion.

In attempting to discuss a few of the most prominent topics in Mr. Partridge's sermon, we desire to do so in a spirit of candor and impartiality. And we sincerely hope those of our readers, who are adherents of the Church of England, so-called, will acquit us of any intention of reflecting upon that Church or its general membership. We do not intend to dip our pen in the gall of theological controversy. There is no occasion for such a course. We even yet cherish a warm regard for the Church of our forefathers, although frequently shocked at her many and increasing ritualistic extravagances of recent years. Theological discussion is an absorbing theme, and not always characterized by the best of

temper. Disputants are very apt to be blinded by their particular creeds. Instead of candidly searching after truth, and squaring theological tenets in accordance therewith, men are too liable, through the prejudice of education, or design, Procrustes-like, to strive to bind truth and historical facts within the limits of their little couch of dogmatism and narrowness. We may remark in passing, that the tendency of religious thought to-day, is to run into extremes. We see men on the one hand, abjectly bowing down to an infallible prelacy; and on the other, blindly worshipping at the shrine of an imperial materialism. We need not remind our readers that either of these courses is most disastrous to healthy social, intellectual and religious life. The one exalts "a class" to a lofty position, and surrounds it with the continual presence of a divine *afflatus*, only to subject mankind to the degradation of mental and moral slavery—the other cuts loose from the "old moorings," dethrones Deity, and deifies matter. The first course, logically carried out, would revive the days of Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition—the latter would land us in the horrors of the French Revolution.

Fortunately for our present purpose, we have no occasion to enter either of these fertile fields of controversy. Nor does dogmatic theology necessarily require our consideration. Historical data will be amply sufficient to settle the entire question. We may summarize the sermon into three propositions as follows: 1st. That Christianity was firmly established in Britain long before the arrival of Augustine and the Romish Missionaries; 2nd. That under its three forms it became the *National Church* of Britain about the middle of the second century; 3rd. That the Church or form of Christianity existing in Britain prior to the arrival of Augustine, *is identical* with the Church of England of the present day. At page 6 he says:—

"Now it can be shown, that the Church of Britain was a distinct national Church, having her own Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, her own rites, customs, ceremonies, and institutions, hundreds of years before the Roman Missionaries ever thought of going there. That when at the end of the 6th century Roman priests were sent by Gregory the Great, Bishop of Rome, to evangelize the Saxons (not the Britons, the ancient inhabitants of the island, but the Saxons, who were themselves usurpers in the country,) they found there a regularly organized Church and hierarchy, who would not and did not submit to the demands and the innovations of their newly arrived and arrogant teachers. That, looking back further

still, British Bishops were present at many of the councils which took place in those early periods, at Arles, A. D. 314; at Sardica,[2] A. D. 347; and again, probably, at Ariminum[3] A. D. 359: and others whose names could be given and whose records have come down to our times. That Constantine himself, well named the greatest of Roman Emperors, and the first to make Christianity the religion of the Empire, was not only himself a British Prince,[4] but by direct descent, on his mother Helen's side, immediate heir to that kingdom which nourished and fostered the Christian religion when first preached in Britain.[5] That he was elected Emperor while in Britain, and was supported in his subsequent career of victory by British troops."

And again on page 7, we are told: "He (Augustine) required them to conform to the Romish customs generally, and especially in the matter of the keeping of Easter. This they flatly rufused to do." Of course, according to all the rules of evidence, the *onus* of proof lies upon him affirming. We therefore must hold Mr. Partridge to the strict observance of this rule in proving these three propositions. He begins from early Apostolic times, and assures us that St. Paul was the one who superintended the introduction of Christianity into Britain. At page 12, he says:—

"Just at the time S. Paul was set free, Caràdoc was liberated on condition of not again bearing arms against the Romans. Six years of S. Paul's life remain unaccounted for between this time and his second imprisonment and death. He now accompanied Caràdoc, his son in the faith, to his island home, and set things in order in the Churches of Britain. Writings of S. Paul are extant in the ancient British tongue, [35] which attest his presence in Britain, to say nothing of other testimony to the same effect. The chain of evidence is now complete."

A "chain of evidence," like one of metal, however strong, is no stronger than its weakest link. If, then, but *one link* in this chain is defective or missing, the chain itself, for the purpose in hand, is no better than a rope of sand. We can easily understand why persons of High Church notions—defenders of prelatical pretentions, are eagerly desirous of having us believe that St. Paul visited Britain. It is but an indirect mode of countenancing that oft exploded and mythical dogma of Apostolical succession *jure divino*. Our reply to the positions assumed is—1st. There is no evidence whatever that St. Paul ever visited Britain; 2nd. It is historically incorrect that Christianity became the *National Church* of Britain about the middle of the second century; and 3rd. That the Christian Church in Britain, shortly after the

coming of Augustine, became subject to the Pope of Rome, and continued so for centuries, and is not identical with the Church of England of to-day.

We do not desire to be captious, but certainly the statements and references, in the first quotation, to Constantine and his mother Helen are of very doubtful authority. The point is of no great magnitude, although great stress has been laid upon it as of great significance. Although Mr. Partridge makes his statements concerning these personages with much of dogmatic assurance, yet our readers must not be astonished when we tell them that the best historical authority assigns to Helen the rank—not of a British Princess—but that of the daughter of an humble inn-keeper of Drepanum; and that Constantine, instead of being a native of Britain, first saw the light of day at Naissus, in Dacia. But what proof is there that Paul ever visited Britain? *There is no positive proof whatever.* Clement Romanus, writing about the year 70, says that St. Paul "travelled to the utmost bounds of the West." This certainly is slim evidence to shew that the Apostle of the Gentiles ever set foot on British soil. To prove that "the utmost bounds of the West" means Britain, we are referred by High Church divines to Theodoret. But he lived in the *fifth* century—*only about four hundred years after Clement wrote*, and his opinion, that such expression meant Britain, must be taken just for what it is worth. It is assuredly no positive proof on the subject. And if, as Mr. Partridge states at page 11, "at this period Britain was in everybody's mouth," it is passing strange there is no positive evidence that St. Paul went there. How could it be possible for St. Paul, the active servant of God, the keen logician, the polished orator and the ready writer, to accompany "Caràdoc, his son in the faith, to his island home," and to spend there six years of his life, without acquainting the world of the fact? The deduction that Paul must have been in Britain, because of a certain inscription over the gateway of the Abbey of Bangor, is, to say the least, original and novel. There is a tradition that St. Thomas at one time visited the ancient Mexicans, dwelt among them for some time, and taught them the mysteries of religion. Ruins of massive temples, stately and grand in their decay, meet the eye of the traveller in these tropic lands. Inscriptions upon some of these crumbling ruins, and forms of invocation, still extant, strongly point to a Christian origin. Would it be quite

logical, however, to assume from these suggestive facts that the doubting Apostle had actually, at some period of his life, resided among the subjects of Montezuma? Such a conclusion would be quite as logical as that arrived at by Mr. Partridge. There is no reliable evidence of the time or mode of the introduction of Christianity into Britain. It may be that missionaries from Spain first dropped the seeds of Gospel truth among the rude and savage tribes of Britain; but there is no certainty in this or any other conjecture. The lapse of centuries has thrown so great an uncertainty about the subject, that, in the language of Stillingfleet, "it is as muddy as the Tiber." Archbishop Whatley says, "There is not a minister in all Christendom who is able to trace up with any degree of certainty his own spiritual pedigree." Bishop Stillingfleet says that "by the loss of the records of the British Churches, we cannot draw down the succession of Bishops from the Apostolic times." These men, notwithstanding their erudition and eminent abilities, are all wrong in their views, if we may believe the Rector of Rothesay. Those who can sincerely believe, from such vague conjecture, that St. Paul ever visited Britain, are easily satisfied with infinitesimal doses, and may not inaptly be denominated *homœopathic believers.* This great uncertainty about early British Christianity has arisen from a variety of causes. The Diocletian persecution, early in the fourth century, nearly, if not quite, exterminated Christianity in Britain. The Saxons, enemies of the Christian faith, about the middle of the fifth century entered Britain, and established idolatrous worship there. This continued for at least a century and a half, and during that time ecclesiastics fled the country to save their lives.

"Beyond this wide and dark chasm," says an able writer, "the present Anglican Church cannot trace the line of *its existence*, any more than the line of its Apostolical descent." And as to the second point, we would like to become acquainted with those "authorities" that fix "the *national* establishment of Christianity in Britain somewhere about the middle of the second century." Under what ruler did it take place? Where shall we find the Act of Parliament establishing it? Who was the first Bishop, and by whom was he consecrated? The reference to Joseph of Arimathœa we can afford to pass by with a smile. Admitting, however, that Christianity was the "*national establishment*" about the middle of the second century, it proves nothing, for it was swept away by

the invasion of the Saxons, and idolatry was established upon its ruins. We dismiss this point, therefore, as one of no importance for the purpose of our present discussion. The third and last proposition is really the most important. It asserts the *identity* of the Church of England of to-day with the form of Christianity in Britain prior to the time of Augustine. At page 12 it is written:—

"My brethren and fellow churchmen, do you at all appreciate the importance of this historical position of our beloved Church? It is a very strong one. Thoroughly Catholic in the true sense of the word, thoroughly anti-fanatical, thoroughly anti-papal. The historic monuments on which it rests withstand all criticism. 'Around the ancient faith,' says an eloquent writer, 'rose hoary Cathedrals, Churches, Abbeys, Colleges, imperishable stones of witness that this Church was the primitive apostolical Church of Britain; that the papacy, with all its claims, was a novelty, an intrusion, an invention, a fable. That there never was a time when the eyes of the Christian pilgrim did not rest, in that island, on vast evidences bespeaking a Church subject to no other Church on earth, built on its own apostolic foundations, and recognizing the apostolic scriptures alone for its rule of faith.' What if this pure and scriptural and apostolic faith, handed down to us in our creeds, and which, please God, we will hand down, untouched, unimpaired, as the most precious heritage we can leave to our posterity, did succumb to the pressure of the Romish power in the middle ages? That is no disgrace to us. Tell me if you can, the institution or the race that *did not bend* beneath its yoke? If the national Church of Britain yielded to the storm, it was because she had indifference and sin among her members, and traitors in those who had sworn to defend her. And yet to the thoughtful student of history, those very occasions which are usually decried as usurpations of the State power over the Church, present a very different appearance. They are, and they ought to be regarded as, the vigorous protests of the old British spirit, on behalf of their ancient faith and Church, against a domineering and grasping foreign power, to which they owe neither their origin nor their allegiance."

Those sentences mean—if they mean anything—that the Church of England is not a *Protestant* and Reformed Church, but one which sprang into existence before the Church of Rome, and, as such, has continued from Apostolic times down to the present. This statement of the case is imperative upon those who contend for an "unbroken succession," not derived through the Papal source. The question is an historical one, and to the facts we appeal. The fact that Augustine reproached the converts of

Britain with heterodoxy in the manner and time of observing Easter, and that they shortly after conformed to the Romish view, is strong evidence of the supremacy of Rome.

The Irish stood out against the Papal observance of Easter longer than the English, but it is almost unnecessary to add that both, in a short time, accepted the views of the Papal authority. We cannot forget the famous debate between the Irish Bishop Colman and the celebrated Wilfrid, before King Oswy, in which judgment was given in favor of the latter, and according to the Romish view. Even in the time of Bede, the Britons had accepted Romish authority in this matter. And strange to say, Theodore—the successor of Augustine—was consecrated at Rome A. D. 668, and became Archbishop of Canterbury—a strong proof of absorption by Rome. In Johnson's Clergyman's Vade Mecum, Vol. I., p. 34, 4th ed. 1715, it is recorded: "It had been much better if the English had received Christianity from the Britons, if it had not been below conquerors to be taught by those whom they had subdued. For they would have delivered this Religion to us without making *us slaves to the Pope*, whose CREATURE AUSTIN WAS; and the British were aware of this, and therefore opposed him, and adhered to their old customs of keeping Easter, and Baptizing in a manner somewhat different from that of Rome, and they continued their former practice in the year 731, when Bede finished his History; but *in a short time after*, the Welsh as well as the English became ENTIRELY ROMANISTS."

A reference to Bishop Godwin's Lives of the English Bishops will further confirm the entire supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. From the time of Theodore, the successor of Augustine to the Reformation, *seventeen* Archbishops of Canterbury and *twelve* Archbishops of York were ordained by the Pope or his legates. The custom was for the Archbishop of Canterbury to ordain the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of his Province. The Pope, as we see, as supreme Head, frequently intervened, and consecrated the incumbent of York.

What then becomes of this independent Church, "subject to no other Church on earth?" How could a Church be more thoroughly subject to the papacy than the British Church, from Theodore to the Reformation? She received her ordinations of Bishops from Rome for centuries, and they ordained the Priests who ministered at her altars. To talk of a Church, under such

circumstances distinct from Rome, is an insult to common sense, and a flat contradiction of historical facts known to any school boy. As well might we affirm that the dew-drop absorbed in the cloud, or the river merged in the ocean, is distinct from the cloud or the ocean. We are told in note 36, page 17 that Egfrid imprisoned Wilfrid for "appealing to Rome." If that proves anything, it is just the opposite intended. Why should a British ecclesiastic appeal from the secular power to Rome, if the British Church at that time were not part and parcel of the Romish Church? Why should a British Prelate, independent of the Roman Pontiff, ask his aid in either secular or ecclesiastical concerns? The allusion in the same note to the Constitutions of Clarendon is quite unfortunate for the view sought to be upheld. The reverend gentleman has failed to comprehend intelligently the circumstances which convened the Council that promulgated the Constitutions of Clarendon. At that time—A. D. 1164—the clergy, not unlike certain classes of modern clergy, claimed "immunities" from all civil control. They claimed exemption from civil prosecutions, even though charged with the commission of heinous crimes, and in these *ultramontane* pretensions they were upheld by Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. The Council of Clarendon was assembled by Henry II. for the express purpose of deciding the struggle between the civil and ecclesiastical powers. The priestly encroachments became so menacing, that the civil prerogatives of the Crown were endangered. Among other things, it was decreed "that Churchmen, accused of any crime, should be tried in the civil courts." This was one of the great objects sought after. Becket and his clergy were, at that time, submissive tools of the Pope, and were quite willing, nay anxious, to sacrifice their country and its civil liberties to the arrogant demands of papal usurpation. The merest tyro in historical knowledge is fully aware that the Bishops participating in this Council were averse to the promulgation of its edicts. We also know that Pope Alexander III. annulled the anti-clerical ordinances when presented to him by the King for ratification, and absolved the Bishops from their engagements. In this transaction assuredly, there does not appear to have been much of a "vigorous protest of the old British spirit on behalf of their ancient faith and Church." Fancy a British king, and one as bold and enterprising as Henry II., protesting on behalf of an ancient faith and Church, by asking

His Holiness to ratify what he had done? This was a peculiar way of protesting, certainly. England was then, and continued until the Reformation, ecclesiastically subservient to the See of Rome. A very extraordinary judgment was delivered a few weeks ago by Judge Routhier, of the Province of Quebec, in an action for damages, brought by a parishioner, against the *Curé* of the Parish for defamation of character. Judge Routhier held that ecclesiastics enjoyed "immunities" in such cases which placed them beyond the reach of the civil authority. The judgment was but a reproduction of the pretensions of Becket and his clergy in the time of Henry II.

This judgment, redolent with the ecclesiastical absolutism of the middle ages, was reversed on appeal a few days since by a Court composed of Catholic Judges. Judge Mondelet dissented from the opinions of his brother Routhier, which he said "would make society go back and dip into the absolutism of a bygone age, which cannot be revived." "These principles," he further said, "or rather these pretensions, are moreover in contradiction to the jurisprudence of the country, and are no more, nor should be any longer, the subject of discussion." The Court of Appeal gave judgment against the *curé*, and pronounced against the existence of the ecclesiastical immunities contended for. Can it be maintained that this judgment on Appeal of these Catholic Judges, is a "vigorous protest" against the Church of Rome on behalf of an ancient faith and another Church? The general public do not, we fancy, look upon it in that light, but such must be the conclusion according to the Canons of construction adopted by the Rector of Rothesay.

From what we have said, how can it be truthfully affirmed that the British Church "never consulted the See of Rome, nor any foreign power in its rites, discipline, government, or consecration of Bishops and Archbishops?" What astounding truths these assertions are! The world has been studying history for the last one thousand years in vain. What we had considered unquestioned historical facts, have, by the dash of the Rector's pen, become myths, nay, perversions of history! We feel some little consolation, however, in the knowledge that Dr. Hook, a celebrated High Church divine, and the advocate *par excellence* of prelatical pretensions, does not entirely coincide with the views of the last quotation. He says, Peter and Paul "successively ordained Linus,

Cletus, and Clement, Bishops of Rome; and the Apostolic Succession was regularly continued from them" (i. e., from Linus, Cletus, and Clement) "to Celestine, Gregory, and Vitalianus, who ordained Patrick, Bishop for the Irish, and Augustine and Theodore for the English. *And from these times an uninterrupted series of valid ordinations has carried down the Apostolic Succession in our churches, to the present day.*"

Dr. Hook evidently thinks the *ordinations* in the Church of England came through Rome, by Augustine and Theodore, and apparently boasts of the fact. And if so, there must have been some consultation with the See of Rome as to "rites, discipline, government and consecration." We now have Dr. Hook on one side of the question and Mr. Partridge on the other. As they both pull in the same boat, but in opposite directions, we leave this point for their further consideration, hoping a more thorough knowledge of this question will bring their theological oars into greater harmony. There are many other considerations which shew that this claim of "identity" is a creation of the imagination. The opinion of Dr. Hook clearly shews that. The Church sketched by Mr. Partridge has three distinct orders—Bishops, Presbyters, and Deacons. Such was not the case in early Apostolic times. Wickliffe says: "I boldly assert one thing, viz.: that in the primitive church, or in the time of St. Paul, two orders of the clergy were sufficient, that is, a Priest and a Deacon. In like manner I affirm that in the time of Paul the *Presbyter* and the *Bishop* were names of the *same office.* This appears from the third chapter of the first Epistle of Timothy, and in the first chapter of the Epistle of Titus. And the same is testified by that profound Theologian, Jerome." The same views were entertained by Erasmus, Cranmer, Grotius, Mosheim, Lord King, the Latin Fathers, and a host of other eminent divines. What *identity* then can there be between the early British Church and the Church of England of to-day? None whatever.

Dr. Holland, King's Professor of Divinity at Oxford says, "that to affirm the office of Bishop to be different from that of Presbyter, and superior to it is most false." We readily admit the office of Bishop, as now existing, to be of great antiquity, but one called into being as a matter of convenience for Church government, and not by *divine right.* The modern Anglican Bishop of the High Church type holds himself, not only in degree, but in *order,*

higher than his Clergy. Not only so, but in the plenitude of gospel charity, denies the validity of the ordinations of the clergy of the other Protestant Churches. He looks upon Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist clergymen, as no clergymen at all, in whom it is sacrilege to administer the sacrament and to celebrate marriage. Some of them—notably the Bishop of Lincoln—would strip these men of the prefix "Rev.," even though the occasion of its use were the erection of a marble slab in a rural churchyard to mark the last resting place of a loved and favorite daughter. The Bishop of Fredericton, in opposing a temperance resolution, introduced at the last session of the Diocesan Synod, took occasion to remark that the besetting sin of the present age is—FRAUD. We cordially agree with his Lordship, and add that its twin brother is—SHAM. Is it not about time that Christian men awoke to the necessity of grappling with the verities of our religion, instead of frittering away valuable time discussing the cut and color of a vestment, the swing of the incense, and the proper angles of adoration. Gymnastics, millinery, and scent bottles have but little to do with the salvation of immortal souls. These are all—SHAMS. Chief Justice Ritchie struck a key-note the other day at Montreal, before the Provincial Synod, when in his incisive way he substantially said, "that it mattered but little what were the clauses of the statute of Henry VIII.—the great question was, what was best for the interests of the Church to-day." The great question is—not who can lay claim to the occult influences of this unfounded, "unbroken succession"—not, who can pronounce this or that party *Shibboleth;* but who is trying to lessen evil in the world—who is striving to imitate his blessed Redeemer by going about doing good—who is faithfully endeavoring to bring the world to Christ? That we understand to be the true *succession.*

Space forbids that we should linger longer over this subject. We have glanced hastily at all the topics discussed, but we feel assured, in a manner to show the unstable positions assumed by Mr. Partridge. We have shown the total want of evidence that St. Paul ever visited Britain; and as to the assertion, that Christianity was the *national* religion of that country about the middle of the second century, the impartial reader must record the verdict "not proven." The third and last point we have discussed, but imperfectly. In truth, it needs but little discussion. If the world could forget a thousand years of its history—if we could success-

fully ignore or deny well established historical facts—if English Protestantism could forget the fire and the fagot—then, but not till then, could we admit that the Romish Church had not for centuries supremacy in Britain. If we could wash in the waters of Lethe, and forget that down to the time of the Reformation, *seventeen* Archbishops of Canterbury and *twelve* Archbishops of York had been consecrated by the Pope or his legates; and that the consecrations and ordinations of the entire body of Bishops and Clergy had proceeded from this source and authority for centuries, we might then, but not till then, claim that the Church of England is not a Reformed Church, but identically the same as the Primitive Church of Britain. We find no fault with a clergyman exhibiting a strong affection for the Church at whose altars he ministers. We think he should love the Church of his choice—her doctrines—her economy—her discipline. We do not protest against these things; but we do protest against those supercilious claims of superiority over the clergymen of other Christian Churches—against Christian pulpits being turned into platforms of arrogant assumption.

Scrapiana.

THE CAVE OF SILVER.

Seek me the cave of silver!
Find me the cave of silver!
Rifle the cave of silver!
  Said Ilda to Brok the Bold:
So you may kiss me often:
So you may ring my finger;
So you may bind my true love
  In the round hoop of gold!

Bring me no skins of Foxes:
Bring me no beds of eider;
Boast not your fifty vessels
  That fish in the Northern Sea;
For I would lie upon velvet,
And sail in a golden galley,
And naught but the cave of silver
  Will win my true love for thee.

Reena, the witch, hath told me
That up in the wild Lapp mountains
There lieth a cave of silver,
  Down deep in a valley-side;

So gather your lance and rifle,
And speed to the purple pastures,
And seek ye the cave of silver
As you seek me for your bride.

I go, said Brok, right proudly;
I go to the purple pastures,
To seek for the cave of silver
So long as my life shall hold;
But when the keen Lapp arrows
Are fleshed in the heart that loves you,
I'll leave my curse on the woman
Who slaughtered Brok the Bold!

But Ilda laughed as she shifted
The Bergen scarf on her shoulder,
And pointed her small white finger
Right up at the mountain gate;
And cried, O my gallant sailor,
You're brave enough to the fishes,
But the Lappish arrow is keener
Than the back of the thorny skate!

The Summer passed, and the Winter
Came down from the icy ocean:
But back from the cave of silver
Returned not Brok the Bold;
And Ilda waited and waited,
And sat at the door till sunset,
And gazed at the wild Lapp mountains
That blackened the skies of gold.

I want not a cave of silver!
I care for no cave of silver!
O far beyond caves of silver
I pine for my Brok the Bold!
O ye strong Norwegian gallants,
Go seek for my lovely lover,
And bring him to ring my finger
With the round hoop of gold!

But the brave Norwegian gallants,
They laughed at the cruel maiden,
And left her sitting in sorrow,
Till her heart and her face grew old;
While she moaned of the cave of silver,
And moaned of the wild Lapp mountains,
And him who never will ring her
With the round hoop of gold!

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

JOHNSON was probably in every tavern and coffee-house in Fleet Street. There is one which has taken his name, being styled, *par excellence*, "Doctor Johnson's Coffee-house." But the house he most frequented was the Mitre tavern, on the other side of the street, in a passage leading to the Temple. This same place was

the first of the kind in which Boswell met him. "We had a good supper," says the happy biographer, "and port wine, of which he then sometimes drank a bottle." (At intervals he abstained from all fermented liquors for a long time.) "The orthodox, high-church sound of the Mitre, the figure and manner of the celebrated Samuel Johnson, the extraordinary power and precision of his conversation, and the pride arising from finding myself admitted as his companion, produced a variety of sensations, and a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had before experienced." They sat till between one and two in the morning. He told Boswell at that period that "he generally went abroad at about four in the afternoon, and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it wrong to live thus, and not to make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit."

The next time, Goldsmith was with them, when Johnson made a remark which comes home to everybody, namely, that granting knowledge in some cases to produce unhappiness, "knowledge *per se* was an object which every one would *wish* to attain, though, perhaps, he might not take the trouble necessary for attaining it." One of his most curious remarks followed, occasioned by the mention of Campbell, the author of the *Hermippus Redivivus*, on which Boswell makes a no less curious comment. "Campbell," said Johnson, "is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. This shows that he has good principles." On which, says Boswell in a note, "I am inclined to think he was misinformed as to this circumstance. I own I am jealous for my worthy friend Dr. John Campbell. For though *Milton* could without remorse absent himself from public worship, *I* cannot."

It was at their next sitting in this house, at which the Rev. Dr. Ogilvie, a Scotch writer, was present, that Johnson made his famous joke, in answer to that gentleman's remark, that Scotland has a great many "noble wild prospects." *Johnson.* "I believe, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble, wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious, noble, wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England!" "This unexpected and pointed sally," says Boswell, "produced a roar of

applause. After all, however" (he adds), "those who admire the rude grandeur of nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia."

Johnson had the highest opinion of a tavern, as a place in which a man might be comfortable, if he could anywhere. Indeed, he said that the man who could not enjoy himself in a tavern, could be comfortable nowhere. This, however, is not to be taken to the letter. Extremes meet; and Johnson's uneasiness of temper led him into the gayer necessities of Falstaff. However, it is assuredly no honour to a man, not to be able to "take his ease at his inn." "There is no private house," said Johnson, talking on this subject, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great a plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated with great emotion Shenstone's lines:—

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

"Sir John Hawkins," says Boswell in a note on this passage, "has preserved very few *memorabilia* of Johnson." There is, however, to be found in his bulky tome, a very excellent one upon this subject. "In contradiction to those who, having a wife and children, prefer domestic enjoyments to those which a tavern affords, I have heard him assert, that *a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity.* 'As soon' (said he), 'as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude: when I am seated, I find the master courteous,

and the servants obsequious to my call, anxious to know and ready to supply my wants: wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatise, and am contradicted; and in this conflict of opinion and sentiment I find delight.'"

The following anecdote is highly to Johnson's credit, and equally worthy of every one's attention. "Johnson was known to be so rigidly attentive to the truth," says Boswell, "that even in his common conversation the slightest circumstance was mentioned with exact precision. The knowledge of his having such a principle and habit made his friends have a perfect reliance on the truth of everything that he told, however it might have been doubted if told by many others. As an instance of this I may mention an odd incident, which he related as having happened to him one night in Fleet Street. 'A gentlewoman' (said he) 'begged I would give her my arm to assist her in crossing the street, which I accordingly did; upon which she offered me a shilling, supposing me to be the watchman.' This, if told by most people, would have been thought an invention; when told by Johnson, it was believed by his friends, as much as if they had seen what passed."

Davies, the bookseller, said, that he "laughed like a rhinoceros." It may be added he walked like a whale; for it was rolling rather than walking. "I met him in Fleet Street," says Boswell, "walking, or rather, indeed, moving along; for his peculiar march is thus described in a very just and picturesque manner, in a short life of him published very soon after his death:—'When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion independent of his feet.' That he was often much stared at," continues Boswell, "while he advanced in this manner, may be easily believed; but it was not safe to make sport of one so robust as he was. Mr. Langton saw him one day, in a fit of absence, by a sudden start, drive the load off a porter's back, and walk forwards briskly, without being conscious of what he had done. The porter was very angry, but stood still, and eyed the huge figure with much earnestness, till he was satisfied that his wisest course was to be satisfied and take up his burden again."

The progress of knowledge, even since Johnson's time, has enabled us to say, without presumption, that we differ with this

extraordinary person on many important points, without ceasing to have the highest regard for his character. His faults were the result of temperament; perhaps his good qualities and his powers of reflection were, in some measure, so too; but this must be the case with all men. Intellect and beneficence, from whatever causes, will always command respect; and we may gladly compound, for their sakes, with foibles which belong to the common chances of humanity. If Johnson has added nothing very new to the general stock, he has contributed (especially by the help of his biographer) a great deal that is striking and entertaining. He was an admirable critic, if not of the highest things, yet of such as could be determined by the exercise of a masculine good sense; and one thing he did, perhaps beyond any man in England, before or since—he advanced, by the powers of his conversation, the strictness of his veracity, and the respect he exacted towards his presence, what may be called the personal dignity of literature. The consequence has been, not exactly what he expected, but certainly what the great interests of knowledge require; and Johnson has assisted men, with whom he little thought of co-operating, in setting the claims of truth and beneficence above all others.

TOO LATE.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas:
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

Never a scornful word should grieve ye:
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!

O! to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now, up in Heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you!
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows;
I love you, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas;
Drop forgiveness from Heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas:
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MARIA MULOCH.

A SOLUTION OF "NAUTES" CHINESE PUZZLE.

BY A NEWFOUNDLAND CYPHER.

Not Irish—nor a Judge of Reprobates—nor of *naughty* writers —but a Judge of Nautes; not of the writer so styled in the last "Maritime," but of the arithmetical cypher, though not usually spelled in that way; this, however, is *nought* to the purpose. I accept the challenge of "Nautes," addressed to the readers of the "Maritime," and answer his query. "How is that?" The parts, portions or fractions—one half, third, and ninth—do not dispose entirely of any whole number; after deducting those portions from a whole number, whatever it may be, there is a remainder of one eighteenth. Had the General Postman left eighteen steeds, Che-hsien's task would have been easy, and easy as it would have been, he would have had the eighteenth horse for his trouble; but here was Che-hsien's difficulty, under the legal distribution of seventeen steeds he was entitled to 17–18ths of one—almost a whole horse; but how to make it a whole one, and how to divide the rest without the loss of an ounce of flesh or drop of blood, required the aid of Shylock. Here Koon-fu-tsze comes to his assistance, and by dividing Che-hsien's commission among the legatees, gives whole horses to each. Let me illustrate by the mighty dollar, which will commend itself to the *sense* of your Dominion readers. Suppose, instead of seventeen horses, that $1700 had been left to be divided in the same proportions.

Cut in round hundreds to each, the widow's				
half would have been	850	+50		900
Eldest son's third	566.66 2-3	+33.33 1-3		600
Youngest son's ninth	188.88 8-9	+11.11 1-9		200
Che-hsien's Com. 5.55 p. ct.	94.44 8-8			
	$1700.00	94.44 4-9		1700

Now divide Che-hsien's Com. among the three in the same proportion and add as above, the result is the same whether considered as horses or their equivalent at $100 each. I hope "Nautes" will consider this satisfactory, and remain, A CYPHER.

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die;
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see.
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail, its date is brief:
Restless—and soon to pass away;
Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree.
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand:
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea.
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

WE have received the October number of the MARITIME MONTHLY, published at St. John, N. B., under the editorial management of H. L. Spencer, Esq., a gentleman whose established literary reputation is in itself a sufficient guarantee for its success. The number opens with an interesting paper on "The Discoverer of North America, and the First Colonizer of Newfoundland," by Rev. M. Harvey; Geo. J. Forbes contributes an article on "The Valley and River Platte;" "Notes of a Run through Italy," and "The Voyage of Magellan," are both readable productions; and the narrative of "Travels and Adventures in the South" presents a vivid picture of the condition of matters in the "blockade-running" ports, growing out of the exigencies of the war of Secession. The poems and lighter articles in the number are excellent; and we have no hesitation in recommending the MARITIME MONTHLY to the patronage of our intelligent readers, as an everyway able and high-toned publication.—*Yarmouth Tribune.*

WE expect in a short time to announce the publication of the essays and poems of the late Alexander Rae Garvie. The MSS. which he left will shortly be placed in the hands of a publisher, and we hope to welcome their appearance in a volume at no distant day.

THE

MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1874. No. 6.

IN DAYS OF ELD.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY HUBERT H. DUVAR.

I.

In days of eld they held high times
At gay and festive Christmas tide,
The minstrels strung their votive rhymes,
The dancers' pattering feet replied,
The joyous bells rang merry chimes,
The jolly mummers whooped and cried,
Chattered loud the witty fool,
And the head cook on log of yule
Through the court-yard arch did ride,
In days of eld at Christmas tide.

II.

Then everybody made good cheer
At hearty, jovial Christmas tide,
The steward stinted not the beer,
The scullions basted, stewed and fried,
The huntsmen brought in game and deer,
The pages here and thither hied,
The cook brought in, with rosemary,
The wild boar's head so grim to see,
And all men laughed and no one sighed
In days of eld at Christmas tide.

III.

The sturdy vassals swigged their ale
At romping, roistering Christmas tide,
Ladies, in hoop and farthingale,
A deeper red their sweet lips dyed
With claret-cup in silver grail,
The baron well his dagger plied,
And gallants gay sweet joyance made
'Neath misletoe's delightful shade,
With maidens fair and Juno-eyed
In days of eld at Christmas tide.

IV.

Then no man's loss was other's gain
At kind, fraternal Christmas tide,
Nor hate nor envy made the bane
Men's better nature to divide,
But kindness flowed through every vein
And each on other then relied,
For each man's words were free and fair,
His brow was smooth and free from care,
And no one's look his heart belied
In days of eld at Christmas tide.

V.

And though no longer days of eld,
So should we keep our Christmas tide,
Our hands in friendship's grasp be held,
Not listlessly with groundless pride,
Nor should the wanderer be repelled,
Nor prayer of misery be denied,
But pattern take from Him was born
Long years ago on Christmas morn,
And we our heart-gates open wide
At this, our present Christmas tide.

THE TWO PICTURES.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY CORINNE.

"THERE now, cousin, you had better go up stairs and have a good rest before dinner," said my gentle hostess, Mrs. Beaumont. "I am sure you must be dreadfully tired. The idea of those thoughtless girls dragging you all over the house after your fatiguing journey yesterday."

I was very glad to obey her kindly imperative command, and went slowly up to the pretty dressing room my cousins had fitted up so luxuriously for me. I dressed for dinner according to my custom, before I sat down to rest; having tried all my life, in these little things as well as in great ones, to do my work first and then rest. Ah! well, I thought when at length, newspaper in hand, I sat down in the great crimson velvet chair before the fire, my working day is nearly over, and I hope soon to lie down to sleep with the loved ones who have gone before me. This was my first Christmas Eve in England, after a sojourn of many years in a foreign land, where I had left the remains of my husband and only child. I had expected to find some friends in London, and had taken apartments there in that hope, but of all I had known there, not one was left, and it was most grateful to my lonely heart to receive an invitation from these third or fourth cousins, whom I had known but slightly before I left England, to spend Christmas with them. Ah! what comfort it gave me, a lonely elderly woman, to be received with such a warm welcome, not only by my Cousin Mabel herself, but by her husband and by all the gay, bright sons and daughters of the house, who seemed as if they wanted to out-do each other in kindness to me.

Settling myself cosily back in my chair, I opened the paper, and in glancing over the columns I happened on an account of the execution of some of those awful *petrolieuses* in Paris. It was a horrible thing, and I dropped the paper with a shudder and fixed my eyes dreamily on the large picture that hung over the fire-place. It was a portrait of one that they spoke of as the "French girl." Mabel's second daughter (Madge) had told me who she was. Her name was Amandú L——, and she and Mabel's

mother were step-sisters. She had been considered very beautiful, but I did not like her face; there was something in the expression of it that almost frightened me. She was fair for a French woman, and her tawny brown hair fell in great luxuriance down over her shoulders and far below her waist. She was dressed in white, and around her neck and arms was exquisite lace, veiling the heavy gold necklace and bracelets that adorned them. The features were regular, and her brow remarkably high; and her whole face and style reminded me of the ill-fated Charlotte Corday. Her history, too, was a strange and tragical one. They had been telling me about her down stairs. Her father, Vicompt L——, had made a visit to England, when he was a widower, with his two children, Amandú and her brother, scarcely more than infants. He was a handsome, fascinating man, just in the prime of life, and on visiting with a friend, this very house in which I was now a guest, he had fallen in love with, and won the heart of Eleanor Desborough, the heiress of the noble castle. They were married almost immediately, and remained in England until after the birth of their daughter Mabel. Then they returned to France, and remained there until the revolution drove the Vicompt, with many other faithful subjects of their ill-fated sovereign, exiles from their native land. Then they had taken up their abode here in the old castle, and the Vicompt, dropping his title, had called himself Mr. L——, and tried to amuse himself with the ordinary pleasures and occupations of an English gentleman. But Amandú's patriotic fury was stirred, and she kept her father's mind in a turmoil, continually hatching schemes for the emancipation of his country from the sway of the usurper. Amandú knew all the affairs of her country as well as she knew its language, and all her ambition, and the one object of her life, was to free it. This passion was kept alive by the frequent visits of other refugees, and many a secret conference was held in an underground council-chamber, at all of which Amandú was present, planning, advising, encouraging and stimulating these few patriots to their work.

Madge had taken me down and shown me the room, or, more properly speaking, dungeon, in which they had held their councils —now all in ruins—and had told me how, one Christmas Eve, Mr. L—— had prepared to start on a secret journey to France, and going down to this place to say a last word to his confidential steward, who occupied the room for business purposes, had been

killed and buried by the falling of the inner wall, caused, as some supposed, by an earthquake; and how the steward, who miraculously escaped, had gone in search of Amandú, and finding her in the church, which stood by the castle, only divided from it by the moat, whither she had gone, it was supposed, to pray for success on her father's mission, had appeared before her suddenly, and without a word being spoken, she seemed to read the fatal intelligence in his face, and fell dead on the chancel floor.

"And of course," said Madge, unable to restrain her love of fun even here, "and now her spirit walks about the house and church every Christmas Eve, so look out for her to-night, Cousin Mary."

"Ghosts don't walk before midnight, at any rate," thought I, leaning back in my luxurious chair; but even while the thought was passing through my mind, I found myself on my feet, following a white-robed figure that I knew was no other than the French girl, out of the room and down the grand staircase. I seemed to be going involuntarily, not of my own free will, and my feet scarcely touched the stairs. The drawing-room door was a little open, and I glanced in. A young girl dressed in white sat before the fire gazing into the glowing coals with a dreamy look.

"It is Mabel L——," thought I, and I knew that she had just come in from practising the Christmas anthem in the church.

We went on down the lower stairs, and wherever we passed I saw that the rooms were peopled with beings of a past age. In the warm, bright butler's pantry was an old grey-haired man, who, as my guide flashed past the open door, lifted his hands and eyes, exclaiming, "Mercy defend us! it is Satan transformed to an angel of light!"

And then I heard her sardonic laugh floating up as she too caught the muttered words. Down, down we went, through the intricate passages and down the broken and dangerous stairs that I had toiled up so painfully with Madge a little while before. At last my guide stopped close by the door of that dungeon-chamber, and stooping down, busied herself with moving away the rubbish that lay on the threshold. I saw a packet in her hand while she did so, and when she poured some of its contents into a small hole that she had uncovered, I knew that it was gunpowder, and I tried to fly from the spot, but in vain; which ever way I turned, some insurmountable barrier seemed to rise before me. Presently *she* sprang up, and, clasping her hands together, murmured: "This night one enemy of France will perish!"

A sudden thought darted like lightning through my mind: "It is the old steward; he would gladly see his master give up these plots and intrigues, and give his mind to peace, and she has done this to destroy him!" and oh, how hard I strove to reach the door and warn him, but I might as well have tried to fly up through the stone arches over my head; and the next moment I found myself moving on again, drawn by an irresistible impulse. We traversed a long subterranean passage, far from the habitable part of the castle, and presently we reached the vault of the Desboroughs under the church. We went up the stone steps in the far corner, and lifting the trap-door, apparently with perfect ease, my mysterious guide led me up into the church. Just as we reached it, we heard the heavy tramp of the ringers coming down from the belfry, where they had been looking at the bells in preparation for the midnight chimes. Some of the men had been drinking, and when they saw Amandú, were inclined to be rough with her; but Will Sunderland, the only gentleman among them, interfered. In his admiration for her beauty, but more, perhaps, on account of her being the sister of his "white rose," as he called Mabel—only to himself, though—he had not yet ventured to address her so—felt disposed to fight any number of men who would molest her, and so they quietly dispersed; and I heard the great door shut with a loud bang, and then Amandú threw herself down on the floor and pressed her burning cheek against the cold stones.

I felt a sort of cool surprise at being able to see into her thoughts as she lay prostrated there. She seemed to pass into a trance or dream-state, and she thought there was a great shock that shook the church to the very foundations, and then the door burst open and the crowd that rushed in seized her, and dragging her to the open space in front of the reading-desk, bade her prepare for death. Well, she could die for France, but, how was this? these men who scowled upon her and called her traitress and murderess, were friends of France—men whose faces she had seen again and again in the midnight conferences in the stone cell, and yet she felt that they were ready to tear her to pieces, and she raised her head proudly and defiantly to show them she was ready, and when they fired she saw, as in a mirror, her own awful beauty change to loathsome hideousness with the hatred that she felt for all mankind, as she fell. Then she awoke to consciousness

and knew it was a dream, but the church was shaking as if all the powers of the air had seized it in their grasp, and she sprang up and paced the floor in awful suspense until the door was pushed open, and the man she had attempted to destroy stood before her.

Her enemy, her country's enemy, had escaped then, but who was lost in his stead? The next moment she was lying, slain by a look, dead upon the sacred floor.

"Why cousin, cousin Mary!" sounded Madge's voice in my ears, "how you screamed; were you dreaming?" and I opened my eyes in my warm, snug dressing-room to find Madge and Sophie bending anxiously over me.

"We were just passing your door, on our way down stairs," said Sophie, as I looked, in a scared manner, at them, "and we heard you scream. I was afraid you had set yourself on fire."

"Could it have been a dream?" I murmured, looking up at the picture.

"Oh! it's no wonder you screamed, if you were dreaming about that dreadful, awful picture!" exclaimed Madge, following my glance. "I wonder mamma didn't take it away, and put grandmamma's here; but I suppose she didn't think you would mind it. Most visitors admire it, but those eyes always haunt me. I cannot bear to look at it long."

"Your grandmamma's picture, my dear?" said I wonderingly, forgetting for a moment that they were Mabel's grandchildren.

"Yes, grandmamma Sunderland."

"Oh, yes! she married Will Sunderland after all," I said, and then seeing that they looked at me in surprise, I added: "I don't think I am awake yet, my dears; I feel quite bewildered."

"Do you think you can walk down stairs, cousin?" asked thoughtful Sophie; "it is just dinner time, and if you could come down and drink a glass of wine, I think you would feel better."

I rose at once, and leaning on her young arm, went down to the drawing-room, where all the family and the numerous guests were awaiting the summons to dinner. Charles Beaumont, my handsome, noble-looking host, came to my side to conduct me to the dinner-table, and the next moment the butler threw open the door and we led the way down to the great dining-hall, with its bountiful table spread with English Christmas fare, and its masses of holly, misletoe and ivy forming the loveliest decoration, to my mind, that can possibly be found. There were happy faces and

light hearts round that Christmas table; but not all the gay talk and laughter could efface from my mind the recollection of my vivid, awful dream.

"Cousin Mary," said Mr. Beaumont to me when we were all assembled in the drawing-room again (they all called me "Cousin," or "Cousin Mary," to make me feel that I was not a stranger), "what is the matter with you this evening? You looked all dinner time as if you had seen an apparition."

I glanced round hastily to see if there was any one near, and finding that we were comparatively alone, I told him my dream. He looked at me seriously all the while, and when I had finished, he said, "Strange! very strange!" and then sat looking at the floor for a few minutes in silence.

"Have you ever heard any incidents of her life?" he asked me.

I told him what the girls had been telling and showing me in the day.

"Thoughtless children!" he exclaimed, "to drag you all the way down there; but I meant—anything before you left England—anything that might lead you to suppose she mistrusted Fairfield, the old steward?"

"No," I said; "nothing that I can remember. I knew very little about this branch at that time. I knew that there was French blood in the family, but I always heard them spoken of as 'the Sunderlands,' or 'the family at Desborough,' and the name of L—— was not at all familiar to me. I think I heard the name of 'Fairfield' before, but where, or when, or how, I cannot remember."

"Yes," he said, "and you might have heard more that you do not clearly remember. The reason I ask you so particularly," he added, seeing that I looked at him wonderingly, "is, that there is a subterranean passage from the house to the vault; and another thing is, that I have often thought it strange, that such a beautiful young woman, with such a history, should rouse feelings of horror, instead of pity, in the minds of all who hear the story and see the picture, and yet I must acknowledge that I share the feeling. But tell me, did the children tell you about the passage? Mr. Sunderland had the end of it walled up, and I didn't know that they knew of its existence."

I thought for a minute before I answered that they had not spoken of it, but I had some faint recollection of having heard of

it before. However, I told him that I thought my dream was nothing more than the natural effect of mixing up tragical family histories with French executions and impressions of Charlotte Corday just before I went to sleep.

"Well," he answered, "perhaps so; let us hope so, at any rate. And to help banish the recollection of it from your mind, I can relate to you a much pleasanter incident connected with that passage. But come into the other room, we shall be quieter."

He gave me his arm and led me into the smaller, though by no means *small*, drawing-room adjoining; and after giving me a comfortable chair by the fire, seated himself opposite me, and said: "I brought you in here because this room bears an important connection with my story, as well as for the sake of quiet. My heroine is the youngest sister, my wife's mother, Mabel L——. I believe you saw her portrait in the gallery to-day, so you know how beautiful she was, and she was as beautiful in her life as in her person. While Amandú was engrossed with the wrongs of France, she was interesting herself in the woes of the poor, and making herself beloved by all around her by her simple unaffected piety and lovely unselfishness. After the Vicompt's tragical death, Madame L—— and Mabel, accompanied by some of the old servants, left the castle, and went to live near Bude, in Cornwall, the home of the Sunderlands, and when the first violence of her grief had abated, Will had not much difficulty in winning Mabel for his bride; but in the meanwhile the young Vicompt, whom Mabel and her mother had never seen since they left France, had taken possession of the castle. Madame L—— was too broken-spirited to care much about the matter, but Fairfield, who had her interests and Mabel's very much at heart, wrote to the family lawyer, desiring him to look into the matter. He did so, and after a wearisome quest wrote back to say that, from the absence of certain wills and deeds, there was nothing to establish Madame L——'s claim, and if the estate were wrested from Isidore, it would only pass to a remote branch of the Desborough family; so, not wishing to go to law with her step-son unless she could benefit Mabel, Madame L—— let the matter drop.

"When Mr. Sunderland and his bride were on their wedding tour, they came here to the village, very quietly and privately, to visit the old familiar scenes, and to their great astonishment, the day after their arrival, witnessed the funeral of Isidore, who, like

his father and sister, ended his life in a tragical manner, having been killed by a fall from his horse a few days before. He had taken the precaution of arranging all his affairs in good time, having left the castle, and property around it, for the benefit of certain French refugees. His will had been read before the funeral, and his executor secured all the valuables under lock and key, and after burying him with great pomp in the *Desborough vault*, locked up the castle and went away, intending to return immediately and take possession for the heirs. Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland were in the church and saw the funeral, and while there the clergyman recognized them; and when the people were all gone, came and greeted them heartily, and gave them an account of village matters. Mrs. Sunderland was walking out of the church with him, but her husband drew her back, saying simply, 'Let us stay here a little longer, Mabel.' The clergyman, thinking that they would, perhaps, like to visit the organ and the bells, and would prefer being left alone, took his departure; and as soon as he was gone, Mr. Sunderland took his wife's hand in his, and said: 'Are you afraid to go down into the vault, Mabel?' The fearless girl looked at him, and said: 'I am not afraid to go anywhere with you, Will; but why?'

"'They have locked you out of your home,' he said, 'but we can enter it still if you would like to. There is a way open to us without stooping to ask admittance of any one. The vault is open.' She looked at him for a moment, and then silently placed her hand in his. He left her for a moment to get a hand lamp from the vestry, and then they descended into the vault, and finding the passage, bravely entered it, and reached the house in safety. Mabel's hand trembled, and her cheek blanched when they passed the heap of ruins that had formed her father's sepulchre; but as they left that behind, and ascended to the dear scenes of her happy girlhood, her spirits rose, and she went on joyously. After roaming about for some time they entered this room, and Mabel sat down to rest just where I am sitting now, and fondly recalled some of the scenes of the past. There stood her harp where it still stands, and she thought of how her father used to delight in her music. Closing her eyes she leaned back, and a flood of recollections came over her. One long-forgotten incident of her childhood came back to her. It was evening, and she was sitting by the window. The door opened softly, letting in a flood

of sunset glory from the west window across the hall, and the tall figure of her father wrapped in golden light, entered. He went to the harp, and, taking that curious shell-shaped ornament at the top between his hands, unscrewed it, took it off and then replaced it. Then, as he turned to leave the room he caught sight of Mabel, and crossing to her he laid his hand caressingly on her golden hair, and said softly, 'It is for you little Mabel. It will be safe there.' As it all came back to her mind she sprang to her feet exclaiming, 'Could it have been a dream, or did I see it in reality? If I did, it was done for some purpose,' and she went to the harp and tried to remove the shell. It came off, and in the cavity lay the missing will and deeds. And that was how it happened that Madame L—— recovered her property, and that we are living here now, Cousin Mary. Why the Vicompt hid them there must always remain a mystery, but it is my belief that he did it to make them safe from his eldest daughter and his son whom he seemed to fear more than love, and who were unscrupulous in their patriotic zeal."

It was my turn to ejaculate, "How strange!" and I added, how interesting, too. It is always good to hear of right and justice; but in this case I felt it to be particularly good, for I knew what Mr. Beaumont did not—that the next of kin to Madame L—— had been a wild spendthrift, to whom the property would have done no good, but more probably great harm.

When I went up to bed, long after midnight, I found that Mrs. Beaumont had removed the picture, and in the place of it had put one of her little Charlie, the child she had lost some years before. He had been delicate from his birth, and was one of those lovely spirituelle-looking children that one is apt to say is "too beautiful to live." There was a dreamy look about his blue eyes, but nothing sad or sickly in his face; the perfectly formed mouth was like coral, and the cheeks were tinted like a blush-rose. It was a beautiful picture of child-life, and as I lay down it seemed to give me sweeter thoughts of the One who was a child on this morning, more than eighteen centuries ago.

THE BAPTISM OF THE BELL.

A BALLAD FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

Bishop Bruno rode from Bruges,
  Clad in robes of Flemish cloth,
Sable cope and mantle rouge
  Trimmed with ermine white as froth,—
Mounted on an ambling mule,
  On a selle of russet brown,—
To baptize a campanule
  For the monks of Antwerp town;
As he journeyed, with his train,
  Grave and stately, it befel
Through his mind ran this refrain:
  "What name shall I give the bell?"

All the female saints and martyrs
  Through his thoughts diffusely ran,
From the precepts and the charters
  Since the mother church began;—
Cologne's virgins, St. Cecilia,
  Lucy, Bridget and St. Bride,
Anastasia, Catherine, Leilia,—
  Many lissom saint beside
Through his mind who went and came,
  As he rode the ambling mule,
Sought to give the bell her name
  For the shrine of St. Gudule.

Yet it is,—e'en holy men
  Sometimes cease from saying Ave,
So the bishop, there and then,
  As he jogged along the pavé,
Of the time ere he was shaven—
  Took a reminiscent look,
Ere his brow with lines was graven
  Poring over bell and book,
When a maid, unsainted, taught
  Him to love, and, many a time, a
Love pang made his studies naught,—
  And her name, *la belle Jemima.*

Through the streets of Antwerp town
  Rode the bishop, humbly grand
On his selle of russet brown,
  And the mighty of the land
Helped him up the marble stair,
  Through the carved and gilded gate
Of that structure light as air
  Yet as strong and fixed as fate;
(For no artist ever traced
  Grander than that Gothic pile,)
And the bishop reverend paced
  Up St. Gudule's columned aisle.

There in every window-pane
  Good St. Michael and St. George
Loomed in many a gorgeous stain,
  Glowing as an armourer's forge;
There the loved disciple, hoary
  As he was in Patmos isle,
There the Virgin with the glory
  And her winsome, clement smile,
And the Holy Paul and Peter
  And All Saints, in glass, looked down
As to say: "What bell will beat her
  When she rings o'er Antwerp town:"

All the martyrs, done in wood,
  And the angels molt in bronze
On the screens around the rood,
  Marthas, Marys, Judes and Johns
In their niches on the walls,
  And the cherubs' flying heads
On the columns' capitals,
  Angel-corbels on the leads,
Monas bright from Italié,
  And Byzantines done in bistre
Seemed to glance approvingly
  At the church-bells' youngest sister.

Stout Sir Godfred on his table,
  With his legs crossed at the knees,

On his shield, (three fessures sable,)
And his wife, dame Dor. Elise,
With her pointed hands aye praying,
Carved in stone, right fair to see,
As in life in death were saying:
"Lord! forgive Godfred and me;"
And all other figures keeping
Ward above each empty shell,
Seemed with stony eyes were peeping
At the figure of the bell.

All in dress of purest white,
Like a lady was the Bell,
Crowned with garlands gay and bright,
And, beneath, five Flemish ell
Flowed a silken farthingale,—
Swelling bust and middle small
Girdled with a cincture pale
Like a damsel stout and tall;
And, in truth, I am avised
She had a coquettish air,
And no one had felt surprised
Had a bright face looked out there.

Bells were rung and mass was sung
And the eunuchs' voice in volumes,
Like a breaking wave, was flung
All along the line of columns,
Where the roof with aisle inarches,
And in flowing deviations
'Mong the cusped and spandrilled arches
To a spray of sweet vibrations,
Like the spray of ocean, split
And in drops of music fell
'Mong the incense, as befit
For the baptism of the bell.

When the rites, the which my tongue
Cannot tell, the church had filled,
Levavi cor been said and sung,
And such other airs were trilled

As might Satan's whisperings drown
  And from evil might evite her,
Bishop Bruno in his gown,
  Gigot sleeves, and wearing mitre,
Rained a shower of holy water
  From the bunch of hyssop broom,
Saying: "I baptize this daughter;
  May her voice for ever boom!
And her name is St. Jemima.
  Through the ages may she trill on,
  Peal, and chime, and join carillon;
  May she with the foul fiend grapple,
And her grave tones, many a time, a
  Comfort be towards this chapel."

Thus the bell was baptized truly,
  Consecrated, and with unction
Rendered holy, grave, and duly
  Set aside for sacred function
And given blessèd work to do;—
  Yet at complin and at prime, a
Question ran the abbey through:
  "Who the deuce is Saint Jemima?"
But the bishop had departed
  On his ambling prick-eared mule,
So the theory was started:
  "Some saint of the modern school."

To the campanile they swung her:
  "Yo! heave O! on high we swing her,
And when we aloft have hung her
  In the sacred chime we'll ring her!"
As she passed the window panes
  She was dyed as red as blood,
As she passed the torches, stains
  Of amber lit her in a flood,
As she passed the belfry slips
  The moonbeams white upon her fell,
And all men praised with lauding lips
  Th' apotheosis of the bell!

Then the ringers with their hammers
Smote on her resonant rim,
And there rung out startling clamors,—
Mingled roundelay and hymn!
When they struck the bell for prime,
She rippled out in laughing tones,
And rung snatches of a rhyme
When the bell was beat for nones;
But the tone she loved the best
Was a kind of lovesome swell,—
Till men said she was possessed,
And a fiend was in the bell!

Now, they tell me, but I know not
If the fact be so or no,
When the bells of Antwerp ought
To ring out mournfully and slow,
St. Jemima ringeth cheery
While the others utter dole,
And the ringers, vexed and weary,
Say she is beyond control;
And the clerks, head-shaking, say:
"Va' Sathanus! sure some huge
Lapse was made that summer day,
When Bishop Bruno rode from Bruges."

HUNTER DUVAR.

THOUGHT RAMBLES.

"THE *real* poet is the philosopher, and his words are truth," said my friend, the Professor, at the tea-table one evening. He made no mistake, I think, in the general idea; and yet, I have read some very ornamental lies. It seems to me that poetry ought to be *truth illuminated*. That which is destitute of truth is unworthy our admiration or regard; and if such a thing as poetry can exist without it, we look upon it as a sort of fallen angel, exiled forever from the shining ranks. The first element requisite in a work of art is fidelity to the object that is to be portrayed. Suppose an author to write a *pastoral*, and let all its allusions to

nature betray his ignorance, let it lack fidelity, and its worth as an artistic work is lost, simply because *truth* is not there. It may have elements of beauty, flush with blossoms, and sparkling with tropes; but wherever it is seen, it must exhibit its deformities, and be a monument of defect. You appeal to such agents of the mind as the poet employs. What one thing comprehends the substance of the poetic faculty? Can it be *Fancy?* If so, the tiny child is a perfect poet, for the aurora of fancy plays about its giddy brain like a squirrel in a tree-top. Can it be *Imagination?* Then dream-clouds are magnificent poems. Is it the mere blossoming of words? The dewy glow of a full-blown rose bush is much better. To quote no more classic authority than the hymn-book of Wesley: "A man may . . . . heap together pretty compound epithets, as *pale-eyed*, *meek-eyed*, and the like; but unless he be born a poet, he will never attain the genuine spirit of poetry." It is easy for the vulgar mind, and the vulgar eye, to be dazzled by high coloring, to the exclusion of all sense of artistic imperfection. How many persons will prefer a daub or a caricature to a work of art, as if pleased with its rude inaccuracies and its absence of design. These radiant faculties in the mind of the poet may be as painted windows in a cathedral; and the light, falling round a central truth, may receive its brilliant hues by passing through them; but it is the *Truth* that is shown—the *Truth*, transfigured and illuminated—after all.

In one of Wordsworth's odes you will find it oracularly pronounced that Slaughter is the daughter of God. We will not repeat the audacious criticism of Byron, but can it be that the old philosopher is right? Would we not rather hail some impersonation of *Poesy*, invested by our imagination with eyes of soul, and lips of harmless fire, whose singing should swell or smooth the waves of the spirit at its will, as the favorite child of the Father of Fathers? What a stainless and resplendent being she would be—sweeter, more sacred than vestal virgin—more chaste and more beautiful. She should not be kept far from the altar.

The brightest of the golden threads of poetry have, from the earliest, been interwoven with the various fabrics of religion, and its silvery strains of music have been breathed through all worship. Homer glows at red-heat when he delineates Achilles and Agamemnon; but when he sees Jove "shake his ambrosial locks, and give the nod," he flames with newer fire. And Virgil revels in his

poetic adoration of the fabled deities. Thus Hesiod, Horace and Cleanthes won their laurels while descanting on virtue, and their then imperfect conceptions of morality. Here is a passage from the hymn of Cleanthes to Jupiter. Say not Jupiter, but God:

> "Each atom of this rolling universe
> Obeys Thy guidance, and submits itself
> To Thy control: so vehement, so fiery,
> And so immortal is the thunder Thou
> Holdest subservient in unshaken hands."

It must require some infinite and immortal theme to awaken the grandest strains of which the poet is capable; and who that has wandered amid the fantastic mazes of the Armidan gardens of Tasso, or peered into the mystical darkness among the haggard, lurid forms of Dante's *Purgatorio*, but has felt the magic of other worlds running electrically along their strains of mighty verse. When they walk amid the shapes of earth, they are poets, akin to nature, affluent, and creative; but when they are "tired of all that earth has shown" them, and essay to "dwell with shadows," when they descend into Hell, or ascend to Heaven, they acquire an energy of eloquence, and a dazzle of imagery, that is as new and splendid as the scenes amid which they, in their imaginations, are treading.

But when the babe is born, when the dawning spirit-sun of the morning rises on the rapt eyes of Poesy, her exalted strains are broken with alleluias! Then the amaranths, the immortelles, angel forget-me-nots, and all the fadeless flowers, bud amid her laurels. She walks not amid the far-reaching shadows of the things to be, but at the side of the Radiant and Mighty One himself. Matchless Melody! Happy Minstrel! so prompted to the grandest, gladdest song that ever swept from harpstrings, or fired and melted, by turns, the human heart!

An opinion has very far obtained—not as the result of much inquiry—that the poet is almost necessarily the child of error; that there is a malignant afflatus springing out of his very embodiment; that his quick and eccentric spirit is alien to the calmness and peacefulness of piety. This, to some, may seem to be the case, but we would rather incline to an opposite opinion. We think the *real* poet has an impulsion more than ordinary to that which is right, and true, and noble; and that there is nothing alien to piety either in the constitution of his mind or body.

Burns, in his pitiful lamentation over his fallen self, impugns the beautiful spirit of Poetry, and says:

"The light that led astray
Was light from heaven."

But it is rather darkness than light—the bale-fires of passion and pleasure in the awful midnight of the soul. If a man brings the light of heaven with him into the darkness—if he draggles his beautiful, white, soul-plumage in the black caldron of despair—who is to blame? Yet few of those who have done this, have been silent about religion. They have turned aside to sing sweeter songs of Heaven than they ever sang for the world, amid the uproar of passion and the fascinations of lust. I am moved by the sweet and sorrowful simplicity of the poet's "Highland Mary," and bewitched by the master touches in "Tam O'Shanter," but I confess to the finer influence of such words as these:

"They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name."

Thus it was, that when a zephyr from the spirit land swept for a moment along the hearts of such as Pope, and Byron, and Moore, they sang loftier in the praise of virtue than in the service of vice. To be sure of this, read the "Universal Prayer" and the "Dying Christian to his Soul," of the first; the "Hebrew Melodies," of the second; and the "Sacred Songs," of the third. You may see how harmoniously they might have tuned their lyres to the worthy and the worthful, had they listed. Yea, as the mistaken paths they travel are hard ones, anyway,—the sorrowful songs these lost birds of Paradise sing as they journey,—ah! they seem harder and sadder still! My heart is heavy as I think of them.

But the Nazarine has had his train of sweet and mighty minstrels,—poets, who have served Him in their lives, and celebrated Him in their songs. Behold, the names of those who are for Him are greater than the names of those who are against Him. Let us delight ourselves for a moment in these Princes of song. First, in the solemn, shining train, comes the sightless *Second* John——

"Milton, a name to sound for ages!"

The bard, whose purest and loftiest strains are evangelical. Where do we find the reflex of old Hebraic grandeur, as in him? We say nothing about his *poetical* prëeminence;—that is estab-

lished. We have listened to the love-lays of *Venus to Adonis*, and of *Sappho to Phaon*; listen to that of *Eve to Adam*. Was ever purer, sweeter?

> "Sweet is the breath of morn,—her rising sweet,
> With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
> When first on this delightful land he spreads
> His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
> Glistening with dew."

Open the book and read the remainder for yourself. And *this*,—a scene so entrancing and Elysian, following such

> "Linked sweetness, long drawn out."

The angels bow "toward either throne," and cast down

> "Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold;
> Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
> In Paradise, fast by the tree of life
> Began to bloom."

Who was it that said: "Our friend, John Milton hath written a a tedious book of verse?" a commentary on current criticism. And can anything be more terribly imaginative than the following? Awe-stricken and shudderingly I have witnessed the pictured descent:—

> "Headlong themselves they threw
> Down from the verge of Heaven; *eternal wrath*
> *Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.*"

Has incense like this ever been offered at the shrine of Moloch? But I must hasten; I am unworthy to contemplate his genius. I suppose that Pollock, though far below him, stands next to Milton upon the mount of consecrated song. One passage will give you some idea of his imaginative richness and his descriptive power:—

> "It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood.
> The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver sheen,
> Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
> And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
> In silent contemplation to adore
> Its maker. Now and then the aged leaf
> Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
> And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
> On vale and lake, on wood, and mountain high
> With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
> Conversing with herself. Vesper looked forth,
> From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
> And up the East, unclouded, rode the moon,
> With all her stars."

Dr. Young comes along, sounding, with clarion tones, the pæan of the Resurrection. We used to hear the triumphant words, "He rose! He rose! He burst the bars of death!" swelling on the buoyant old Easter Anthem, on bright sabbath mornings of old. Among modern singers we have only *one*, Mrs. Browning, with a harp tuned to the music of the skies, and a heart throbbing for humanity; and yet, there are a few, not unworthy, who have caught the minor strain. Am I too exuberant in my display of flowers? If not, may I cull a few violets and pansies to court your smile, after these blush roses. You know her, of whom I have just been speaking; and, I am sure you must love the sweet mind of this delightful wife of a poet. A spirit-woman, as Hawthorne describes her. What a wail is this, she is breathing!

"God, God!
With a child's voice, I cry,
Weak, sad, confidingly—
God, God!

* * * * * * * * *

Thou knowest, though Thy universe is broad,
Two little tears suffice to cover all.
Thou knowest, Thou who art so prodigal
Of Beauty, we are oft like stricken deer
Expiring in the wood—that care for none
Of those delightful flowers they die upon."

And when did ever the radiant wings of Poetry flutter so tremulously over the mercy-seat as they do here?

"Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low."

There is a passage in her poem of "*Cowper's Grave*," that reads like something more than *poetic* inspiration. I am always thrilled by it. Let me try its power upon you:—

"Deserted! Who hath drempt that when the cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted?
What tears have washed them from the soul, that one should be deserted?
Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father.
Yea, once Immanuel's orphaned cry His universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, '*My God, I am forsaken!*'
It went up from the Holy's lips, amid His lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation!"

Poor Cowper! with the shadowed life, the melancholy eyes, and

the manly heart! I could spend a profitable hour musing over his grave. I love his memory,—but not the recollection of that gloomy madness that possessed him; that despair,—not of a sinning soul, but of a disordered mind. He finds that peace in another life which he never had in this.

ARTHUR LOCKHART.

Horton, N. S.

SONNET.

Draw nearer wife,—a little nearer still;
My eyes grow dim, and I would wish to see
Up to the last, the face so dear to me:
Nay, do not weep with such convulsive thrill,
And make me thus a coward to my will.
'Tis hard, ah! hard indeed, to part with thee;
But we should be resigned to Heaven's decree
Tho' it the measure of our anguish fill.
My strength is ebbing swiftly, and I know
That soon the final moment shall appear
When death shall place his seal upon my brow;—
I feel his touch upon me even now!—
Ev'n now he comes to summon me from here;
Kiss me once more, dear wife, before I go.

JAMES YOUNG.

IMILDA; OR THE FATAL FOUNTAIN.

A SICILIAN TALE.

CHAPTER V.

IMILDA'S MARRIAGE—UNWELCOME STRANGER—THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

AT the expiration of two months, as is the custom in Sicily, the Cavalier came to the palace to be betrothed to Imilda, previous to the actual celebration of the marriage ceremony.

The day at length came; the marriage was celebrated in the village chapel, which was thronged to excess by rich and poor, noble and peasant. At the very moment when the enraptured bridegroom placed the emblematic circle on the slender finger of

his lovely bride, a contemptuous and discordant laugh—so loud, so long, and so strange in its expression, that it resembled rather that of a fiend than that of a human being—was heard far above the hum and murmur of the assemblage in the chapel. Such extraordinary rudeness instantly drew the attention of all present; but to their astonishment, although the ominous peal still continued, it was impossible to ascertain the individual from whom it proceeded. When it at length ceased, the ceremony continued, and the gross affront, if it were meant for one, was soon forgotten in the succession of circumstances of a more agreeable nature.

Every room in the superb old mansion—the bridal chamber excepted—was thrown open to the assembled hundreds; neither expense nor labor had been spared, that could in any way add to the luxury and magnificence of the occasion. The tables groaned beneath the innumerable delicacies placed before the noble company, who were entertained in the vast hall of the chateau, and ample supplies gladdened the peasants and dependants of both houses, who were feasted on the lawns and gardens before the palace.

The banqueting at length ceased. The villa and the grounds were alike splendidly illuminated, and soon after nightfall, music, with its "voluptuous swell," quickened the pulses of the young and light-hearted, and—

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined,"

was the general cry both within and without the building.

The following day the bride and bridegroom retired to the chateau of the latter. It was encircled by a perfect fairy-land of luxury. Situated without the bounds of Mascali, on the eastern coast of Sicily, some miles distant from the city of Catania, at the foot of one of the most charming of Otnean hills, whose gentle slope is covered with vineyards, corn fields and olive grounds, interspersed with gardens, orange groves and citron trees, which impart a delicious perfume to the air.

A little above the town, and overlooking it, was the residence of the ancient family of the bride's husband, situated in one of the pleasantest spots imaginable, embowered in a wilderness of agrunie, whose never-fading verdure gives the appearance of a perpetual spring to this favored region. The summit of this beautiful eminence commands in front an enchanting view of the distant coast of Italy, the sea studded with craft of every denomination,

and the shore variegated with town and village, winding streams and promontories of lava. To the right lay the superb city and vast plain of Catania, so renowned for the exuberant fertility of its soil. To the left the silver currents of the Aces and the Fiume Freddo are seen paying their tribute to the sea. Behind stretches an extensive wood, remarkable for the size and variety of its trees, and the inexhaustible stock of game with which it is furnished. In the distance, the most prominent and sublimest feature of the scene, the snow-crowned Ætna, elevates its smoking summit to the clouds.

The castle was antique, and called Il Castello della Tita, or the Betrothed, from a daughter of an ancient lord of these possessions, whose father, as the tale runs, arbitrarily promised her hand to one of her suitors, whilst her heart was engaged to another. In spite of tears, prayers and remonstrances, a day was appointed for the celebration of the marriage.

On the evening preceding the morning on which the ceremony was to take place, it was observed that the intended bride had dried her tears, and appeared composed and resigned to her fate. In the morning the guests had arrived, the priest was ready, the bridegroom in attendance, but the bride was wanting. She was not in her apartment. The castle, as may be conjectured, was searched from turret to dungeon, but the young lady was not to be found. At length a pair of slippers was discovered on the ledge of a window; they were almost immediately recognized as those of the bride. On looking out, she was seen lying in her night-dress, a corpse, in the ditch of the castle, into which she had precipitated herself to avoid a detested union.

Imilda had given her hand to Conte Borgia, in obedience to the will of her father; nor had she any cause to regret having given it to him. Sincerely loving his wife, he strove in every way to evince his affection. Her every wish was gratified before expressed. Although she could not return his affection with the same warmth, she fully appreciated the goodness of his intentions, and knowing he was a man worthy and honorable, she esteemed and respected him accordingly.

Ten years rolled round in this placid manner, meantime the surrounding country was kept in continual alarm by the atrocious depredations of a band of brigands, headed by one "Capitano Diavolo." This company of robbers infested the environs of

Catania, committing with impunity every species of depredation. Encouraged by long and continued success, they committed the most daring robberies, often in the face of open day. They even ventured to enter Mascali by night, making an undisturbed retreat in the morning.

After sunset few persons dared travel even the most frequented roads, so great was the apprehension of encountering the terrible "Capitano Diavolo." Noblemen and plebeians of the more wealthy class were often compelled to pay tribute to this resolute bravo, or hazard his resentment. No matter how secret they might keep their intended journeys, Il Diavolo, by some secret means of information, always knew the routes, as he was invariably ready to ease the travellers of any superfluous wealth they might chance to be encumbered with. No matter what precautions they took, "Capitano Diavolo," whenever he thought proper, or when, perhaps, the necessities of the bravoes required it, could enter the villas and palazzos, and abstract the golden treasure.

Even lately, the gonfalconiere of Catania, attended by a numerous retinue of armed men, had been attacked, his guard dispersed or slain, and himself led captive to the fastnesses of the brigands; and had only been released on the payment of a large sum of money. It was even reported that the bold chief, "Il Capitano" himself, had the audacity to go and receive the money and escape detection.

It was remarkable, and the subject of much comment, that the only abode of wealth for miles around that escaped molestation, was the residence of Conte Lambertazzi. Though situated in the very heart of the lawless pillage, the noble owner remained undisturbed. It appeared as though its portals had been touched with a talisman, or an enchanted circle had been drawn around its walls. Not so the neighboring villa, the residence of the Spanish seignior, Don Felix Rubio. In the midst of a grand entertainment, the whole of the guests were thrown into the utmost confusion and consternation by a band of masked men, who entered the building, and unceremoniously deprived them of their most costly jewels.

Notwithstanding the most indefatigable endeavors of the Government to apprehend the terrible "Diavolo," all attempts had hitherto proved fruitless. The sum of five hundred ducats, offered by the Executive for the head of the famous bravo, had failed in

procuring the much coveted prize. Detachments of military were stationed in every corner, but "Il Capitano" skilfully eluded their utmost vigilance.

So accurate appeared his knowledge of all that was passing around, so mysterious his movements, that surmises circulated far and wide that he must have dealings with the Evil One; for, it was pertinaciously averred, that without such supernatural agency, it was absolutely impossible the bold brigand, however fertile in resources, could so long have remained untaken.

The extensive and daring robbery committed in the villa Strozzi, in which the owner, Don Felix Rubio, had been the principal sufferer, strangely appeared to have had no other effect than to give additional splendor to the Spanish seignior's entertainments. Indeed, he boasted, notwithstanding his loss on that fatal night was immense, that it was trifling compared to his wealth. The splendor of his equipage, the magnificence of his fêtes, and the sums he almost nightly lost at the gaming-table, warranted the assertion. His resources appeared endless, but how or where he received them none could tell. Little was known of him, except that he was (according to rumor) a Spanish noble of great possessions in Castile, and that he had quitted his native land in disgust at the Government. His very striking figure, his powerful frame, strong yet aristocratic cast of countenance, proud sarcastic expression, with his richness of costume, seemed to attract the eyes of all with whom he came in contact. And he possessed the power of captivating all who approached him, by the brilliancy of his wit, the fascination of his manners, and his martial and dignified carriage. As a magnet attracts steel, so did his bright, penetrating eyes seem to possess the power of attracting the inmost secrets of all men's hearts to their severe scrutiny.

His splendid property alone would have made him an admirable object to the match-seeking part of society, and numberless were the snares set to entrap him, or to use a more modern technical phrase, to catch him; but his coldness, his apparent insensibility to the charms of the fair sex, or his aversion to form a matrimonial alliance, baffled all their praiseworthy attempts. His horse was the only thing possessing life he evinced any fondness for.

For days, sometimes weeks, he would be absent from the villa, attended only by one or two of his most favored retainers, enjoying, as he affirmed, the agreeable sport of hunting. Some few of

the Sicilian cavaliers had at first accompanied him in his excursions, but had soon repented of their temerity, as few could undergo the fatigue which his iron frame seemed capable of enduring. Hence he was permitted to pursue his favorite pastime alone and undisturbed.

From one of these excursions he was one evening brought home by two of his retainers, who reported that their master had received a severe fall from his horse, and, besides other injuries, had dislocated his shoulder. For six weeks he was confined to his apartment, and no one, it was remarked, was permitted to enter with the exception of the two favored menials who invariably attended him. It was also remarked, that seldom a night passed but a stranger, muffled in a large cloak, and slouched hat, so as to conceal effectually the upper part of his face, gained admittance into the Don's room, and after remaining an hour or two, disappeared in the same mysterious manner as he had entered.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GAMING-TABLE—A VISIT AND A DISCOVERY.

On the recovery of Don Felix Rubio, again the festive halls of his villa were open for the reception of the gay, the brilliant, the wealthy, the privileged portion of society. The first entertainment the noble owner gave, after his restoration to health, exceeded, if possible, all former ones in splendor.

On that evening, the guests mingling together, enjoyed the magnificence which unbounded wealth, guided and directed by most refined taste, could create. Groups of officers in rich uniforms, rich and fashionable ladies, nobles attired in costly costumes, distinguished persons of the city of Catania, together with the stream of light from the candelabras, and the voluptuous music, made the scene at once dazzling and animating.

And no one appeared to enter more into the gaieties and enjoyments of the evening than the noble entertainer. He did the honors of the mansion with the ease and grace of one long accustomed to such scenes. He seemed the centre of happiness; the presiding deity, who diffused joy and felicity into every breast.

Yet there was one of this numerous company, who had no participation in the festivity of the evening—the Contessa Imilda di Lambertazzi.

"She stood
Among them, but not of them—in a shroud,
Of thoughts, that were not their thoughts."

There was visible amid the dignified self-possession, and elegant ease which she maintained during the evening, a coldness, or rather a sternness in her look and manner when addressed by Don Felix.

But the latter did not, or would not, observe the stern, distant, nay, disdainful manner with which his courtesy was received; for quite early in the evening he solicited the honor of her hand for the next dance, but was not only coldly refused, but almost rudely repulsed.

His countenance scarcely ever betrayed his mind; his features had much play, but they were strictly under command, yet encountering so marked a refusal his composure almost forsook him. He bit his nether lip till the blood came; his face became flushed, his brow contracted, and his eyes shot forth a glance of fiery indignation. But so momentary was the expression of resentment, it could have been perceived by no other than the Contessa.

Instantly recovering his bland deportment, he bowed with the most winning politeness, then, with a smile on his handsome countenance, turned upon his heel, and withdrew to the room appropriated exclusively for gambling—the hallucination of the intellect—the scourge of reason—the very leprosy of the soul!

Who, on entering the illuminated portals of the realms of darkness, sin and pain, who, I say, has not thought of Virgil and Dante in the *descensus Averni*, and felt as if he should like to have them for a guide to instruct him in the dread mysteries and secret recesses of sorrow. Unluckily, no guide to the great Cacus's den can show a footprint back again, or teach the redeeming art *revocare gradum;* a more herculean task, when once the victim of play has entered the doors of a gaming room—doors which might appropriately borrow Dante's inscription over the infernal gates. Could one see the hidden furies that preside over the gambling table, the hateful, baleful passions that metamorphose human hearts into so many Adramelechs—a prey to every gust of fortune, he should not call it play, but most serious and hard work; half the energy necessary for which being directed to noble pursuits would raise men to honorable fame and independence.

But to return. Don Felix Rubio seated himself opposite the

Conte Lambertazzi, and soon became deeply engaged at play. Soon the stakes ran high, a few throws of the dice-box went in favor of the Sicilian noble, who looked round him with an air of triumph. The tide turned; the Conte at every throw became less the favorite—bets were speedily made high on the other side to cover the first—stakes are again and again doubled—still in favor of the Spaniard—the charm works deeper and deeper—the hell-broth bubbles up from its lowest dregs, sparkles and heaves till it runs over the infernal caldron.

Such a storm of the passions could not last long, and there are limits even to the most astounding wrath. As the battle between the Spaniard and the Italian grew more and more animated, the expression of the different passions, through the whole scale, from indifference, pride, scorn, to fear, hatred, revenge, horror—the entire scene, as it drew nigher its close, was truly terrific. It then seemed as if all the evils the human mind could anticipate—shame, grief, desperation—were all there painted indelibly upon the features of the but now proud, high-soaring spirit that seemed as if born to look down on his fellow-man.

It is all over—the last piece had been staked—the last hope expired. With trembling limbs, and looks of mingled rage and terror, the Conte rose from his seat, exclaimed in a voice of the most intense agony: "I am ruined!" as passing on, he glided like a spectre from the scene of his loss and dishonor. As he passed, his face convulsed with contending emotions, a sort of horror seemed to seize the by-standers.

"He has lost," said a chatty little man to an elderly officer in a a plain dress, "and mark the power of the horrid vice in deforming the finest features."

"There is more than shame and remorse in his look—his honor is lost too. Were I the winning Spaniard, I should not like Conte Lambertazzi to be my companion for a week at least. I saw an expression that I know full well from long observation; it is even worse than despair, for it augurs danger to the winner. He will not die without a struggle—perhaps a fearful crime."

The chatty little man had occasion to recall these words ere many hours elapsed.

As the Conte withdrew from the scene of his loss, "I am revenged!" cried the Spaniard, and he laughed. But such a laugh! Could Lambertazzi have heard it, it would have rung

through his maddened brain like the mockery of a fiend—so cold, so unnatural the sound; 'twould have fallen upon his crushed spirit like an infernal spell.

The first grey streak of morning light began to tesselate the heavens, the bright watchers of the sky faded one by one from their azure palace, and the bright sunbeams threw a rich glow across the placid sea, as Don Felix paced to and fro, with hurried but unequal step, in what he termed his studio.

A gentle tap at the door arrested him in his walk. Apparently without waiting for an answer to the knock, the door was opened, and the Contessa Lambertazzi entered the room.

Don Felix started with surprise, but momentarily recovering his self-possession, said in the sweetest tone he could command:

"To what happy circumstance may I attribute the honor of this visit. Can Don Felix Rubio be of service to the noble Contessa Lambertazzi?"

"He can!" she answered, in a low but very firm tone, "'twas for that reason I came. Listen to me. For months you have been the evil genius of my husband. Your aim has been to make him a confirmed gambler: Alas! you have succeeded but too well. Last night again you inveigled the Conte into play——"

"Your pardon, Signora," interrupted Don Felix. "The Conte—"

"Do not interrupt me," interposed the Contessa, in a calm but firm voice. "We will not dispute about a word. My husband played, and lost to a considerable amount. You were the winner. That money he received from Government to pay the soldiers under his command. To-day he was to have done so. I need not remind you what will be the fatal consequences of having appropriated to the uses of gaming the money so received."

A sneer, which could at times blight the countenance of Don Felix, hung in withering coldness on his features.

"I am not accountable for the actions of the Conte Lambertazzi," said the Spaniard haughtily.

Again she spoke. The first words were almost inaudible, but as she proceeded, with almost heart-storming vehemence, there was an eloquence on her countenance, an expression in the movement of her head, in the quivering of her lip, in the very faltering of her voice, which had power, not only to rivet his attention, but to find its way, unerringly, to the avenues of his heart.

"Bernardo Vernaldi, cease this masquerading. You well know,

I long since penetrated the disguise you have chosen, to deceive. You also well know I am not to be deceived. Had it not been for you my husband would never have gambled. Previous to your arrival amongst us, no cloud had darkened his brow; he was happy and contented. Since forming your acquaintance, he's worn a gloomy expression; he has been moody and irritable. Those innocent enjoyments, he once so much delighted in, have been forsaken:—the gaming table is now his constant resort. He seeks to hide the cause of his misery, his anguish, from me, but it is in vain. His wretchedness is sapping his existence. Bernardo Vernaldi, I repeat, ere he knew you, he was happy and honored in his estate, surrounded with luxury and wealth, and girt about with friends: you came like a blasting mildew, and withered his joy;—you poured the venomous poison of your revengeful heart into his cup of bliss, and turned it into gall. Last night's transaction completed your triumph:—he is dishonored, and a beggar."

"I can forgive this passion," replied Bernardo, coolly, for he indeed it was. "A woman's words must have their way, and I have long since discovered how idle they are. But let this end it. The Conte, your husband (the word husband was hissed through his teeth) played and lost, I have only acted as he would have done, had fortune favored him."

"But the consequences would not be the same. Had you lost, there would be no one to call you to account. Him it has plunged into the direst distress; his life will be forfeited, and even if it were not so, his reputation, his character will be irretrievably lost, if the sum is not recovered. Bernardo Vernaldi, if there yet remains a spark of that generosity, which *once* warmed your breast; if all noble feelings are not extinct within you, save him from what is worse than death, from infamy! *me* from lasting misery."

Vernaldi answered not. The sardonic smile that played around the corners of his mouth, gave the noble Contessa little reason to hope her words had made any impression on his heart.

"Behold this jewel," she continued, "'tis worth treble the amount you gained of the Conte, and I would cheerfully sacrifice the bauble to save my husband."

As she spoke, she produced from beneath her mantle, a casket which contained a diamond necklace of immense value.

"Nay, if this will not suffice, all, all I possess shall be yours, if you will but return that which, if retained can benefit you but little, though it make him the scoff and scorn of Italy."

Bernardo remained unmoved, though his eyes were riveted upon her with a triumphant smile. One would have thought he seemed to exult in the very evident anguish of her manner; in the dire misery his diabolical schemes had wrought. At length, he spoke in a tone of reproachful tenderness, as memory recalling scenes of long-lost happiness (when hope with bright colors had pictured the future with glowing tints) had for the moment softened his heart, but which gradually deepened into sternness as he proceeded; and if imagination may picture the probable tones of the enemy of the human race, when exulting over a fallen sinner, those of Vernaldi might well resemble them in their fiendish triumph.

"Imilda, from the first hour I could distinguish one feeling from another I loved you; you smiled upon my love; you led me on from hour to hour, from day to day; fostering that love, encouraging its growth, until it had gained so firm a hold upon my heart that it was only to be eradicated by some mightier and deeper feeling. Your young heart was then true to nature, it responded to the voice of truth and affection, though proceeding from the penniless orphan. Your mind was a stranger to pride, vanity and ambition; it was as yet untinctured with the sophistry and selfishness of the world; it had yet to learn the way of blasting the happiness of a fellow-creature; to play the hypocrite, and smile upon broken promises. Oft on those sunny hours of innocence and happiness you promised to be mine, and mine only. Two years was I absent, which instead of weakening, strengthened my love. I returned—you saw the intensity of my passion, yet you trifled with my feelings. Betrothed, you scorned my love—"

"Oh! no, no! I did not scorn, but I could not disobey. I could not brave a father's malediction."

"And married Conte Lambertazzi," continued Bernardo, without noticing the interruption, except by a quick contraction of the brow. "Yes; married the man I most loathe, most hate upon the earth; the man I would sink into the deepest pit of hell!—him you chose, to load with the precious treasure of your affection, and enrich him with your love! He was wealthy, I was poor; he was favored, I condemned; you married him, and scorned me. 'Twas well, at least, you thought so; but you did not dream the blood-hounds of revenge dogged your footsteps! Imilda, from the hour you became the bride of another, I became an altered man: I felt not, I thought not as before."

As he proceeded, the countenance that had thrown off its bland mask became animated by his tempestuous spirit, his eyes shot lightning, his usually soft, musical voice uttered accents of haughty despair and bitter triumph.

"The spirit that should have led me on to honor, happiness and preferment was shaken; it tottered and fell. I was driven to the extremity of human suffering, and obeying the first impulse of nature, turned upon my oppressors. Proportionate to the depth of my love became the intensity of my hate, and deadly the schemes I resolved for evincing it. I swore a fearful oath—I swore to be revenged of Lambertazzi—I swore to humble pride—"

"In mercy, stay! or you will make me scorn you, despise, hate you," interrupted Imilda; but Bernardo caught her arm, and pressing it firmly, said—

"A few more words, and my lips are sealed on this subject forever. I became rich (no matter how), and under the assumed name of Don Felix Rubio, the wealthy Spaniard, returned to Sicily. I was introduced to your husband, and you but assert the truth when you say 'twas I that enticed him to the gaming table. I know that, though possessing a mind not wanting in what is called virtue, he lacked firmness and consistency of character. I touched a chord that vibrated, and played upon it with unhoped success. He could not withstand the influence of persuasion, nor the dread of ridicule. He entered the vortex of vice, and plunged into the whirlpool of dissipation. Could anything have been wanting to fill up the measure of my inextinguishable hate, the contempt with which I regarded his weakness, would have rendered it complete. I saw in the vista of his infatuation, the means of conducting him to an ignominious end. How I have succeeded the morrow will determine. I have disgraced him and humbled your pride. Death, an ignominious death, is still wanting to my oath."

There was a deep pause. The Contessa listened to his terrible words in motionless silence. Her eyes were bent upon the ground, and so still, so immovable was her form, that she more resembled a rare piece of statuary than a living, breathing creature. At length she broke the awful silence:

"Say that you did not, do not mean those dreadful words. Say that you will accept the casket, and receive my life-long gratitude. Oh! for the sake of the Holy Virgin—for the sake of God! I implore—"

"Of whom?" interrupted Bernardo.

"Alas!" she said shudderingly, "you can believe in none, or you could not have acted so cruelly. Oh! what am I saying. For the sake of humanity, as you hope for mercy in your utmost need, take it, I beseech you."

"I do not hope for mercy in my need," he replied with a cruel smile, as though he marked and exulted in her agony, "and it is but wasted breath to urge me."

"Dare you defy Omnipotence! Have you no fear, no feeling? Have you no dread beyond the grave? In that world, beyond its confines, shall not the accusing spirit rise to sink thee to the deepest pit of hell?"

"On him! *on thee!* be the guilt, and on your heads be the punishment. I am no child to tremble before imagination's phantoms. I have no fear, no feeling. I tell you, lady, the hour you drove me from your presence, you banished all sympathy with human suffering from my breast—you turned my gentle nature to horror and ferocity—you drove me to despair—you fired, maddened my brain, until I defied all laws, both human and divine, and blood must quench that fire."

"Bernardo Vernaldi! your triumph is complete," she gasped in bursting emotion. "You have wished to humble and subdue. I am humbled to the very dust. I am kneeling at your feet. Have pity on my anguish, and grant my request."

Even as the words came inarticulately from her lips, she had sunk upon the floor in an attitude between shame and dread. Her hands were clasped upon her knees; she sighed, and looked wildly round the room; her manner grew unnaturally calm; she appeared half-forgetful, and breathed hard, like one exhausted.

"Contessa Lambertazzi, you urge me in vain; my mind is set, his fate is fixed, and you do but waste your words. I tell you once for all, my oath will not be fulfilled till I see my rival in the last tortures of mortal agony—till I see his stiffening limbs writhing in the last convulsions."

CHAPTER VII.

WOMAN'S ENERGY IN DESPAIR—A FEARFUL ANNOUNCEMENT—THE LAST SAD SCENE—THE FATAL FOUNTAIN.

THE words had scarcely left his lips, ere Imilda had risen to her feet. The blood rushed for a moment to her cheeks with a fearful impetuosity, spreading there a deep crimson suffusion. Her clear

dark eye flashed with living fire; her bosom heaved quick and heavily, and the momentary quiver of her lip, showed the violence of her inward struggles. It seemed as though the fierce convulsion would have slain her, but she suddenly assumed an awful calmness, and advancing slowly towards him, with an extended arm, and dark contracted brow, like a Pythoness in the agonies of inspiration:

"That you shall never live to see, cowardly, treacherous man!" she exclaimed, in proud tones of defiance, fixing her determined eye full upon him. "Know that you are in my power. At my bidding the rack awaits you. It is I shall see your stiffening limbs writhing in their last convulsions. Man of guilt, I have but to say the word, and the loathsome dungeon, gyves and manacles will be exchanged for this gorgeous villa."

The tones of her voice rang high and proud, as she pronounced this bold defiance, and her form seemed to dilate with a supernatural energy of mind.

"Bernardo Vernaldi! I am your friend or foe, your guardian angel or evil spirit, as you choose, as you determine. I came to you as a friend; beware you make me not your enemy! I bear the olive branch; turn it not to the dagger's point. Listen, and mark well my words. I know what you have been, I know what you *are*, and I know what you soon shall be, if you raise my just anger," and her brow darkened yet more as she spoke. "Beware how you decide, for upon your words hang your fate forever. Beware, I repeat, how you act, for it is ill rousing the sleeping lion."

"This passion well becomes the beautiful Contessa Lambertazzi," said Bernardo sarcastically, though he gazed upon her with an awed and anxious look. The scene would have done honor to the pencil of a Rembrandt. Strongly did the bright beams of the morning sun contrast with the dark floor on which it fell, and the sombre appearance of the apartment, as if the glorious ray had lost its way, in wandering through the small window; still more strangely was the contrast marked between the evident agitation of the man, who, playing with the hilt of his sword, vainly endeavored to appear calm and unembarrassed, and the impassive, cold and awful steadiness of the woman, who stood motionless, with the stern expression of resolve written legibly on every lineament of her countenance.

She exhibited no trace of outward agitation, but stood before him with such an air of desperate firmness, that the bold, resolute Vernaldi shrunk from the high resolve graven on her marble features.

"Ha! you tremble," cried the Contessa, with a scornful smile, for to her piercing gaze it was perfectly evident her words had made an impression. "Does the indomitable spirit of Capitano Diavolo quail before a woman! But now," she continued tauntingly, "you said you had no fear, no feeling! Where is your boasted courage? where the spirit that defies both God and man?"

"The noble Contessa raves," said he, striving at composure, "or she could not confound the name of Don Felix Rubio with that of the notorious Diavolo."

"Think not to escape by so miserable a subterfuge, said the Contessa contemptuously. Have I not said I know thee. I had long suspected who the famed brigand was. Over-caution led to the development of your identity, and insured your detection. The singular circumstance of our palazzo remaining unmolested amidst the general robbery of the noble and wealthy, excited my suspicions, and upon amply rewarding your favored menial, I discovered the whole. The—the—esteem I once had for you—the knowledge that I was, perhaps, partly the cause of your unhappy life, prevented my revealing your secret to the proper authorities. Had you granted my request, it would have been buried with me in the grave. But duty to my husband forbids this. Decide, therefore, at once, between returning the sum the Conte lost, or having it proclaimed within the hour that the reputed noble Spaniard, the rich Don Felix Rubio, and the daring robber Diavolo, is one and the same person."

For an instant he stood as though irresolute; if so, however, it was only for an instant. Forcing back emotions which her words had given rise to, a firm undaunted courage superseded the momentary hesitation. Folding his arms across his chest, his teeth closely set, his brows firmly knitted, he said in a decisive tone:

"You say I am in your power—that I am caught at last. So be it then. A few years earlier or later, it is but death at the last, though not in the manner I would have wished. Contessa, if I am doomed, I shall at least have the satisfaction of being accompanied to the scaffold by your noble husband."

"You will not then accept the offered liberty—the power of escaping by restoring—"

"Never!" he exclaimed in a deep, quick tone of voice.

"Flatter not yourself with the hope of escape—with the idea of eluding my vigilance."

As the last words died on the ear, Bernardo looked at her, and was struck with the wild expression of her countenance; the unnatural glare of her eyes contrasted strangely with the sudden paleness of her features, streaked with one bright spot of red—the hectic flush of a frame which had been so long agitated and overwrought.

He felt a choking at his throat—a tingling in his ears: he yearned to the being he had once so fondly loved: he longed to throw his arms round her, to hide his head in her bosom, as if the throbbing of her heart could thaw the iceberg that for years had lain so heavily on his breast.

At that critical moment, she flung herself at his feet, and in trembling accents besought him to have compassion on her—on himself.

Old associations, the memory of happy days, the remembrance of his early love, the wretched state in which he beheld her, the delicate and touching tenderness displayed in her allusion to himself, went home to his heart.

"Imilda," he said, in broken accents, "you know not what you ask."

"I ask, Bernardo, once the chosen of my heart, to let his better nature conquer his evil passions."

"Say no more. At sunset, be at the fountain in your garden. If I meet you there, you have vanquished my rebellious nature. Remember the fountain at sunset!"

The fountain, as Bernardo well knew, was the favorite haunt of Imilda. Through some strange and unaccountable motive, he had selected that retired spot as the place of meeting—the last meeting he intended that he should hold with her.

He was the first there. But scarcely had he arrived within a few yards of the fountain, ere he was suddenly surrounded by armed men, led on by the Conte Lambertazzi. One of the dastard menials, hoping to secure his master's favor, rushed forward to plant his dagger in Bernardo's breast, but was stretched at the same moment a quivering and headless corse at the feet of the undaunted brigand.

The Conte, thirsting for Bernardo's blood, attacked him furiously. But the Conte's insane revenge made him an easy prey to the cool intrepidity of the active and vigorous young swordsman. Lambertazzi's weapon was struck from his hand; that of his antagonist was directed towards his breast, and another moment would have decided the fate of the husband of Imilda, when Bernardo discovered, for the first time, the features of the man whom he had ruined.

He became rooted to the spot—the weapon fell from his nerveless grasp—he lifted up his fallen enemy—when the treacherous villain, suddenly drawing from his cloak a poisoned stiletto, stabbed him in the neck, while almost at the same time, he received another stab from behind. He fell bleeding to the earth. A loud and fiendish laugh was yelled forth at this horrid consummation.

The dying brigand, badly wounded as he was, either to slake the death thirst, or obtain, perhaps, a last sad look of his beloved, contrived to crawl to the margin of the fountain, and there expired—a few minutes before Imilda came to the spot.

When she saw and recognized Bernardo, heedless of discovery, she threw herself on the bleeding body, pressed it in her arms, and filled the air with her piercing screams. The murderers drew near to the spot. When she saw them approach, she sprung up, and endeavored to precipitate herself into the water.

Prevented in this design by the savage humanity of the assassins, she broke from them, and ran wildly through the grounds, frightfully shrieking, leaving behind her a track of Bernardo's blood, which dropped from her dress, saturated with the crimson stream.

When at length overtaken, and re-conveyed to the palazzo, delirium followed delirium, and when they ceased, frenzy succeeded; the dark night of insanity had utterly quenched the light of reason. In her lucid intervals, which were few and far between, she was heard to pray for the return of madness as a relief from sufferings too acute to be endured.

During the short time poor Imilda lived, she returned to her former habit of wandering to the favorite resort, the beautiful reservoir of water, ornamented by the superb fountain already mentioned. She would sit, especially at night, at its margin for hours together, in utter listlessness, or mingling her tears with the pellucid stream. At times she seemed to hold converse with some

invisible being, addressing the visionary creation of the brain with the most endearing epithets, and extending and folding her arms as if embracing a beloved object. Long after her death, the terrified domestics were wont to assert, that they often beheld at night a female form weeping by the brink of

The Fatal Fountain.

H. H.

A DREAM OF MIGHT.

I HAD a dream. 'Twas nothing but a dream,
And yet 'twas passing strange. It came to me
When the first trembling star did pale and flee
Before the van of morning's lances' gleam—
Who through the ranks of night a pathway broke,
And cast their silver shields upon the sea
Beneath the footsteps of the sun's first beam—
'Twas in a restless sleep; and, when I woke,
I wrote my vision down, for it did seem
To point a moral; yet, 'twas but a dream.

Methought the gentle Lord of All was dead,
And grief reigned in the Heavenly bowers
All waste and joyless; with despairing tread
The angels wander'd 'mong the drooping flowers,
Their moans and wailings filling all the air,—
Piercing the hearer's heart like stab of knife;
The stream, whose waters fed the Tree of Life,
Dried at its source, and left the gold sands bare,
Blinding the eyesight with a cruel glare,
Like Mammon joyous o'er the tomb of Love;
The leaves upon the Tree of Life grew sere,
And showeréd from the branches high above
On the dead flowers beneath, like tears on bier
Of its heart's dearest; all gladness was gone
From Eden, and it was a joy no more.

All Nature mourned with signs of sorrow sore;
All day long the sun was draped in clouds,

And went down bathed in a wild mist of tears;
The dews fell chill as is the chill of tombs.
Night came; and round the moon hung frosty shrouds,
With sable streamers and funereal plumes;
The stars paled, languishing for death; the sea
Went mad with grief, striving in agony
To dash its heart out on the rocky shore,
Then crawl to die high on the gleaming sands;
The wild wind told its anguish to the trees,
That, groaning, heard and wrung their myriad hands;
And all was sorrow.

Until One arose—
The Evil One, who, banished for his crimes,
Was chained in prison through a thousand years—
Who broke his bonds, with oft repeated blows,
And entering boldly through the Pearly Gate,
That in the general grief was left unbarred,
Strode up the steps unto the throne, and sate
Upon it; on his brow, all thunder-scarred,
He placed the diadem; then three times
He smote the sceptre on the golden floor,
And called aloud, in voice like trumpet's blast,
So fierce that all who heard it stood aghast:—
"I am the Lord! and I am Good; and all
Who say me nay are evil! Unto me
Is worship due! Back to your places, slaves!"

Then all the angels paused, as pause the waves
Before they spring against some iron cape,
Till seeing him again the sceptre raise,
And his lightning riven forehead shape
Itself into a frown, they struck the keys,
And burst into a joyous song of praise!
The flowers held up their drooping heads and smiled;
The stream flowed, prattling like a happy child;
The Tree of Life bloomed fair and green again;
And Eden was a Paradise once more.
And into Joy was turned all Nature's pain!
The sun rose gladly, with a martial gleam,
Rending the weeds the Universe had worn,

And chasing all gloom for ever far away;
The sea was calm, kissing the golden sands;
The glad winds laughed and played among the trees,
That laughed again, and clapped their hands;
And earth was fair as on its maiden morn.
Then I awoke; and, fair as in my dream,
Shone forth the glory of the new-born day.

T. R. R.

TWO NEW YEAR'S EVES.

A HOLIDAY STORY.

A PARTY of young girls were walking along the principal street of one of the small towns near London, one October afternoon, laughing and chatting gaily, and seeming, from their quick walk and brisk air, to be in pursuit of some object. A light figure emerged from a large building just beyond them—the figure of a girl about their own age—carrying a portfolio of music.

"Oh, there's Ada!" exclaimed the foremost of the party, quickening her steps, "let us ask her to go with us. Ada," she said, breathlessly, when they overtook her, "come with us; we are going to have our fortunes told."

"Oh, are you?" said Ada; "yes, I'll come, only I must run home with my music first. It is all on our way."

The portfolio was got rid of, and then Ada rejoined her companions, and they proceeded to the house of the fortune-teller. She was disengaged on their arrival, and ready to hold a consultation with them at once. It was nearly dark in her chilly, half-underground room, and that, and the hard, forbidding expression of her face, sent a feeling of depression and gloom to the hearts of the merry party, that not all the bright predictions that she served out first could dispel. Ada was the last to consult the oracle, and out of the tedious rigmarole that the woman poured forth, she managed to understand that she was to go to a large city near the end of the year, in consequence of news from across the water, and a tall, dark man would meet her; she would be in a large house, alone, on the last night of the year at midnight, and then she was to beware of the tall, dark man, who was her enemy, and would try to take her life.

The party rose at the conclusion of the brilliant prophecy, paid their fees, and departed, drawing a long breath as they walked away from the place.

"Never mind, Ada," said Mary Jocelyn, the leader of the party, "you know it's all nonsense; we, none of us, believe it, but I can't imagine why she gave us all the good luck, and you all the bad."

Neither could Ada, for it did not occur to her that the woman had a set of so many fortunes, which she served out in succession, with such alterations as occurred to her at the time, and Ada's happened to fall to her as the last of the party.

"Well, it won't be this year, at any rate," she said, with a faint attempt at a laugh, as they parted at her father's door, "for I'm going to spend my Christmas holidays with Cousin Polly, and she lives in the country on a farm."

"Ada Vincent," said Grace Tollie, the mischief of the party, shaking her head solemnly, "don't scoff at the decrees of fate, don't fancy you can evade that tall, dark man. Cousin Polly will take you to London or somewhere to meet him, you may be sure. You see if she doesn't propose something of the sort."

But such a thing never entered Cousin Polly's head, and all through the happy holiday time that she spent in her lovely farm house in the north of England she had little chance to remember her dark fortune. Cousin Polly was an old maid, and in spite of the customary belief to the contrary was one of the happiest beings under the sun. She was rich, having inherited her farm and a snug fortune from her father, and with her lived a widowed younger sister and young nephew, who was growing up in the anticipation of managing her farm when she should be no longer able. Both the sisters were hearty benevolent Christians, and the poor around them always had reason to bless the festive Christmas season when so much bounty was bestowed on them by the two ladies; and Ada had plenty of congenial occupation in helping Mrs. Marsh in her cooking and sewing, sorting and packing, and accompanying Mrs. King in her cottage visiting, besides the preparing for and enjoying the merry-making of the time on her own account. The large low-ceiled farm-house parlor and drawing-room were cheery and bright beyond description with their gay trimmings of holly and misletoe, and a light-hearted company of old and young, all bent on enjoying the blessed season that in most respects is the best of all the year. And Miss Marsh's nearest and most intimate neigh-

bor Mr. Chichester who lived with his only son and five or six servants in the old manor-house, the oldest and grandest house in the neighborhood, was unusually gay this year; and such visiting took place between the two houses that it was little wonder that people began to talk about Paul Chichester's attention to Ada. They had met before more than a year ago; and in spite of their youth had taken more than a friendly interest in one another; and now no party was complete to Ada that did not include Paul, and every day was dull to Paul on which he did not meet Ada. Mr. Chichester looked on approvingly. He had liked Ada at first for the sake of her mother whom he had loved long ago, and afterwards for her own sake, but being fully in his son's confidence, he advised him to wait awhile yet before he entered into any engagement, and at any rate not to speak to Ada about marriage, until he had made himself known to her parents, and could address her under their direct protection.

Well, the last day of the year came, and Paul came down to the farm in the evening to accompany the party to a midnight service in the village church, his father not feeling well enough to venture out into the cold night air so late. Paul and Ada sat side by side in Miss Marsh's pew, and if their thoughts now and then wandered away from the words they heard and took the same direction it was little to be wondered at, and certainly it took away nothing from the solemn feeling of the hour. When they were on their knees in silent prayer as the last moments of the year were dying slowly away, Ada felt Paul's hand steal to hers and take it in a close warm grasp, and it was not withdrawn. It made a little difference in the wording of the simple petitions that were going up from each happy heart, but that was all the difference that it did make then, for Paul was too frank and manly to do otherwise than comply with his father's wishes, and his love remained unspoken, save by the language of the eye, so that little action, and Mr. Chichester's fatherly kiss at parting, were the only outward signs of thoughts that she read so well, that Ada took away with her to dream over when she went home a few days later.

Ada's father was a clerk in a bank, and not very well off nor in good health, and Ada was preparing to be a teacher of music and French, an occupation for which she had no great fancy. It was in the fall of the year that opened so auspiciously that she commenced her duties, cheered on by the thought of the help she could

be to her parents, and by the hopes for the future that were kept alive by a word now and then in one of cousin Polly's letters.

Not many weeks after she begun, as she was returning one day from giving a music lesson, she met her old school-friend, May Jocelyn.

"Why Ada!" she exclaimed joyously, "how long it is since I saw you. I have been away by the seaside with mamma all the summer. Why I have never seen you since the day we had our fortunes told. So you didn't meet the tall dark man after all. Come and see us, do, etc., etc.," and then they parted.

Ada was not very well just then, and there had been no message from Paul or his father, nor even a mention of their names in the last letter from the north, and her pupils were very unsatisfactory, so perhaps all that may account for her attaching so much importance to Mary's thoughtless words, and looking forward with dread to the close of the year.

It was an eventful time as it turned out. One of the directors of the bank died in Italy, and left his house in London with all the valuable furniture and works of art to Mr. Vincent. They had been very friendly, but still it was a most unexpected stroke of good fortune; and, coming as it did just before Christmas, followed too by a most affectionate letter and a tasteful Christmas gift from Mr. Chichester to Ada, it served to turn the scale, and raise her spirits to their utmost limit.

On the day after Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent went to London to take possession of their friend's bequest. Ada would have accompanied them, but she had promised to attend one of her pupils without taking any holiday in the winter, and give her a longer one in the summer season. This promise had been rashly and voluntarily made just after the meeting with May Jocelyn, which had so unfortunately recalled the foolish prediction which she had almost forgotten. So she was left behind to spend a lonely week as the old year closed upon her. Not quite a week, though; for the last day but one of the year brought a hasty summons from her father to join them at once. Her mother was ill from over-exertion; ill in bed and under the doctor's care. Ada received the letter by the afternoon post, and hastened to acquaint the mother of her pupil with its contents. As she was hurrying back to prepare to go up by the first train, she met the old fortune-teller. Now, it happened to be the first time she had

ever seen her in the street, and she took alarm. She fancied the woman looked meaningly at her, but in reality it was only a peculiar way she had of looking at people with one fixed eye and one movable one. Ada rushed home, and while she packed up a few necessaries, she went over all that the woman had foretold. Then it was coming on her thick and fast. The news from across the water; that was the tidings of Mr. Marshall's death in Italy; the going to a large city just before New Year's eve; the large house; it only wanted the tall, dark man; and when she reached London, just before midnight, there he was on the platform, the first person her eyes fell upon. A queer feeling came over her at the sight of him—a cold, sickening dread, though she told herself that she did not believe in it, and that there were plenty of tall, dark men in the world; and his looking at her so earnestly was nothing remarkable either, if she had but known the reason, for he was expecting a niece by that train, and by the dim light, and with her veil down, Ada looked near enough like her to claim his attention, until the right young lady came and touched him on the arm just as Ada was being led away by her father.

"Now Ada, my dear," said Mr. Vincent, when they reached the house, "as soon as you have seen mother, and had some supper, you must go to bed, and then you'll be ready to stay up with her to-morrow night if it is necessary."

"Very well, papa; if you think it best I will, but who stays with her to-night?"

"The housekeeper, Mrs. Lamb. I stayed up last night, but I'm a very clumsy, poor nurse, and I shall be glad for you to take my place to-morrow night, if you can."

A short visit to her mother was all that Ada was permitted then, as Mrs. Vincent seemed inclined to sleep. She was more fortunate in this respect than her daughter, who tossed about in alternate fits of restless wakefulness and fevered dreams, and rose in the morning weary and unrefreshed.

Her thoughts were diverted a little during the day by a tour of inspection through the house. The late owner had been a man of taste, and the house was literally crowded with works of art. Even the staircases were lined with pictures and statuary. Just outside Mrs. Vincent's bedroom door was a noble statue of a shepherd boy with his reed, nearly life size: Ada stopped to admire it as she went to sit with her mother in the afternoon.

Mrs. Vincent was suffering from a feverish attack, and passed the greater part of the time in a half-sleeping state, so that her attendant had little to do for her beyond bringing her nourishment and medicine at proper times, and now and then giving her one of the cooling drinks prepared for her. Ada spent most of the afternoon and evening dozing in an easy-chair before the fire, and only began her real watch when all the household had retired for the night. The first half hour passed very well, as she busied herself in softly moving about the room and arranging everything neatly, and then read to her mother until she fell into a sound, refreshing slumber. Then came the real solitary night watch. Every one who has ever done this duty knows what an excellent opportunity it gives to intrusive, unwelcome thoughts to rush in. Before the clock struck twelve, the house was thronged, to Ada's imagination, with inmates bodily and ghostly. Put herself where she would, there was always something behind her that she was afraid of. *This was the very hour*, and it was a haunted one. Every sound and breath was ominous, and the shadows on wall and ceiling danced and pointed and mocked at her, as if they said, "There she is, and the time is come."

They chased her from the room at last, and softly closing the door after her she went to call Mrs. Lamb, who slept in a room on the floor below, to stay with her the rest of the night. The stairs creaked, as stairs always do at that hour, under her cautious footfalls, and frightened at the sound, she lifted her head quickly to see just at her side, on the white wall, a tall, black shadow of a man with one uplifted arm holding something, and in the same moment the whole quiet household was aroused by the sound of a heavy fall, followed by a succession of piercing shrieks from the sick room.

Mr. Vincent was out of his room in a moment, and found Ada lying senseless, and apparently lifeless at the foot of the stairs, and before he could raise her or ascertain the extent of the harm done, his wife's screams of terror summoned him to her side to find her in a state of agitation fearful to see. After an ineffectual attempt at calming her, he left her in the care of one of the servants, and hastened back to Ada. Lifting her from the floor he carried her to a sofa in one of the parlors, and then went for the doctor, who fortunately lived in the same street.

It would be impossible to describe the misery of that New

Year's day and the days that followed. The first week of the year had nearly run out before Mrs. Vincent recovered from the delirium into which her fright had thrown her, and when she did it was to be told that her only child was a hopeless cripple. An injury to the spine caused by her fall rendered it more than improbable that Ada would ever walk or even stand again. On recovering her consciousness she had been questioned by her father and the doctor as to the cause of the accident, and she gave them the whole history of the night, but could not tell whether her foot had slipped or her head turned dizzy in her fright, which she learned had been caused by the shadow of the shepherd boy. During the long hours of suffering that followed she had time to reflect on the past, and to bitterly repent of the folly that had led to this. "I did not *believe* it," she said, "I knew that no one but God could see into the future, but I couldn't help its making me nervous. Oh, why will girls be so foolish? I wish I could warn them all to let the future alone, and not even *play* at prying into it."

The first word of the accident brought Paul up from the north in hot haste. It was some time before he was permitted to see her, and then only on condition that he would be very calm and quiet. He went softly into the room where she lay on her couch waiting for him, and kneeling down by her, without a word, he put one strong arm over her, and laid his fresh, healthy cheek against her pale one. She raised one weak hand and passed it over his head; sadly returning his first kiss as if she were bidding him farewell for life.

"Oh Paul!" she said earnestly, "I am so sorry for you."

"Why for me, my darling? I suffer with you, but I know I cannot take the suffering from you. But it shall be the business of my life to make you forget it."

"No Paul," she said shaking her head, "that can never be. Your life and mine are separated now, for this world at any rate."

"Ada, don't say so. It would break my heart," said Paul passionately. "Would you have me love you less now than I did before? I love you a thousand times more, and all I want is to have you to care for and make happy. I have no other object in life than to spend it for you, in easing your sufferings, and removing them if it is in mortal skill to do it."

"Oh, Paul, Paul! don't tempt me," she murmured, turning away from him in tears.

But Paul only entreated more earnestly, and when she would not yield, he fetched his father to plead for him, and after a long time she was persuaded to give her helpless life into his keeping. The best skill that wealth could command was obtained for her, and the choicest luxuries of their beautiful home were heaped upon her. The sunniest rooms were fitted up for Ada, and part of the house was given up to her parents, so that they made one home for the greater part of the year. But all that love or wealth could do could not give her back her health, nor cure her mother of the nervous affection that she suffered from ever after that dreadful night. And at best, how different it all was to the future, that Paul and Ada had dreamed of before that fatal shadow fell on their lives. C. W.

OTHO AND HENRY.

[Translated from the German of H. Von Mühler.]

In Quedlinburg's chapel dome merrily bells were ringing,
The organ's mighty tones blent with the chorus singing;
There sat the Kaiser, girt with a band of mailéd knights,
To pass the holy Christmas Eve in prayer and solemn rites.

O'er all that noble circle his kingly form behold!
His blue eyes keen as lightning flash, his flowing locks of gold;
Otho the lion, men call him, and that not alone in jest,
For heavy on many nations has the lion hand been pressed.

Home now returned is he, and the victor's crown 's his meed,
But triumph is his who his country from foreign foe hath freed,
Not his who with well-loved brother hath striven hard in war,
With a brother who thrice of treason the blood-red banner bore.

From Quedlinburg's chapel dome the midnight chime is rung,
The holy sacrament is brought, the midnight mass is sung;
Humble each knee is bent, the proudest head bows low,
Heavenward at that mystic hour prayer mounts devout and slow.

Open the doors fling wide, enters a man forbidden,
His naked limbs alone by a penitent's garb are hidden;
Prone at the Kaiser's feet sorrow-stricken he kneels,
Kisses the Kaiser's robe and in grief-laden tones appeals;

"Oh brother, my thousand sins have weighed upon me sore,
Here, in dust, at thy feet, pardon I now implore,
From crimes of rapine and blood will me cleanse thy mercy divine,
Forgive, great Kaiser, forgive! Pardon, dear brother mine!"

Stern at the erring brother the Kaiser gazed and swore—
"Thrice hast thou been forgiven, sue not for mercy more!
Now hath the ban been spoken, now for thee, hope is dead,
When thrice the sun sinks in the West, falleth thy guilty head."

Death-pale the warrior princes and the doomed Duke Henry stand,
A silence reigns o'er the stately throng like that of the spirit land;
The rustle of a leaf would have stirred through that lofty hall,
No warrior dare of his prey deprive the lion, feared by all.

Then rises the pious Abbot, full at the Kaiser looks,
Holding aloft in his hand, the eternal book of books;
Forth rings the holy word in tones sonorous, clear,
As the voice of God it sinks in the hearts of all who hear—

"Good Lord, is it not enough," to the Christ the cry is risen,
"That by me my sinning brother is now seven times forgiven?"
"Not seven times forgiven," Christ's words the listeners thrill,
"But seventy times seven. 'Tis our Heavenly Father's will!"

Then vanished the Kaiser's wrath in a blinding flood of tears,
To his breast is the brother clasp'd, gone are the doomed one's fears;
Then a joyful shout of triumph echoed the Christmas chime;
Never was hailed more beautifully the blessèd Christmas time.

THE ARCHIPELAGO OF THE PHILLIPINES.

[Translated from the French by F. A. Bernard, Professor of Modern Languages at St. John, N. B.]

NO. II.

ONE morning I remarked to Perpetuo, that we should soon be at the end of our voyage, and asked him also if he did not think it strange that we had, as yet, seen no signs of the "Moros." He looked at me keenly, and after a moment's hesitation he assured me that we should meet with no pirates before reaching Butuan. And then noticing that his answer seemed to surprise

me, he was not long in letting me know that before we left Manilla he had placed the brig under the protection of the Holy Virgin. He had also caused a "neuvaine" to be said in order to add more force to his prayer; he then went on to say that this act of piety had cost him nine dollars—such a very large sum for him—that he sincerely hoped I would have the generosity to assist him. Owing to my having seen a great deal of the ways of the world, I always made it a rule to tolerate freedom of religious opinion in others, and most certainly I had not the slightest idea of endeavoring to lessen, in this untaught Indian's mind, the faith which—like many other mariners more civilized than himself—he placed in the protection of "Nuestra Senora de la Merced." However, I could not help laughing whilst I told him that if it had not been for the prospect of danger, I should never have embarked with him. Consequently, he should have warned me that we could not expect the pleasure of an encounter with the pirates of his native Archipelago.

Just at this moment the seaman on the look-out on the forecastle sang out the cry so welcome to all those who journey by sea —"Land, ho! on the starboard tack." We made it out to be the Island of Mindanoa. In a few hours we discovered in the distance a blue range of mountains, running, like all those in the Phillipines, from north to south; and as, by degrees, we neared them, the sun, already strong enough to dispel the mists of night, made them visible to the naked eye. The wind was so favorable, and our vessel glided over the waves with such speed, that we were not long in making out some valleys, dotted here and there with rice fields of a dazzling green. Innumerable water fowl came flying towards us: passing over our heads, they seemed to us like joyful messengers, bearing words of welcome. The beautiful white *Egretta* was to be seen disporting along the shore. No pen can describe the graceful flight of these birds, which come down from the mountains, appearing like "flakes of snow," and alight in the marshes. Leaning on the nettings of the brig, my telescope pointed towards the island, all its beauties were unfolded like a panorama; and so anxiously did I seek to discover signs of some dwelling, that my eyes soon became weary of gazing, which was not to be wondered at. The *rancherias*, or villages, in this part of Oceanica are generally hidden from sight in the midst of tufted bamboos, or else enormous mango trees. Consequently, I had the

satisfaction of seeing rivers, and then again meadows, hills and valleys, but without being able to discover a single living being through the country, although signs of culture could plainly be seen. Towards dusk, I thought I could distinguish in the gloom some greyish colored huts, built on piles. Making enquiries concerning them, I received for answer that these were the first outposts of Butuan; consequently, I had every reason to believe that I now saw that part of Mindanao in the same state as it must have appeared to the first Europeans who had landed at Magellan. Just as I was fancying myself about to land in like manner, alone on the desolate shore, the wind, which had been in our favor since daybreak, became all at once dead against us. Instead of nearing our object, we found ourselves dropping astern.

It was by Perpetuo's noisy grief that I first guessed the important change which had now taken place. And no wonder he was vexed, since, if the breeze had held on for another hour, we should easily have been able to find good anchoring ground. Travellers accustomed to the uncertainty of a sailing voyage, know how sudden are the caprices of the wind. At the hour of the *Angelus*, or Evening Prayer, we were able to see the lights of Butuan, and our captain assured me that the town was illuminated to celebrate our arrival, and this was not at all improbable, since we were direct from Manilla, and brought to these poor, lonely beings news from the mother country. "Oh!" exclaimed Perpetuo, in a passion, "if we were only on shore, we should be at the house of my affianced bride, 'Carmencita.' She and her friends, pretty and modest Indian maidens, would be handing to us some nice, thick chocolate paste, that would be all the more agreeable to our palates from the fact that it had been kneaded by their pretty little hands; and it must also be remembered that Mindanoa produces the best 'cocoa' of Oceanica. Instead of this annoying delay, we should have passed the evening smoking delicious *puros*, carelessly seated in our rocking-chairs, listening to native songs, sung by some dark-eyed, laughing daughter of the soil; all this enhanced by the arrival of our brig, bringing letters, and the unusual sight of a European stranger; all this would have thrown more life into the steps of the *Fertulia*, and we should have danced the *Habanera* until morning to the music of guitars and harps." Unfortunately, all these charming scenes, called up by the enthusiastic captain, were soon dissipated, for, as it became darker, the wind increased

in violence. From all quarters of the horizon heavy clouds were rapidly nearing us, and gathering over our heads; the mountains of Mindanao, already wrapped in darkness, became every now and again lit up by awful flashes of lightning. About one in the morning, whilst still at the mercy of the storm, the lights on shore having long since disappeared, Perpetuo, after a most wearisome tack, which had carried us to the furthest extremity of a bay, came and asked my advice about casting anchor until the storm should abate. Being utterly ignorant of our whereabouts, I was on the point of answering him in the affirmative, when a sudden shock under the brig startled us all. The crew became alarmed. Sounding with the lead was tried in all haste, and it was found that we had struck on a sand bank.

Our vessel as if tired with its struggle against the elements, was leaning over to port and resting gently on the soft sand, in which the keel had become embedded a short distance from the shore. "And now," said the unfortunate captain, "you may be certain of having your singular wish gratified, and that before twenty-four hours: if the tide does not take us off this cursed shoal, you will see more pirates upon us than either of us will know what to do with." "Such being the case, my most illustrious Perpetuo," replied I, "let us be prepared to receive them in a proper manner. And tell me from which quarter do you think the danger is the most pressing." "*Por Dios*, from the land. In fact pirates exist in all these parts, these thick woods to all outward appearance deserted, are full of them and their boats ready to put to sea at a minute's notice, and our course has been watched since morning by these Moros. If they notice the change of wind, or should they have the slightest suspicion of our present state of affairs, you may depend upon it we shall soon be attacked. And when that takes place," said he, at the same time turning towards his crew, "may the saints above take pity on us!" I must confess, in praise of Perpetuo, that although my own eagerness for the fray was great, there was not the slightest indication of shewing the white feather either in his manner or speech. He came from too thorough bred a race of people for that. Besides, like all simple minds, who put their trust in saints or charms, he felt convinced that the Moros were powerless against him, on account of his having gone through costly acts of devotion before leaving Manilla. In a few words he informed the crew of our critical

position, and on being asked if they would fight like loyal subjects of the Queen of Spain, they all replied with one accord, "Long live the Queen! Hurrah for Spain."

Amongst us there were some who fancied they heard shouts of defiance in reply from the shore, but Perpetuo having assured us that it was only the echo, this incident which ought to have met with more attention, soon ceased to dwell upon our minds. Full of confidence in men whom the idea of a fight with pirates seemed to rejoice rather than otherwise, our captain caused all the lights on board to be extinguished, the firearms were brought on deck, the priming of the *frabucas* were looked after, and the *culverins* placed on the poop, in such a manner as to sweep the deck in case the enemy should reach it. After which, as we felt almost certain of the next tide floating us off the sand bank, all the sails were hoisted, so that we found ourselves prepared either for fighting or making sail, as soon as there was a chance of so doing. By the time everything was ready it was three o'clock in the morning; the crew, tired out, were pell-mell on the deck, sound asleep. Even Perpetuo, in spite of his responsibilities, and the sweet recollections of his lovely sweetheart on shore, was wrapped in slumber, whilst I alone kept watch on deck.

The storm over our heads had lulled, and once more the stars shone forth, but the brig, surrounded nearly on all sides by high hills covered with trees, remained in the shade. After having listened for some time to the various noises that are peculiar to the night time in the forests of Oceanica, it seemed to me as if I could distinguish guttural sounds quite new to my hearing. It was not exactly like the "belling" of the stag, although more practised ears than mine might have thought so.

By dint of great attention I soon became convinced that what I heard was a human utterance. And these suspicious sounds seemed made in answer to each other at intervals from hill to valley. All these shouts appeared to be coming in one direction, becoming silent on reaching the shore. It was evident to me that our enemies were gathering together on the beach, and only a few cable lengths from us. I administered a good shaking to Perpetuo, for, be it known, that nothing is more difficult than to awaken these Indians.

After listening, he instantly exclaimed "It is they!" at the same time squeezing my arm excitedly. "What you have been listening

to is the rallying cry of these fiends. They are generally scattered amongst the mountains of their islands during night time, and when their chiefs wish to bring them together at daybreak for any *coup de main*, messengers scour the heights, and send forth the cry which you have so luckily noticed."

"Thank God, you have warned me in time, there is not a minute to lose in mustering our crew. *Bata Soulou na.* Come my lads, tumble up, now then look alive."

All this, said to them in their own language, but as it did not seem sufficient to awaken them, I very soon heard some tremendous thwacks from a stout cane falling on their shoulders in order to quicken their movements. Whilst the crew were getting ready, I noticed that daylight was creeping upon us, and it was welcomed by all hands with cries of joy. Some moments afterwards the brig, unmoveable until now, began to sway under our feet. A light piece of wood having been thrown overboard, and being carried by the waves towards shore, we had hopes that in a very short time we should be once more afloat, without other assistance than the rising tide. In latitudes close to the tropics, the transition from night to day and *vice versa* is very sudden; nothing of the European twilight, such fruitful source of inspiration to poets, artists and lovers, is found here. In our case light had suddenly taken the place of darkness, just as one sees the sudden shifting of scenes on the stage of a theatre. Perpetuo, restless and continually on the move kept watching the coast, and requesting me to keep my telescope pointed on a certain part of the shore where some palm trees screened from our observation a part of the Bay. And at this very spot, the first peep of a sunbeam revealed itself on the shimmering light of a sword blade, pointing out to us the precise spot requiring our utmost attention. In a few moments, four *pancos* or canoes of an unusual length glided into the water, just like four tremendous large crocodiles, and as if they had come out of the bowels of the earth, an armed multitude of pirates crowded into them. A similar cry to the one heard at night, and which had first roused my suspicions, was the signal to give way, and the four crafts, each with at least thirty men, started with the rapidity of an arrow.

As he noticed the great disparity in numbers between our foes and the sixteen men composing the crew of the *Nuestra Senora de la Merced*, Perpetuo could not help expressing his delight in

once more feeling his bonny brig bounding over the waves. Every now and then he would jump on the taffrail and address the pirates, insulting and defying them both by voice and gesture, although they were too far off to hear a single word. He believed himself sure of escaping; the breeze was swelling out our sails, and our speed was steadily increasing as we left the shore behind us. In spite of this advantage, the *pancos* kept gaining on us with such rapidity, that, with the exception of our skipper, it was the general opinion that in less than half an hour we should come to close quarters. Nothing but a good stiff breeze could save us, and as yet the weather gave us nothing to hope for in that respect. The *Moros* were not long in finding out how the case really was with us, and after rowing for some time in a straight line towards us, they suddenly steered away at a right angle, as if they intended, like ourselves, to gain the open sea; but this was done evidently with the intention of doubling on us at the last moment. In the execution of this last tack, their canoes were naturally obliged to be broadside on to us, and Perpetuo immediately took advantage of it to point, take sight and fire at them from one of the *culverins*. Now, whether the sight was in fault, or the distance too great, no missile appeared to have hit the mark. *Bestia!* exclaimed the marksman, throwing from him the lighted piece of bamboo with which he had fired the shot. The crew could not help laughing at their skipper's bad luck. But the captain had sufficient command over his temper to not notice it. But he could not help flying into a passion when he heard the pirates reply with a mocking hurrah to the inoffensive discharge of our antiquated artillery; at the same time, out of bravado, they returned our fire with four little bronze swivels, which were placed in the fore part of their canoes. These small cannons, called *laucates* in their language, are cast by the natives of the Island of Mindanoa, and the neighboring islands of Soulon. They have learnt from the Jesuits the art of casting metals. Perpetuo fancied, and not without good reason, that he could still keep them in check, by making them believe that we had several Europeans on board; not that he supposed for a moment that one hundred and fifty robbers would be stopped by the interference of a few Europeans, but the supposition that such were on board would not fail in producing a certain amount of caution on their part, which might, at any rate, keep them off for some minutes. And in our present critical

position, every minute increased our distance, and the slightest puff of wind might save us.

The means employed by our captain were not without some originality. He caused some of the crew to clothe themselves quickly in the white jacket and trousers that all foreigners wear in these countries, and with which my trunks were amply supplied, and then he placed them in full view on the small poop of the brig. No sooner there, than the pretended Europeans began to gesticulate in the most absurd manner, snapping their fingers at the pirates, and trying, in the most ridiculous manner, to make them believe that they were getting ready for a most murderous onslaught. As all the talking was in the *Tagale* language, I asked one of them to explain the reason why they all at once appeared as if they were mad, or were subject to St. Vitus' dance. He answered me in Spanish, that it was to better resemble the European style. As this was intended for a compliment, I accepted it as such, but could not help noticing that our worthy skipper had forgotten the most important part of this acting, namely: to whiten the faces of his Indians, and owing to this, most probably, our trick was soon found out. It was just at this moment, when our enemies, believing themselves in safety, kept on quietly rowing, that Perpetuo, seizing my revolver-rifle, said to me, as he aimed at the pirates: "Look!" and with a skill that no one would have expected, he shot down, at a distance of about one thousand mètres, one of the Malays acting as pilot in front of the *pancos* nearest to us. The pirates, as if struck motionless with wonder, ceased rowing, and we saw them pick up the wounded man out of the water and gather round him in great consternation. I suppose that, taking into consideration the long range of my rifle, they began to feel uneasy at the probable presence of foreigners on board the brig. Their excitement made us hope that the attack would be delayed. Perpetuo, already triumphing, no longer measured his insults, and I know not to what extremes he would have gone had it not been for a new movement on the part of our enemies. The canoes made straight for us, and those who steered them, uttering savage yells as they neared us, seemed seized with a determination to board us at any risk. Perpetuo endeavored to retard their approach by firing the remaining shots of my rifle, but it was of no use at such a juncture. I hastened to reload it, resolved to make good use of it when they should board us.

This would soon be the case, for I could, without looking through my glass, distinguish their cutlasses thrown in a heap at the bottom of the canoes. One single chief, called "Dato," appeared to command the three canoes. Standing up in the bows of a *panco*, he was easily known by his dress, which was as peculiar as uncomfortable. Upon his head was an ancient looking helmet, made with plates, or scales of buffalo horn, artistically carved; a kind of doublet, made of some stuff spangled with gold; a breastplate, likewise of buffalo horn, plates linked with rings of shining copper, and fastened on the chest by two silver buckles of superior workmanship. Nothing caused me more surprise than the appearance in these latitudes of such a rude imitation of the helmet and corselet of our ancient paladins. I here give you my idea of its origin. A very truthful tradition, handed down by the monks who accompanied the expedition of Magellan, relates that the latter, when he landed at Butuan, in order to take possession of Mindanoa, had put on the armor and helmet of a knight errant, which, at that period, were still in use.

This dazzling costume must have struck the imagination of the Indians, and from that time, no doubt, dates the rough imitation which we now beheld. Just as this explanation was flashing through my mind, a singular sight caused us all to start. A cloud of black smoke was visible behind the sandy shore, whose gentle declivity formed one of the points of the bay. "A steamer," exclaimed I to the crew. And sure enough, at that moment a steamer doubling or coming round the point, unfurled the showy colors of the Spanish flag. Almost immediately afterwards a flash was seen in a rolling cloud of smoke, and a loud report awoke the echoes of the bay. The captain of the war steamer *Constancia*, had instantly guessed our position, and by the firing of this shot gave us to understand that assistence was close at hand. Within the space of a quarter of an hour from the appearance of our deliverers, we were the beholders of a most appalling scene. In every direction were to be seen the greater part of the pirates swimming for their lives, and trying to reach the shore.

The commander of the *Constancia*, who had been for some time stationed here to watch the coasts, had convinced himself by cruel experience that these wretches never give or accept quarter, and consequently he made it a general rule, every time he caught any *pancos* in open piracy, to run them down with his vessel. Our

foes, terrified at the idea of an encounter which could have no other result than their destruction, with all haste left their canoes, but, although swimming with great strength and rapidity, they soon found themselves struggling helplessly in the swell caused by the approaching steamer. It was heart-rending to behold the terror depicted in their countenances, the despairing looks, which were felt rather than actually seen, by the spectators of this terrible tragedy, as they gradually sunk to rise no more. Some became entangled in the paddle wheels of the steamer, and after being whirled round and round and frightfully mangled fell back into the water a mass of fearful wounds. Whether it were terror or despair I know not, but not a single pirate in this fearful position begged for quarter. The *panco* commanded by the "Dato" whose knightly costume I have described, alone had not capsized. At the first appearance of the *Constancia* he had come nearer to us in order to be sheltered from the steamer's approach.

It was impossible to sink him without being ourselves run down. Perpetuo could, with the greatest ease, have riddled the whole lot of them through and through, but such a victory would have been too easy, and a more glorious triumph was necessary for the worthy skipper. He turned round to me, and said: "As you seem anxious to examine more closely the armor of that pirate chief, I will go and bring it to you. If I succeed in capturing it, keep it in remembrance of me. If, unfortunately, I should be killed, I beg of you to do your best to prevent my body from becoming, like those of the *Moros*, a prey to the sharks."

I endeavored to dissuade the brave *Tagale* from his dangerous enterprise, but as well might I have tried to take from a lion the prey which it has captured. The brig's boat was lowered in a minute, and taking with him but eight men, Perpetuo rowed towards the pirates, who were astonished at his boldness. Standing in the forepart of the boat, with nothing in his hand but his large Indian knife, he bravely offered his naked chest to the spear which the chief of the war-canoe pointed towards him. A few more strokes, and the weapon of the *dato* would touch or penetrate the breast of the *Tagale*, but just as each one trembled for his safety, and the voices of all who witnessed this unfair duel begged him to step back, Perpetuo with a tremendous spring jumped from his boat to the canoe, and before his antagonist could cover himself with his shield, the large knife of the Indian was plunged in his throat up to the very hilt.

A cry of agony was heard, and the two men fell together into the water. The canoe of the pirates was too slight of build, and too heavily loaded to withstand this sudden shock, and it capsized. The waves were covered with the unfortunate pirates whom the seamen in the boat knocked on the head as they appeared on the surface. Our plucky captain dripping with blood and water had reappeared holding up with a strong hand the dead body of the chief with which he swam towards us, all the time calling it by the vilest of names. The helmet, etc., were given to me, and as I helped him to climb on deck, a single word from me, caused him to order his men to save the remaining few around us. Seven of these poor devils were rescued from a watery grave, just as they were on the point of giving up the ghost.

We had them sent on board the *Constancia*, where they received proper care and were brought back to life.

Perhaps it would have been more merciful to have let them drown with their companions, for a month later they were all condemned to be shot as pirates.

WHEN THE LEAVES BEGAN TO FALL.

OUR hearts were sad and weary, without one ray of light,
As we watched her slowly sinking, and trembled for the night;
While her face lit up with gladness,—"tinged with sadness for us all,"
And her spirit passed to heaven when the leaves began to fall.

And now among the angels, that stand around the throne,
There are familiar voices so sweetly like her own;
I seem to hear her singing, "We will crown Him Lord of all,"
Tho' we laid her 'neath the roses when the leaves began to fall.

O. P. P.

"WAS-HAEL!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHAT WAS HER FATE."

CHAPTER I.

"And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
A Saga of the days of old.
'There is,' said he, 'a wondrous book
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue.'"

FOR an American artist, Fred Sherbrooke had made a point. There had been a time when he thought himself a heaven-born genius, commissioned at once to startle and spiritualize this cynical, unbelieving, modern world with the extreme agonies of martyrs and the divinest ecstasies of saints; and that this transcendent genius might neither be contracted by common place surroundings nor curbed by drudgery, he had lived a wild, reckless, delightful life with a set of young magnificents, who held themselves in an equally exalted estimation, who ignored labor and care, who drank deep to inspiration, and bowed low at the shrine of pleasure. As painters, every one of these worshippers of the Divine Breath failed, and Fred Sherbrooke failed more wretchedly, more ignominiously than any. Perhaps it was this oft-reported failure that dispelled his delusion, for, from the dream of his genius, the dreamer woke to a sense of his folly, to a burning self-contempt, to a resolve to paint pictures which should be the result of toil and thought, not the outgrowth of undisciplined fancy and desultory imaginings.

About three years after Sherbrooke's new departure, a large picture hung in a rather celebrated art gallery, and its number corresponded to that on the catalogue opposite the words, "Was-hael, by Sherbrooke."

The newspaper critics found no fault; some men, who knew a picture when they saw one, praised it warmly; the great world of fashion grew furious; the world flocked to look at it; the world adored it, and with arms extended took to its bosom the painter, Sherbrooke. There came to the gallery aristocratic old ladies and gentlemen for the express purpose of levelling their high-toned eye-glasses at "Was-hael," not that half of them cared or thought about it in the least, but then it was the correct thing to stare, so

very properly they stared, and thus helped to make it, if possible, still more the correct thing. And close about these venerable idolaters pressed erudite old maids and solemn-faced school girls, with Bishop Berkeley and Plato nestling close together under their arms, whilst a fair proportion of fast, stylish young ladies and gentlemen was conspicuous in the throng. And on the countenances of all these different types of humanity sat the one air of preternatural wisdom. Over all brooded a mournful silence, broken only by a low, mysterious whisper, suggesting that looking at a beautiful picture was one of the most melancholy duties which falls to fashionable humanity in this sad, sad world.

And one December day, when the picture was at the height of popular favor, far behind the regular habitués, in a corner from which the painting could be easily viewed, a woman sat studying it. She was leaning forward, her hands folded on a small table before her. She was taller and more fully developed than most of the women in the room; she had dark skin and hair and eyes, and there were certain proud curves about her mouth and head, which she held up almost defiantly whilst she looked at the picture, as though in it she found something of personal slight or offence, something arousing her haughty defiance.

It was a large picture, occupying some six square feet, representing a dining-hall in the days when warriors worshipped at Odin's stone. There were the low roof, with its smoky rafters, the rush-strewn floor, the raised dais, with the table, for the master and his most honored guests, and the longer, lower board round which clustered soldiers and scalds. All the men were standing, the nobler among them holding curiously wrought goblets of silver, and the inferiors grasping rough drinking-horns, and they were all looking towards the head of the table where stood a young knight and his bride. Although the minor details and figures were worked in with the utmost care and skill, in these two figures were concentrated all the strength and beauty and passion of the picture. The woman was as "daughter of the Gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair;" she was dressed in a long, loose flowing robe of white, embroidered with gold, and her pure golden hair rippled almost to the floor. The young knight's arm was round her, and she looked up at him with such trustful, innocent love in her clear-cut face, that any woman might pardon any man for falling down and worshipping even a tress of her

wonderful hair. And while most of the men about the table were true yellow-haired, blue-eyed Saxons, the painter had given his knight a swarthy skin, brown beard and flashing black eyes; standing erect in a dark furred tunic, he formed a bold contrast to the fair woman whom he held to him with one arm, while in the disengaged hand he held aloft a goblet ready to drink to her. And in his eyes, gleaming down on her, there was not the mere love of a strong man for a beautiful woman—there was the adoration of a mortal for a goddess—there was a story told of some noble heroism on the woman's part, winning devotion which beauty and tenderness could never gain, which had made the bond between these two inseparable as long as he had power to clasp her or she the strength to cling to him. In the strong, passionate, dark face, the artist had told the story, and the woman in the corner read it as easily as if it had been written in so many words. She had taken off her gloves, and her white hands were clenched:

"It is he, but there is no trace of me, not any."

The words were intensely bitter, wrung from the fulness of passion, expressed by the clenched hands and proud, defiant face.

About the centre of the gallery were grouped together some five or six men, who indulged in pointed moustaches and Vandyke tufts on the chin, who carried their shabby attire with true artistic grace. They had for some time being discussing "Was-hael," or rather listening to the criticism of one of their number, who seemed to take quite a savage pleasure in calmly disclaiming any merit in the painting, giving it barely fair consideration. No one had a better right to tear it to pieces than he, for it was the work of his own brain and hand. And if there had been any modesty or humility in this underrating of himself, it might have looked like an admirable feature in the fair, handsome artist; but he noticed and pointed out his faults in a scornful, superior way, and made very apparent the fact that he considered even the blemishes of his picture near approaches to perfection in modern art. At last a bright little fellow broke out: "Mon Dieu, Shairbrooke, there is genius! You did not make your genius; you can *not* improve your genius."

"Nothing of the sort," said Sherbrooke, "the fire of my genius went out with the last spark of that celebrated bonfire of saints and martyrs, which you must remember. *That* is hard work,

undoubtedly I will improve upon it;" and with a wave of the hand, at once dismissing dispute and bidding farewell, he turned from his friends towards the door. He looked round at the people, acknowledging their gracious salutes superbly, embracing in his casual, indifferent glance every one, even the dark, defiant woman in the corner. He turned back immediately, making his way through the crowd; he stood beside her, and touched her shoulder lightly with his hand, as he said:

"What are you thinking of, Clare?"

The young lady was Miss Holmes, but as Sherbrooke was her lover there could be no objection to his calling her Clare. She had not known he was in the room, but she evinced no surprise at the unexpected low-spoken words; she looked up at Sherbrooke and answered:

"I was thinking that the man who painted that picture must at some time have felt all for a woman which he has expressed in the knight's face."

Considering that the artist was her lover, and that under the circumstances she alone of all women should know what his feelings were or had been, it was a strange answer to his question. But Clare Holmes knew that Sherbrooke had never looked down at her in the way that he had made his imaginary knight look at his imaginary lady. In the swarthy warrior she detected a subtle likeness to her fair artist-lover, and in the pale golden-haired woman there was no trace of resemblance to her; and she had been wondering bitterly if in his past life, before she saw him, he had given a woman all that adoration, thinking, with an aching pain at her heart, that it must have been. So she answered his question truthfully, not caring how it might sound to him.

And just then he might have made a pretty, lover-like speech, which he could have done so well; but it never occurred to Sherbrooke that anything of superficial word-sentiment would be acceptable to Clare Holmes. In the old, riotous, inspired days he had lavished love-making and pretty babbling with indiscriminate profusion; but that was a part of the ideal, dreamy life, quite out of place and absurd in the practical working world wherein he had chosen to take a place. He had met Clare Holmes in Europe, and idled a whole summer through with her among the Swiss mountains. Although he would not have married a woman with no money, he would hardly have married simply for money; he was

attracted by Clare Holmes' easy, unemotional manner; he calculated coolly the exact social position which he and she together would be able to fill; he was, on the whole, well pleased when she accepted him—better pleased than if he had been accepted by any other woman in the world. So he treated her with the most magnificent consideration, filling gracefully every duty which exacting society requires of a man in the trying position of an accepted lover; and, if he ever felt inclined to show her anything more, he restrained the inclination, supposing that she did not care for demonstration. So when she told him candidly what she had been thinking, he shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Le Févre over there has just been accusing me of genius, and now you're burdening me with excess of feeling. There is no more necessity for the one than for the other; an artist does not need to have felt what he portrays on canvas any more than an emotional novel writer needs to have experienced the varied sensations and passions which he attributes to his characters."

"But," she said, persistently, "the true novel writer, if he does not describe what he actually has felt, I think only pictures what he might feel under precisely the same conditions as his characters. Isn't it so with a painter, or are this and many other beautiful pictures mere works of the imagination?"

There was nothing eager or anxious in her questioning, as before her manner was utterly devoid of all personal interest, and as he chose to ignore the first part of her question, he chose to answer:

"This can hardly be called a purely imaginary work, for it is founded on an old Norse legend. Haven't I told it to you?"

"No. You have told me nothing. You have not even asked me to come and see it; but to-day I had finished my shopping, and had an hour to spare, so I came."

"You have seen so many better pictures, Clare, that I hardly dared willingly expose it to the test of your criticism. If you care to hear the legend, I'll tell it to you."

There had been a faint undertone of reproach in her words and voice, entirely too delicate for masculine density to detect; there was a very fine sarcasm in his answer, which she understood perfectly, which she almost dared to hope was pique at her seeming indifference; but she took no notice of it, answering only:

"I should very much like to hear it."

He drew a chair to the table and sat down beside her: "It is

nothing very startling, or different from other Norse legends. There was an old Ritter of Ruhensberg who had a beautiful daughter, and she, with the innate perversity of a beautiful daughter, refused to make a marriage of convenience; and, indeed, she swore that if she could not choose for herself matrimonially, she would become priestess to Frega and Thor. The old Ritter knew she would keep her vow; he did not care to give his only child to the gods, so he told her she should have her will, and bade her prepare for her betrothal to her own love, the Ritter of Eberstein, which should be celebrated at the great Yule-tide feast.

"The night of the betrothal came. There was riot in Ruhensberg dining-hall, and, in her chamber, her maids were arraying their Lady Alswitha. All dressed and awaiting the summons to her lover stood the Lady Alswitha, when into the room came nurse Hilda, bent, and withered, and grey, crying that she had discovered a will of her lady's father. For it had been arranged that young Eberstein, while on his way to Alswitha, was to be attacked by the rival, one Count Roland, who, with a great host of followers, would hew to pieces Eberstein and his small retinue; and, after this fearful slaughter, Alswitha, in the sacred gloom of Odin's grove, was, by fraud, to be betrothed to her father's ally.

"The Lady Alswitha was quick of wit. But a few moments before her maidens had cried in jest that she wanted but the golden mantle and starry crown to be the great Troll Queen, who walked about at Yule-tide, and had the power of blighting all men who looked into her eyes. Now the lady bethought her of their cry. In a moment she had donned the golden mantle and starry crown, which a Troll Queen had given her mother, bidding her treasure them till they should be needed. In a moment she had bidden farewell to her maidens, and sworn to save her lover or perish.

"She was no coward, this Lady Alswitha. She did not slip out of the house by a back door, but went boldly through the dining-hall where the treacherous Ritter and his men were drinking hard. They saw her gliding past them; they cried in fright, 'the Troll Queen!' they hid their faces lest she should look upon them; and it was not till she had mounted a horse and was flying fast towards her lover's castle of Eberstein, that the Ritter, her father, recovered his senses, surmised who it was, and ordered his men to mount and follow. The lady rode fiercely through the hosts of

Roland lying in wait for Eberstein. She was singing a wild, witch song, her golden hair and mantle floated behind her, the full moon shone down on her, and these bold worshippers of war-gods cried aloud, 'the wicked Troll Queen,' and turned and fled in terror towards Ruhensberg. Five minutes later and Eberstein, now riding swiftly towards Alswitha, would have fallen into the hands of the enemy. And when his small band saw the woman on the white horse flying through the night, they of course supposed it was the dreaded Troll Queen, but, equally of course, the young Ritter recognized her and cried: 'It is the Lady Alswitha, my love!' She met him; she told him he was betrayed; they all turned and rode swiftly back towards Eberstein.

"But in the meantime the lady's father and his men having started in pursuit, encountered the terror-stricken hosts of their ally, calmed his fears, and together rode on in hot chase. The lovers, pressed closely by their enemies, gained the woods of Eberstein, cleared the chasm which surrounded the castle, and the last man passed the gate in safety.

"Then that wily old Ritter of Ruhensberg and the disappointed Count Roland swore by all the gods that there should be eternal feud between them and Eberstein, and rode back to Ruhensberg to devise a scheme for vengeance. Little recked the triumphant young Ritter of Eberstein. That night he wedded the Lady Alswitha, and in the hall he and his men drank wassail to the fair woman who by her wit and courage had saved them all from death.

"That is the story, with innumerable flaws in it I grant, but pretty for all that. I chose the last scene for my picture because I felt I could tell the whole story in the Ritter's face. I think a man might look and feel that passion for a woman like the Lady Alswitha. Yes, we painters are like the novelists, our life is in the Might Be, not the Is."

He was stroking his moustache and looking a little wistfully towards his picture—he had spoken his last words rather to it than to Clare Holmes.

She had risen and was drawing on her gloves:

"Then a woman who has not been the heroine of a wild adventure can not hope for adoration. It is hard. How we should long for a chance to risk our life for a man's love, that is so well worth any daring."

She laughed a little hysterically, and, if Sherbrooke had been

dreaming, that unusual nervous outburst recalled his senses. He was astonished at Clare's vehemence, but did not take the trouble to analyze it, not guessing at the inference any woman would draw from his words.

"We have been civilized out of extremes; we practical, comfortable people need neither adoration nor romantic heroism; both would be decidedly inconvenient in our prosaic existence. Take care, Clare; you are tearing your glove."

She did not speak again immediately, but drew on her other glove more carefully; and then, as if she had forgotten what they had spoken of, forgotten that there had been anything verging on the unpleasant between them, she said: "I am ready to go, Fred. I will catch the noon train. Are you coming out with me?"

He put her hand on his arm, and they went out of the gallery, down the stairs. He had not told her whether or not he would go with her, but, on the pavement, he opened the door of one of the coaches in waiting and said: "I have an engagement this morning; you will excuse my going to the depôt. Tell Abbie I will be on hand to-night for her frolic. I will drive out in the evening and stay over to-morrow. You are not disappointed, Clare?"

She was sitting in the coach, and he still held her hand: "We have been civilized out of extremes, you say, Fred; so any disappointment I might feel is hardly worth noticing."

He laughed: "You take me literally, Clare." He bent his head till his yellow moustache swept the tips of her kid gloves, paying this homage as naturally as he had lifted his hat to her, and she acknowledged it, gracefully as ever. But when he had gone, the bold, defiant light came back to Clare Holmes' eyes, and she said, half aloud, as women will when they feel intensely: "It is a lie. He loves another woman. I shall not stand in the way of what might be."

CHAPTER II.

CLARE HOLMES was out of place in the family of which she was the eldest daughter. Her own mother had died when Clare was a baby, and then her mother's sister took her. Clare's father married again, but she continued to live with her aunt till she was about twenty, when her aunt died and left her a fortune. Then Clare returned to her father's house, her own mistress, free to go and come as she pleased.

They all liked Clare well enough, and as the next daughter, Abbie, said, "got along first rate with her;" still their hearts were not exactly aglow with joy when Clare announced her intention of staying with them for three or four months, nor were they cast down with sorrow when Clare unexpectedly had a trunk packed, and went off for an indefinite period, to visit friends of whom they neither knew nor cared to know anything. For they were a noisy, demonstrative, extremely natural family, and not at all at home with the cool, indifferent Clare. When she first came among them she decidedly blighted them. Abbie, who inclined to the opinion that she put on airs, gave her to understand pretty clearly that they didn't care a cent for her money, and hadn't a particle of reverence for her vastly superior position; and if Clare came unexpectedly into the sitting-room where Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, with their two children, Abbie and Tom, were talking away a spare half-hour, Tom was accustomed to shiver and say it was very cold, and immediately freeze into severe silence. But when they began to find out Clare's obliging disposition and unobtrusive thoughtfulness for others, they were too honest among themselves to cherish any ill-feeling founded on first impressions; so they rose superior to the withering effect of her grand manner, they charitably concluded it was only her way, they tacitly agreed to make the best of her.

With Clare's lover, Fred Sherbrooke, the family was a unit of ecstasy. He had learned the difficult lesson of adapting himself to circumstances, and could adopt the Holmes style as easily as if he had been born to it, and lived in it, and really liked it. He could flirt most wickedly with Abbie; could recount rollicking college experiences to Tom, who had all those golden days still before him; he could arrange a little difficulty ever cropping out between Mrs. Holmes, whose religious tendencies were ritualistic, and aunt Ruth Holmes, an uncompromising puritan; he could discuss politics with Mr. Holmes, and all the time keep a watchful eye on Clare, ever ready to pay her some graceful attention. Therefore, the Holmes family, whose experience was not literally world-wide, thought him simply perfect, and were disposed to be indignant at Clare for not displaying more effusion towards him.

Miss Abbie, an irrepressible of seventeen, with an incalculable capacity for enjoyment, availed herself of every opportunity for fun, so it was not to be expected that she would allow Christmas

to pass unnoticed. For a whole month she studied up Christmas customs, determining to carry out every one, wickedly fighting each step with orthodox aunt Ruth, who loudly protested against this flagrant violation of New England precedent. Indeed, so active was aunt Ruth's opposition, that she dipped into history, and hurled at Abbie many blood-curdling facts connected with the Roman Saturnalia and the Norse Yule-tide rites, in the vain delusion that Abbie would see her depravity and cease from an attempt to revive heathen festivals. At each attack Abbie's hilarity rose, and she was positively riotous when aunt Ruth, as a last resort, made an agonized appeal to her to desist from what, in the dear, bigoted old lady's mind, was a viler iniquity than any bowing down to heathen gods, the celebrating of the holiest feast in that honor of her orthodoxy, the Roman Catholic church.

Aunt Ruth was beaten, but she had the satisfaction of having protested, and could even look cheerfully at Abbie's dearest friends and Tom's nearest chums, when they appeared on Christmas Eve with intent of remaining over Christmas Day.

For Christmas Eve the kitchen was given up to the youngsters. They were to have a Yule log, on which each one was to stand and sing a song before it was cast into the fire-place; they were to have a wassail bowl, whereof the drinkable matter was claret-punch; they were to have whatever else their young brains might devise for their amusement.

Clare had refused to join the party in the kitchen. Abbie had come to Clare's own parlor and asked her specially, and pleaded, "At least you'll come when Mr. Sherbrooke arrives, Clare?" and Clare, looking absently into the fire, had said: "Yes, oh yes! He will come right up here, and we will go down together;" then she had thrown an arm round Abbie's neck and kissed her. This startled Abbie so that she went quietly away with a vague foreboding of trouble in her merry little brain, wavering between a doubt that Clare might have had a misunderstanding with Mr. Sherbrooke—only a misunderstanding, for the magnificent Clare would never quarrel—and a fear lest Clare was going to have a fever. How could the girl, with all her life still before her, guess that Clare had resolved to make that hardest sacrifice for a woman, to give up the man she loved, and that her unusual tenderness was the one visible sign of the struggle?

Till that day Clare had never suspected that Sherbrooke had

ever loved another woman. She knew he had no enthusiasm for her; she was conscious of the combination of influences which had induced him to choose her for his wife; she had thrown all her strong, self-contained nature into her love for him, and was content that he should not know it, thinking that the knowing would rather displease than please him. But the passion concentrated in that dark Ritter's face had been the beginning of a new revelation to her of Sherbrooke's character, a revelation completed by his dreamy words: "Yes, we painters are like the novelists; our life is in the Might Be, not the Is." Surely the conviction was born in her of the possibilities of a greater passion than that for his art, of which alone she had believed Sherbrooke capable, of her utter inability to arouse that latent force. And supposing she, blinded to chances, were to marry him, and afterwards some woman with a magical fascination, were to come into his life, what would be the result to her? She could not foresee the precise issue, but dim, shadowy and inevitable, she felt that in such an emergency she would be equal to any stratagem, any crime that would thwart him. And rather than assume the weight of such a possibility, she had chosen to put the temptation from her—she had nerved herself to go apart from him.

All through the early evening she expected him, but now it was ten o'clock and he had not come. Every few moments she heard the echo of merry laughter from below, and occasionally a snatch of song sung in fresh young voices. Her maid sat in the room sewing constantly. She was a middle-aged woman, who had been a young girl in the service of the first Mrs. Holmes when Clare was born, and who had been with Clare ever since. As a servant she was invaluable; she could adapt herself to Clare's moods with placid equanimity, and to-night she knew that Miss Clare would not be spoken to, so she sewed and held her peace.

The little jewelled clock rang out twelve chimes, and Miss Clare, who for some time had been staring at the fire, looked up, saying: "You had better go to bed, Rachel; I shall not want you to-night." Then Clare went to the window and looked out, and a restless longing to see Sherbrooke came over her, for, after all, she had counted on this one evening with him before they went apart forever, and he had disappointed her even of that.

Rachel had quietly folded her work, and was leaving the room: "It is just twenty-four years since you were born, Miss Clare," she said.

"Is it? Yes, I had quite forgotten," said Clare.

"Yes, Miss Clare, I can remember my mother saying that you were born a little before twelve on Christmas Eve, and she was an Englishwoman, Miss Clare, and always said you would be able to see spirits because you were born on Christmas Eve; but I don't think you've seen any yet, and I hope you never may. Good night, Miss Clare."

"Good night," said Clare, quite curtly. She had hardly heard what the woman said; she had been thinking that Sherbrooke might yet come; she knew by the cessation of noise that they had all gone to bed; and she felt that if he did come she would like to be dressed to receive him. She wrapped a heavy shawl about her and threw herself on a lounge, lying there for some time quite still and apparently asleep.

The silver chime rang out one, then the stillness seemed intensified by this momentary fulness of sound.

Suddenly Clare started up, crying in terror, "Fred! Fred! what has happened?"

She ran quickly across the room to the door, with the bewildered, frightened air and movement of one roused from a sound sleep. There was no answer to her cry, not even an echo. She was deathly pale, and she could feel her hands cold and clammy as she pressed them together. She opened the door, and leaning against it in a listening attitude, turned her eyes to the clock. Only five minutes past one. She was certain now that she had not been asleep, for five minutes before she had heard the clock strike, and that musical throb was the last sensation of which she was conscious. She could recall nothing between that and a fleeting, frightful vision, or rather rapid realization that she was not in her own room, but standing out on the white, moonlit road, that right before her her lover was lying in the snow, and then there was a low, agonized moan, "Clare! Clare!" In answer to him she had darted towards him, crying out to know what had befallen him.

The stillness, and the light falling on her opened eyes, dispelled the delusion. For a moment she thought she had been asleep, but the tell-tale clock put that supposition aside, and anyway, it was hard to believe that mournful cry, "Clare! Clare!" to be part of a frightful dream fancy.

Unquestioningly she made up her mind that Sherbrooke had met with an accident, and had called on her to save him. With

recovered self-possession her brain worked rapidly; she would alarm no one in the house to whose practical satisfaction she would be required to prove that she had not been dreaming; she would awaken only those with whom her commands were law, who would not presume to question her.

She went swiftly to her maid's room and roused her from sleep: "Rachel, Mr. Sherbrooke has met with some accident on his way out here. I was lying on the lounge, when I saw him distinctly in the snow, and heard him call me. I am going to him."

The woman got up mechanically, staring in dumb astonishment at her young mistress telling such an incredible story in a calm, earnest voice. While Clare gave a few necessary directions, Rachel was putting on a dressing-gown and awaking to a perception of the situation, and when Clare moved back towards her own room, Rachel, all pale and trembling, with much sorrow in her face, caught Clare's arm, crying: "Oh, Miss Clare, it has come at last. Mr. Sherbrooke is dead. It was his spirit you saw, his spirit that called you. You were born on Christmas Eve."

Clare shook off roughly the restraining hand; Clare, who was never harsh or angry, answered fiercely: "No! He is not dead; it was his living voice that called me. Now, hurry."

In an incredibly short time, Clare Holmes was driving her horses over the snow, on towards the city, and her groom, who had quickly obeyed the imperative order brought to him by Rachel, was, with grave doubts of his mistress's sanity, preparing to follow her. And Clare's quick wit and rapidity of action were only the somewhat extraordinary result of the training of a nature, cool and intrepid in itself, to a degree of self-possession, which prepared it for any emergency, trifling or urgent; and this very concentration of thought, and collected working out of the thought, are all the more startling when contrasted with the visionary absurdity upon which they were based. Only she did not hold her vision an absurdity; it was to her a terrible reality. She believed she had seen her lover; she believed she had heard his voice; she did not weigh the probability, or even possibility, but only knew that it was so. Not knowing what she was to do, not caring, she answered his call, determined to rescue him, still steadily contemplating her own life lived apart from him, nevertheless taking a mad pleasure in saving him for that life.

For the first mile her horses flew over the road. It was broad,

and the snow was smoothly packed. On one side stretched wide, white fields, the intersecting walls and fences almost buried, and the brown ugliness of the occasional clumps of trees tenderly screened by the soft snow. On the other side wound the frozen river, dead and still and ghostly, whilst beyond rose abruptly bare black cliffs, standing out in boldest contrast to the ghastly whiteness. The night was still, with the wonderful stillness of winter; the stars were bright with transcendent winter brilliancy, and the round, solemn moon shone down weird and cold. After the first mile the road narrowed, and was bordered by a low growth of alder; beyond the alders was a short cleared space, and then a double row of tall dark pines came in view, between which wound the road. When nearing the trees, Clare quieted down her horses, and walked them slowly for about a hundred yards, peering watchfully on each side.

As suddenly and quickly as she had sprung from the sofa, she stopped her horses, slid from the sleigh, and knelt down in the snow—down beside Fred Sherbrooke, lying there with his feet tied together and his hands bound behind him.

She had not been mistaken; she had not dreamed it; he had fallen into great peril, and had called her. For a moment her heart beat with fierce exultation, for in the direst extremity he had called to her, but then there followed a moment of sickening fear that Rachel had been right, and that the legend of her birth-night privilege was the sole explanation of her mysterious warning.

For the first time she trembled, scarcely daring to put her hand to his heart to find if there was still life. His face was so still and fair and cold that hope died within her. But the heart did beat, faintly but undoubtedly. She cut the cords that bound his hands and feet; with more than a woman's strength she lifted him into the sleigh close beside her; she wrapped the fur robes tight about him, and forced brandy between his teeth. Now his heart beat more quickly; she could feel his breath on her cheek; she fancied the eyelids moved. There was nothing more to do; she turned her horses towards home, knowing that he would live, knowing that she had saved him.

Whether by virtue of supernatural visitation, or of a strange coincidence of dream and fact, Clare Holmes had saved Sherbrooke from probable death. And on Christmas Day, when the events of the preceding night became known, she was the heroine of heroines.

Rachel held to her belief that Miss Clare had seen a spirit, and refused to listen to any other explanation. Aunt Ruth, who in spite of her primitive religious views had imbibed an odd admixture of advanced ideas, triumphantly hailed the occurrence as throwing additional light on the mysterious magnetic influence and spiritual affinity which annihilates time and space. She grew brilliant on the electric action of minds filled with the same thoughts, and poured out quite an invective against such incredulous people as Mr. Holmes, who looked upon these inexplicable occurrences as mere coincidences or chances.

And the young people, ever eager for the wonderful, were divided in their adherence to Rachel's simple belief and aunt Ruth's theories; and that day, Dumas, Reichenbach, and all other revellers in apparitions and presentiments, received more attention than in all the years of their quiet life in the Holmes' library.

But Clare, having told her mysterious vision, shrank from farther investigation, and even to herself she did not strive to reconcile it with her reason, choosing to leave it among the many unfathomable secrets of nature. All that glorious Christmas day she was living over again the struggle of the day before; so much keener now that he was bound to her by a deed of as matchless daring as that of his Lady Alswitha, with no hope of the Lady Alswitha's reward.

When Clare left Sherbrooke in the doctor's hands the night before, he had regained consciousness, but not sufficiently to tell how he had fallen among thieves, or to be told of his rescue. But in the morning he had sent for Clare, begging her to come to him, and she could not go so soon; she knew she could not bear an interview just then, and had sent him word that she was not well enough to come. And he had not sent again, as she felt certain he would not, for it was not in the haughty nature of him to ask twice as a favor what he had demanded as a right.

But when the evening was closing in, and the house was aglow with light, and everybody was dressing for the great event of the day, the Christmas dinner, Clare left her room and swept swiftly through the hall to Sherbrooke's apartments. She was a magnificent woman magnificently dressed; woman-like, she would look her best, and when her heart was broken no one should suspect that sorrow or trouble had ever touched her.

Sherbrooke's door stood open, and to Clare's surprise he was

lying dressed in evening costume on a sofa just opposite. She went in softly and stood beside him for a moment looking down. Certainly, he was fair to see, and she "loved his beauty passing well," but after all that was the least part of her love for him. It made her task no easier to stand silently looking at him; she said: "Fred, I am so glad you are able to be up."

He opened his eyes and looked up at her. "I supposed you fancied me quite well enough to come to you, from your evident objection to coming to me."

His studied coldness, the touch of scorn in his voice, and slight curl of his upper lip, utterly stupefied Clare, who had vaguely imagined that common gratitude might move him to a display of tenderness, which would make her sacrifice all the harder. She sank into an arm-chair, saying, more to gain time to think than from any curiosity: "How did it happen, Fred? I have waited for you to tell me."

Her question was commonplace, showing no interest; his answer was as concise as possible, almost statistical: "I left town about ten o'clock to drive out here, not being able to get off sooner. At the narrowest part of the road, in the shadow of the pine trees, three men sprang out, two of them seizing the horses, and the third attempting to take the reins. I tried to urge the horses on, but they held them back, and when I put out my hand for the whip the man beside me threw his arm round my neck and dragged me down. I knew there was no hope, but I fought hard. However, they had stopped the horses; they pulled me to the ground, and robbed me of my watch, my pocket-book, and everything valuable about me; they bound me hand and foot; they threw me among the snow-drifts; they left me there to die like a dog; they got into the sleigh and drove back to town; and, if there's law in America, they'll suffer for it yet. I don't know how long I lay there; I could not move; I would not spend my strength in crying out, knowing that the great distance from any house rendered that useless. At last a heavy, drowsy numbness crept over me, and by degrees I lost all realization of my condition. I lived all my child life, all my mad, artist life over again. I only remember that I moaned out 'Clare! Clare!' and then, after what seems an age of inanition, I awoke in this room. They have told me that you heard me call you, Clare; they have told me how, with what seems to me incredible nerve and courage for

a woman, you rescued me from death, but no one can ever tell me how to thank you for your noble devotion. You are my real Lady Alswitha. Clare, what is the matter? Have you nothing to say to me?"

All through his story she had avoided looking at him, and even now she was only desperately intent on saying what she had to say, bitterly confident that his comparison was but an appropriate and almost unavoidable politeness. For a few seconds she did not answer him, and then she stood up and faced him who was also standing. Her face was flushed, and her voice unsteady and low; instead of the chilling sentences with which she had meant to give him up, there rushed out a fierce torrent of impetuous words:

"I can never be the Lady Alswitha to you, and you know it. I might have married you, dreaming that you loved me in your grand, patronizing way, as well as you could ever love any woman, and I would have been content, if only to be near you. I saw your picture. I saw my mistake. If you have not loved already it is in the future. I know the bitterness of what Is, and I cannot face what Might Be. You are free to find the real Lady Alswitha."

All trembling with excitement she walked from the room, and a golden hoop with glistening diamonds, which had been on her finger, rolled on the floor to Sherbrooke's feet.

He had not interrupted her; he had not made a movement to prevent her leaving the room; he stooped down and picked up the ring. For the first time he understood Clare Holmes, and knew that she loved him as women loved in the sublime heroic ages; for the first time he acknowledged that he had given her that which paled all the delirious play-love of the old Bohemian days.

That very morning he had sent for her, eager to see her, to take her in his arms, to tell her all his love for her, but she had not come, and the hours passed and she had not come, so the hard, cynical second nature regained the ascendancy, and he said: "It is better she should not know. She is only brave and proud and well-mannered; she has no passion, no tenderness; she would not understand."

So his first words were cruel, and she had been too preoccupied to notice the subtle change in his voice when he spoke of what she had done for him, and besides, she had not looked up and met his eyes. And when angered and impatient at her statuesque indifference, he had been sorely tempted to tell her they had better

bury the past between them, she had spoken, spoken burning words of mingled passion and love.

For about a quarter of an hour he sat idly turning the ring in his hand, and then a smile flashed across his face, an easy, confident smile, telling that the man was going to settle this difficulty with the woman now and forever, as he himself pleased.

He left his room and walked along the hall to the stairway, where he stood and listened to the voices below. He thought he distinguished Clare's voice in the babble of the drawing-room, so he went down the stairs and waited again in the hall, looking into the drawing-room. Clare stood just under the chandelier, with her back to him, and many young people were grouped about the room, but none very near her. She was saying, evidently in answer to some one: "It is quite safe to stand under the misletoe now, for all the berries are gone, and with them the delightful privilege. By the way, the lady who gets the last berry is to be married first, you know. Who is the envied fair?"

Then Abbie blushed very red, and cried out: "That is a disputed point."

If Sherbrooke had felt any hesitation, that remark of Abbie's was most fortunate. He walked quickly into the drawing-room and half across it; he put one arm round Clare, stretched up the other, and plucked the last misletoe berry nestling close under one of the glass pendants; he bent his head and kissed the astonished Clare; he said, "The dispute is settled."

Then a shout of acquiescent laughter rang through the room, and under cover of that Clare protested: "You have no right."

But he was looking down at her, he had not taken his arm from about her; she forgot what she had said, she forgot her doubt of him, her fear for the future, she knew that she, Clare Holmes, had won what the Lady Alswitha won from the Ritter of Eberstein.

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

THE "silver lining of the cloud," the close connexion between joy and sorrow, the tendency in the thoughtful mind to tinge with melancholy even the most agreeable objects, and to derive enjoyment from the remembrance of vanished happiness—

all these only serve as the sentimental explanation of the proposition, that

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

And this sentimental view of the subject is probably the only one which suggested itself to the poet. He knew by experience the Ossianic "joy of grief," and was aware that

> "In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
> Bring sad thoughts to the mind,"

it is only the more delightful features of the subject which present themselves, shaded and softened by time, and perhaps hallowed and spiritualized by death. He therefore declared, and with the air of a discoverer, what had already been enunciated in all ages and in all languages—that it is better to have lost for ever a cherished enjoyment than never to have enjoyed at all.

But it seems to us that there is another and a larger view of the question, in which severe truth comes to the aid of sentiment.

Human life, as poetry tells us, is "a mingled yarn;" and therefore it must take its character from the predominant color. Yet we pity the man who has spent his fortune generously, and has been reduced to poverty in his old age; considering his lot as far harder than that of him who had never any fortune to lose. Why so? The latter has been in the gripe of poverty for threescore-years-and-ten—only exchanging it then for the gripe of death; while the former, after some sixty years of enjoyment, is suffered to escape with ten of misery. Surely in this instance our pity is on the wrong side. We may allege, in defence, that the fall would be the more distressing on account of the height; that the contrast between fulness and deprivation would add torture to the change: but this has already been shown to be an error. The fall would *at first* be severely felt, the individual would be stunned in proportion to the height from which he was precipitated; when, by and by, the consolatory principle we have alluded to would come into play: like Dogberry, he would begin to pride himself on his losses; and as time reconciled him to his new position, or at least made him more and more insensible to its hardships, the memory of his vanished greatness, like the mellowed illumination of the heavens after the sun has set, would throw an evening softness over his fortunes.

But although the general balance of life is in favor of this indi-

vidual—although the golden threads predominate in his "mingled yarn"—let us not suppose that the other is without his compensations. Existence is not wholly made up of action and suffering, but likewise of the emotions by which these are originated or attended. We say of an acquaintance, "He is a very domestic man; he lives in his family, and his whole mind and actions are open to them like a book." Yet this man, in point of fact, is almost a stranger even in his home circle. His brain is busy with speculations, and his heart with dreams, which neither wife nor child knows anything about; and in pacing through his room, filled with familiar faces and affectionate voices, he is more frequently than otherwise far away in the past or in the future, and holding communion with the distant or the dead. In like manner, in a course of poverty and hardship, we see only external circumstances, ignorant of that inner life which gives the tone and color to the history. But the very act of struggling is in itself a species of enjoyment; and every hope that crosses the mind, every high resolve, every generous sentiment, every lofty aspiration—nay, every brave despair—is a gleam of happiness that flings its illumination upon the darkest destiny. All these are as essentially a portion of human life as the palpable events that serve as landmarks of the history; and all these would have to be computed before we could fairly judge of the prevailing character of the career.

An enjoyment may terminate, but it cannot be said, philosophically, to be lost; for it is already securely garnered in the past, and has impressed itself, in lines that can never be obliterated, on a certain portion of life. The grief we feel at its termination is another and wholly distinct incident, which cannot be fairly estimated otherwise than by a comparison with the former in point of depth, entireness and duration. Thus the proposition in question —that it is better to have enjoyed and been bereft of the happiness than never to have enjoyed at all—is as true in philosophy as it is beautiful in sentiment.

A nobler and grander turn is given to the subject by some poets, who extend the sphere under observation from this little world to a limitless futurity, where those who have sown in tears will reap in joy. These poets are the passers-by whom we meet in our wild and tangled path, and who salute us with the words, *What, stepping westward?* as they point, with a strange, deep, loving, yearning

smile to the luminous part of the heavens. Of these friendly saluters Southey comes nearest to the suggestion we would have extracted—had we dared adventure upon such a theme—from the supplemental speculation we have added to the poetical one; and with his lines we shall conclude:

——"Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things, then,
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel
God always, everywhere, and all in all."

Scrapiana.

COMING.

BY MARY BARRY.

Oh, the wind how it whistles,
The wild North wind!
From sea-green mountains of ice,
From bergs that toss in a tossing bay,
From limitless glaciers seen afar,
White in the light of the Polar star,
With their frozen fringes of spray;
They are coming, coming I know,
The frost, and the drifts of snow;
Are they of Junes and of flowers the price?
Are they the price of our yesterday?
O the wind, how it whistles,
The wild North wind!

What of the wind? Let it blow,
Let it sweep from the height,
Where the thunders grow;
Let it bring the sleet and the snow;
Let it wail through the lonesome, pitiless night;
Let it sob, let it whisper low:
I am not a child,
Let the wind be wild,
I am not a child, to be frightened so!

I will but heap up the fire,
It shall burst to a glow,
I will pile the fagots higher,
They shall melt the snow;
They shall warm my hands and my heart,
And shall light my eye;
And the Winter will pass away,
And the Spring will come one day,
And the leaves from the buds will start,
By and bye!

Oh, the wind how it whistles,
The wild North wind!
And the winter of life will come—
The winter chilly and cold,
The brooks and the birds will be dumb;
The frosts will whiten my hair,
And the boughs of my life be bare,
And I shall be old!

What then? I will warm my life at a purer flame,
I will wrap me round in a mantle of love that clings,
I will let the old loves go, that were loves in name,
And will nestle close to the Heart of Infinite things!
And the soul that kindles the fires of star and sun,
Shall warm my soul with the rays of a light Divine,
And after the Winter, the Winter of Life is done,
There's an endless, beautiful, glorious Spring to be mine!

Saint John, N. B.

EARLY HISTORY OF STEAMBOATING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Robert Fulton, the American steamboat inventor, writes, on the 22nd August, 1807, his account of the first trip of the first steamboat on the Hudson river. The distance from New York to Albany—one hundred and fifty miles—was made in thirty-two hours, and the downward passage in thirty, or five miles per hour. At that time but few persons believed in the commercial success of steamboat navigation. The few, however, who had eyes saw clearly that a great revolution was about to take place in the navigation of rivers, bays, streams, and, it might be said, oceans.

We believe that Montreal was the first place outside of the United States to take advantage of Fulton's invention. In the year 1809 the first steamboat was launched on the St. Lawrence. The *Quebec Mercury*, in a transport of joy, thus heralds her arrival: "On Saturday morning, at eight o'clock, arrived here

from Montreal, being her first trip, the steamboat *Accommodation* with ten passengers. This is the first vessel of the kind that ever appeared in this harbor. She left Montreal on Wednesday, at two o'clock, so that her passage was sixty-six hours, thirty of which she was at anchor. She arrived at Three Rivers in twenty-four hours. She has at present berths for twenty passengers, which, next year, will be considerably augmented. No wind or tide can stop her. She has seventy-five feet keel and eighty-five feet on deck. The price of passage up is nine dollars, and eight down, the vessel supplying provisions. . . . . The steamboat receives an impulse from an open double-spoked, perpendicular wheel on each side, without any circular band or rim. To the end of each double spoke is fixed a square board, which enters the water, and by the rotary motion of the wheel acts like a paddle. The wheels are put and kept in motion by steam, operating within the vessel. A mast is to be fixed in her for the purpose of using a sail when the wind is favorable, which will occasionally accelerate her headway." Montreal's second steamboat was launched in 1813.

It was not till the year 1812 that Bell introduced steam navigation on the Clyde at Glasgow, and, in two or three years after, steamboats were common on British rivers and on the sea around the coasts.

We find in the New Brunswick Statutes of 1812, "An Act to encourage the erection of a passage boat, to be worked by steam, for facilitating the communication between the City of St. John and Fredericton." The gentlemen, whose names we give afterward as proprietors of the *General Smith*, are by this Act incorporated, and monopoly of steamboating on the River for ten years granted, on bonds being given that a steamer should be built within two years capable of accommodating sixty passengers, on penalty of £500. The rates of passage and freight were to be published in the *Royal Gazette* two months previously to the running of the boat. Stipulation is further made that in case the vessel be unfit for the conveyance of passengers, the privileges under the Act shall cease and determine.

In the year 1813, we find another Act, in which Act of 1812 is cited, and stating that the required bond had been given to build and sail steamer, but that the Company prayed to be liberated from the penalty, as in consequence of the declaration of war by the Government of the United States against Great Britain, it

was found impossible for them to comply with the condition of their bond, and praying relief in the premises. Act of previous year was consequently altered, two years being allowed the Company to complete their steamboat after the conclusion of the war.

And in the year 1819, the proprietors of the steamboat *General Smith* come before the Legislature, stating that their profit had been small so far, and that the residue of the ten years would not be sufficient to remunerate them, and praying an extension of the term to ten years from that date. This petition was granted, and a monopoly of steamboat travel and traffic was granted the owners for the ten subseqnent years.

It was not till April, 1816, about nine years after the first voyage of R. Fulton's steamboat, there was launched from the shipyard of John Lawton (father of William, James, Charles and Benjamin Lawton) the *General Smith*, which was owned by Hugh Johnston, John Ward, Peter Fraser (Fredericton), Lauchlan Donaldson, Robert Smith (Fredericton), and J. C. F. Bremner. On May 10th, the *General* made a trial trip round Partridge Island, and on the 20th of May took first trip to Fredericton. Afterward the times of sailing were—from Indiantown on Mondays, and Fredericton on Fridays, seven o'clock, a. m. The *General* was commanded by Capt. James Segee, and engineered by Peter Stewart. The passage cost for cabin 22/6, and forward 17/6, including two meals, with liquor and tea. Children under twelve years were charged 15/, and dogs 5/—no other four-footed animal being allowed on board. Each passenger was allowed 50lbs. baggage. The *General* never made more than one round passage during the week, and continued his regular visits to the Celestial City till the close of the navigation in 1824. The original cost of the vessel was $20,000, and it is believed that the *General Smith*, like many other generals, was of little profit to the owners.

The *General*, worn out by his weekly labors, gave place to the *Saint George*, which was launched in April, 1825, made a trial trip May 16th, and for one year, like his predecessor, one trip per week, when, quickening his pace, he made two. Captain Segee commanded the *Saint George*, as he had formerly the *General*. The *Saint George*, two hundred and four tons, was built by Owens and Wm. Lawton, Mr. Robert Foulis put in the machinery, and the owners of the new craft were John Ward & Sons, Hugh Johnston & Co., J. M. Wilmot and others.

The old *General Smith*, though he had given up the ghost, performed a transmigration, as to his "living powers" (the name by which Bishop Butler designates the soul). The steamer *St. John* received the *General's* machinery. *St. John* was not, one would think, a very powerful craft, being only twenty horse-power, yet, with a very daring soul, he boldly and proudly stemmed the turbulent waves of the Bay of Fundy. This *St. John* made voyages each week alternately to Eastport and Digby and Annapolis, under the command of Capt. Appleby, and the engineering direction of Mr. John Lawrence. *St. John* was not so quick in his motions as the *Empress* or *Scud*, as we find that the usual time occupied by him in crossing "the Bay" was from ten to twelve hours. He *(St. John)* had to be up in the morning to do this. Six o'clock, a. m., saw him depart, and it might be six, p. m., ere Annapolis loiterers met their dear friends and acquaintances from St. John.

The proprietors of the *St. John* disposed of him (we really cannot designate St. John, the General, and other masculines "she") to Mr. James Whitney, in 1827. He was again sold in the Fall of 1831 to Engineer William Ross and others, and was placed on the river, where he continued his labors for a number of years.

The *John Ward* was the next boat built after the *St. George*. He was launched in 1831, and plied on the river.

We may return to the *St. George*, who had for several years, up, we believe, till 1834, plied the river, but, at length worn out, as to the poor battered hull, gave up the ghost—that is, gave up those "living powers" which enabled him to stem the waves and bid defiance to the currents and winds. In 1834 the machinery and copper boiler of the *St. George* were, by the Messrs. Ward, transferred to their new boat, the *Fredericton*, of which John M. Wilmot was part owner. Up till 1831, the only steamers belonging to New Brunswick were the *St. George* and the *St. John*. *General Smith* may be looked upon as living in the *St. John*.

In 1824, the first American steamer, called the *Tom Thumb*, arrived at St. John from Eastport with passengers. The little giant-killer had not relished the voyage to, or the people of St. John, as he came no more to our good town. *Tom* afterward took his exercise on the St. Croix, visiting St. Andrews, St. Stephen and Calais.

Next year, a steamer called the *New York*, of two hundred and eighty tons, left Eastport every ten days for Portland and Boston. To form connection with this boat, the American boat *Eagle*, commanded by Capt. Pierce, ran from St. John to Eastport.

In connection with steam navigation, we may mention that the first vessel towed to sea from our harbor was the brig *Gambia*, by the steamer *Henrietta*, Captain Wiley, 28th April, 1832. The steamer belonged to Mr. Whitney, who was the owner of quite a large number of steamboats at different times. Among others, the *Henrietta*, *Maid of the Mist*, *Gazelle*, *Water Witch*, *Novelty*, *Woodstock*, *etc.*

The *Gazelle* was lost on the Quaco Ledges, on her way to Windsor, May 30th, 1838, while under the command of Captain John Leavitt.

The first steamer to Woodstock was the *Novelty*, which commenced running April 30th, 1837.

One other steamer plying on the Bay before 1840 was the *Nova Scotian*, a craft of sixty horse-power, owned in Annapolis and St. John, her managing owners being the Messrs. Barlow.

The first steamer belonging to St. John that plied between this port, Portland and Boston, was the *Royal Tar*, Captain Thomas Reed, whose principal owners were John Hammond and D. J. McLaughlin. She was burnt in Penobscot Bay, 25th October, 1836, on her way to Boston, with a caravan of wild animals, among others an elephant. Thirty-two passengers, principally belonging to the caravan, were lost.

The early captains of our steamers were Segee, Appleby, Lancaster, Wiley, T. Reed, T. M. Smith, John Leavitt, Akerley and Morey. The engineers on the various boats, prior to 1830, were Peter Stewart, who came out to put up the machinery of the *General Smith*. He was the pioneer engineer of New Brunswick. John Lawrence, who was engineer of the Otty mills at the Straight Shore, was the engineer of the first Bay steamer—the *St. John*. He fell from the paddle-box in November, 1829, between the Island and the Beacon, in attempting, along with the captain, to clear some driftwood which had got into the wheel, and was lost. Robert Foulis, who was a man of great scientific ability, and William Ross were for many years connected with the river steamers. These gentlemen, to whom the steam traffic owes so much, were all natives of Scotland.

We have referred to Montreal as the first to profit by Fulton's successful invention. About the same time that the people of St. John began to bestir themselves in the matter, England turned her attention to the new mode of navigation: the first steamer plying on the Thames having been built for that river in Scotland, and having commenced her work in 1815. Ireland was five years later, having become possessed of her first steamboat in 1820. Nova Scotia was rather late for such a maritime country in starting in the new mode of locomotion. In 1830 her first steamer, the *Sir Charles Ogle*, commenced to run between Halifax and Dartmouth. Previous to this, in 1819, the *Savannah*, three hundred and fifty tons, sailed from New York to Liverpool, making the passage in twenty-six days. This was the only voyage performed across the Atlantic till the sailing of the *Great Eastern* in 1838. In 1825, Captain Johnston, in the *Enterprise*, obtained a purse of £10,000 for performing a journey to India.

We beg to state that the information embodied in this article is wholly due to Mr. Jos. W. Lawrence, the writer merely putting into form the interesting memoranda furnished by him. In a subsequent number we shall endeavor to give the readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY some account of the further progress of steam navigation in our province. It is of great importance that such facts regarding the rise and progress of our commerce should be put in some permanent form. Long hence, the short article of which we have been the chronicler will be referred to and quoted by those whose studies or tastes lead them to review the growth and development of the commerce and steam marine of New Brunswick. We believe in the correctness of all the statements which we have given, but it may be that omissions or errors have been made, and if so, the editor of the MARITIME MONTHLY will be glad to receive such information as may lead to correction in a future number.

J. B.

SONNET.

The forest stream is choked with yellow leaves,
  The birds are silent on the naked bough,
The flowers are dead, like some lorn spirit grieves
  The wandering wind o'er wastes all barren now.
Where is the promise of the early year?
  'Twas writ on sand and by the hours effaced
Ere to the eager eye the hand was clear
  By which the title to our throne was traced.

On, on from dawn to twilight—on with haste,
Seeking, but never finding—dreaming dreams,
Pursuing phantoms through a trackless waste,
Deluded oft by phosphorescent gleams,
Till silence gathers round us like a pall,
The lights expire and darkness covers all.

ENYLLA ALLYNE.

RUNAWAY HORSES.

A few weeks ago our citizens were shocked to learn that one of their number, a young lady, in the bright bloom of her youth, had been run over on one of our public streets by a runaway horse, and suddenly hurried into eternity. The sad event cast a gloom over the community even beyond the large circle of the young lady's acquaintance, and left disconsolate and bleeding the heart of a widowed mother. We deem the occasion a fitting one to make a few remarks relative to the prevailing and guilty practice of leaving teams unsecured upon our public streets. Pedestrians have the undoubted right of way to sidewalks and street crossings. This undoubted right throws upon drivers and owners of teams the *onus* of showing clearly, in case of accident, that they had used every precaution to prevent such accident. A pedestrian should have no need to pick his way over a street crossing, suiting his movements to the whims and modes of locomotion of a passing team. His right of way should be assured to him, and if he received injury from a passing team, the owner should pay heavy damages. How do we manage these matters in this city? Teams are allowed to stand unsecured in all directions, and since the laying of the "pavement" on one of our most public thoroughfares, it has apparently been converted into a "race track" to test the speed of trotting horses. We frame laws and organize courts of justice at great expense for the protection of the life and property of every citizen, and we should not grumble at the expense, provided we were assured of our security. We have a city ordinance that no horse or team shall be left standing on any street unsecured or unattended. Practically, this law is a dead letter. It is violated daily in the very presence of law officers whose duty it is to see that its provisions are not infringed. If an unfortunate but harmless "tippler" is found "loose" upon the streets, he is immediately placed in "durance vile," and made to respect the majesty of the law. If the owner of a restless and dangerous horse leaves it unsecured upon a public street, with the

probability of running away and destroying life, and damaging property, the custodians of the law, are very apt to "wink so hard" that they cannot see this glaring violation of law. We would adjudge the driver or owner of a team *guilty of manslaughter*, in these cases where life had been lost from teams running away, which had been left standing and unsecured. And owners of teams, which are found standing unsecured upon the streets, should pay a heavy penalty for their criminal conduct. A high legal authority defines manslaughter to be "the unlawful killing of another without malice express or implied. It may be either voluntary, upon a sudden heat or passion, or involuntary in the commission of some unlawful act." If the owner of a restless horse leaves it standing upon a public street unsecured, and which, in consequence runs away, and kills a human being, is it not to all intents and purposes, manslaughter? Technically, the law might not so declare it, but *in foro conscientiæ*, it can be nothing else.

We would also make the Corporation liable in damages for loss of life or property, in those cases where the accident *might* have been averted by proper vigilance on the part of the police. This latter liability should only arise, however, in those cases where the owners of the team had no property to satisfy damages recovered. This course would cause the *appointing power* to be especially careful in the selection of responsible men as policemen. The law of this country allows damages to be recovered for loss of life or property, against those persons whose culpable negligence has caused such loss. For the purpose of effectually stamping out the dangerous practice of leaving horses standing unsecured upon our public streets, we would hold the owner of any team so transgressing *prima facie* guilty of culpable negligence. The mere proof of any team being on the street unsecured or unattended should be conclusive to shew culpable negligence.

By the Act of Assembly 37 Victoria, chapter 25, sec. 1, it is enacted that "Whenever hereafter the death of any person shall be caused by wrongful act, neglect or default, and the act, neglect or default is such as would (if death had not ensued) have entitled the party injured to maintain an action and recover damages in respect thereof, then, and in every such case, the person who would have been liable, if death had not ensued, shall be liable to an action for damages, notwithstanding the death of the person injured." Previous to the passing of this law, which

was only at the last session of our Local Legislature, a person seriously injured by the wrongful and negligent act of another could recover damages, but strange to say, if killed, his personal representative could recover nothing. By the Criminal Code of the Dominion, 32 and 33 Vic. cap. 20, sec. 30, if a person places man traps or spring guns upon his own premises for the protection of his own property, he is guilty of a misdemeanor, "and shall be liable to be imprisoned in the penitentiary for any term not exceeding three years and not less than two years, or to be imprisoned in any other gaol or place of confinement for any term less than two years, with or without hard labor." How much more guilty should we regard those who leave their horses unsecured upon our public streets, where every person has a right to be, and where all should feel safe. All are deeply interested in this matter, not only those who reside in the city, and have occasion to walk our streets, but also those at a distance who have friends or relatives here. Three classes of persons are responsible for the existence of this nuisance—the owners of the teams, the police, and the citizens themselves. The law when violated should be strictly carried out, and swift punishment visited upon those offending. The police should be held to a strict account in cases of infraction of the law, and every citizen should feel it to be his duty to make complaint before the proper authority whenever he sees the law violated.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Autumn leaves, oh Autumn leaves,
I wonder not ye pale to be
A witness of the guile of life,
And man's inconstancy.

Autumn leaves, oh Autumn leaves,
Ye may well blush on every tree;
Though faithful be the sun and moon,
The brook, the river, and the sea.

Ye well may blush, and fade and fall,
Oh Autumn leaves, by hill and lea,
Since falser than the winds that blow,
Men e'er have been, and e'er will be.

S.

MESSRS. J. MCCLURE & CO., 16 King street, place upon our table a set of stereoscopic views of New Brunswick scenery, which, in truthfulness to nature and artistic excellence, cannot be sur-

passed. Messrs. McClure & Co. make these views a specialty in their business, and are provided with every requisite appliance for the execution of out-door views in perfection. New Brunswick abounds in scenery of which the tourist would be glad to preserve a memento, and these views by Mr. McClure cannot but be eagerly sought after. The views of Lily Lake Falls, Silver Falls, Bubbling Brook, Falls of the Magaguadavic, Long Island and King Square, are particularly fine.

SONNETS.

I.

From quiet dreams thou biddest me arise,
  Oh, sleepless watcher! melancholy Sea!
And at thy summons, 'neath the midnight skies,
  My feet are led, and I commune with thee!
  Canst thou reveal of life the mystery,
And canst thou look beyond the gates of death?
  Canst thou of what shall be unfold the history?
Is it a phantom that we chase, a breath,
A flower that in unfolding perisheth?
  Thou answerest,—but ah, in vain, in vain,
Thy language to interpret I endeavor!
  The stars go down—behold, the moon doth wane—
  And they shall rise, and she shall wax again,
And thou these sullen shores shalt beating, plain forever.

II.

While I, forgotten by the world, shall lie,
  By these gray cliffs, to clod and clay a brother—
Above me bending still the glorious sky—
Around me blooming flowers of various dye,
And o'er my head, from thee, perchance a sigh
  At times may come, oh thou who art my mother!
And thou my mother art, mysterious Sea,
  That mocks at Time and triumphs o'er Decay!
How much of grief hast thou bequeathed to me,
  To me, a shadow, passing soon away!
Where is the fountain of Eternal Youth?
  Why should we die before the goal is gained?
Why are thy promises devoid of truth?
  And why is life a tale of purpose unattained?

H. L. S.

Shakspeare's first appearance in public life was as an attendant at the door of the Globe Theatre, which stood near Bankside. Bankside, Southwark, is also full of interest, from the fact of its being the spot where the great dramatist lived during his stay in London. "Stratford-on-Avon," (the birth-place of Shakspeare, and where he lies entombed,) says an eloquent writer in *Blackwood*, "does not contain the remains of mere English genius; it is the place of pilgrimage to the entire human race. The names of persons of

all nations are to be found, as on the summit of the Pyramids, encircled on the walls of Shakspeare's house; his grave is the common resort of the generous and enthusiastic of all ages, and countries, and times. All feel they can—

"Rival all but Shakspeare's name below."

Near the Globe were the Bear-Gardens, where Elizabeth, her nobles and ladies, used to solace their tender sensibilities with elegant sport—bear-hunting. Two other early dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, also lived near neighbors with the great dramatist. The mortal remains of Fletcher and Massinger rest within the time-honored walls of St. Saviour's. In this vicinity formerly stood that famous rendezvous of the wits of olden time—the Tabard, whence Chaucer set out with his "Pilgrims" on his route for Canterbury. Here, also, lived and died the contemporary of the latter—Gower.

The favorite resort of the learned of those days,—Raleigh, Spenser, Jonson, Philip Sydney, and others, was the *Mermaid Tavern*, Friday street, Cheapside; here Shakspeare and Jonson used to sharpen each other's wits. Dryden's dwelling was situated in Fetter lane, formerly called Fleur-de-Lis Court: this venerable pile is known to the curious by two grim-looking lions in stone, over the door-way. This spot witnessed most of the poets' toils and sufferings—till they ceased in the quiet of Westminster Abbey.

THE END.

There comes from yonder height,
A soft repining sound,
Where forest-leaves are bright,
And fall, like flakes of light,
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And visits, with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.

And wanders on to make
  That soft uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
  From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell
  Can win a moment's stay;
Nor fair untrodden dell;
He sweeps the upland swell,
  And away!

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state?
  O soft, repining wind!
That early seek'st and late
The rest it is thy fate
  Not to find.

Not on the mountain's breast,
  Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the East and West:
The wind that stops to rest
  Is no more.

By valleys, woods, and springs,
  No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
  And must leave.

W. C. BRYANT

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

3 2044 092 665 694